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THE

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

DAVID GARRICK

WITH THE

MOST CELEBRATED PERSONS OF HIS TIME;

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

AND

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES,

AND

93640

A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF GARRICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
MDCCCXXXII.

00093640

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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

DAVID GARRICK.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, Sept. 7th, 1774.

UNLESS you want or wish to have the gout, I hope the account in the papers is false. If it is true, I am yet at a loss whether to congratulate or condole with you. In this state of suspense between grieving or rejoicing, I desire very much to have the state of your health ascertained to me, and to be informed whether the fit be gentle or severe. It seems to me that the Bath water is absolutely necessary for your health; and that it behoves you, for certain reasons that I do not choose to mention, to repair to that city before the end of this present September.

My stomach remains still weak: in other respects I am perfectly well. We set out for Bath next Saturday se'nnight; but before that time I expect Mrs. Descombes in England, and probably at Camden-place. She comes to take under her care two young ladies, the daughters of Mr. Heron, who lately bought Sir Robert Colebrook's seat in East Kent. If that should be the case, you shall have notice in time, and if Mrs. Garrick should be disposed to see her, and will drag you with her to Camden-place, it will be a happy event for us, and make some atonement for the shortness of your last visit.

I have been employed since I saw you in reading Ben Jonson;* for as I have waked generally at five o'clock in the morning, I have spent three hours every day in bed in reperusing my old favourite. I make no comparison, but I do assure you I am

* It is with sincere pleasure that I find so good a *judge* as Lord Camden a hearty admirer of Ben Jonson. The volume put together and published by the bard himself in the year 1616, containing all that he was willing to consider his *works*, is a treasure of dramatic, idiomatic, and characteristic composition.—ED.

beyond expression charmed with the dramatic powers of that author, and, in my opinion, the genius of the writer is equal to his art; nay, so far is he from being deficient in the first, that his own fund would have supplied him with every faculty of wit, humour, and nature, though he had been no scholar. His principal fault, in my judgment, arises from a pedantic imitation of the ancients. His prose dialogue is elegant; his verse hard and too much laboured, but by no means difficult or obscure. Read him again, as I have done, without prejudice, and forget Shakspeare while you are doing it, which is but just; for, to say the truth, he that reads an author with *proper attention*, has no *leisure*, while he is so employed, to think of any *other*.

As an orator, I should have bespoke your favour by a panegyric upon Shakspeare before I had presumed to introduce an inferior to your notice; but that subject has been so hackneyed by all mankind, that I can say nothing new upon it. My Lady, &c. join with me in compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Garrick, your sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

CAMDEN.

Is Lord Mansfield gone to Paris to deprecate peace? He is all-sufficient. Junius* has taken the advantage of his absence to give him another stab in the "Morning Chronicle."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leicester-fields, Sept. 9th, 1774.

I CONFESS to you I could not conceive that you could possibly be engaged for two years to come, and thought I ought to understand it as a refusal; but I am now perfectly satisfied that I was mistaken. At any rate, to make use of the same expression, any appearance of solicitude from Mr. Garrick that there should be no misunderstanding, is very flattering to his sincere friend and admirer,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.†

MR. J. AICKIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, Sept. 9th, 1774.

THE moment I got to town I saw Mr. Vernon, and delivered your message to him as literally as I possibly could, and in the manner I think you would wish to have it conveyed. He seemed a good deal hurt, but determined upon having an addition to his salary of two pounds, and rank of benefit according. I urged to

* This notice as to Junius is at variance with the received opinion, which closes the public communications of that writer a year earlier. But Camden, I should think, knew that "*Roman hand*" tolerably well. If he be right, it puts an end to the claim of Francis, who was then in India.—ED.

† See the close of the First Volume.—ED.

him strongly the impropriety of insisting upon it now, as your engagements were all made and business quite settled, and that it certainly would wear the appearance of want of candour, breeding, and method: he said he could not think himself at all deficient in either; that he had mentioned it very seriously, and that it was no fault of his if it was not attended to. I do suppose you will hear from him. I made use of a number of arguments, (as from myself,) in the course of our conversation, but to little effect. I told him I thought it was but respectful to see you, but he did not seem very desirous of that. Upon the whole, I think a few arguments from yourself will make every thing easy, notwithstanding his seeming resolution.

I am, Sir, with all respect, your humble servant,

J. AICKIN.

I was quite ashamed, when I opened Mrs. Garrick's [note,] of the trouble I had put her to. We beg her acceptance of our sincere and grateful thanks.

MR. VERNON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 10th, 1775.

I AM extremely sorry there should be the least misunderstanding between us at this time, but upon my word, I depended on your brother, to whom I spoke in March. The alteration I expect is two pounds a week addition to my salary, and my benefit in rank of salary: these I thought I told Mr. G. Garrick, but by your message by Mr. Aickin, I find I did not. I have ever testified the warmest regard and respect for Mr. Garrick, and would rather be with you at that salary than double any where else. I have some business to transact which takes up most of my time, or I would certainly have seen you at Hampton. Your answer to Mr. Becket immediately will much oblige, Dear Sir, your humble servant,

J. VERNON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. VERNON.

SIR, Hampton, Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1774.

I DID not expect to receive such a message and letter from Mr. Vernon, and a week only before the opening of the house. What would the world have said had we discharged Mr. Vernon at this time without any other notice than that which *you* have given *me*? Though I am well accustomed to strange things in a theatre, yet I must own that your behaviour in particular has surprised me; it is as ungenteel as it is unjustifiable. I have been all the summer (three weeks excepted) between Hampton and London,—nay, I met you at Lord Stanley's in the month of May, and you never gave me the least hint of your intentions till yesterday. According to the rule and custom of the theatres, you should have given me notice at the end of the

last season that you expected an increase of salary for the next, or by the same rule and custom I had a right to expect your attendance upon the same terms. Had you demanded double your salary at the proper time, I should have no complaint; I should only not have agreed to your proposal and we had parted; but to have no letter or message from you till *yesterday*, is very particular indeed. I have depended upon you for the next season; have planned my business accordingly; your salary shall not be diminished, and your benefit shall come in course and at a very good time.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

"Answer to Vernon's letter of the 10th of September 1774, answered the 11th."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

[When I read these letters upon dramatic subjects, written by a great lawyer to the greatest of actors, and dated from *Camden-place*, Chislehurst, a crowd of recollections press for communication to the general reader. Camden-place was the seat in former times of the learned antiquary of his country, the venerable author of the BRITANNIA; the biographer of the GREAT QUEEN; and the classical tutor at Westminster of BEN JONSON. To him that excellent comic writer dedicated his "Every Man in his Humour," in the following manly language:—"Now I pray you to accept this; such, wherein neither the confession of my *manners* shall make you blush; nor of my *studies* repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my *thankfulness*, I am sure it will with good men find either praise or excuse." Nor is this ALL; for at Chislehurst the Lord Keeper, father of the great FRANCIS BACON, Viscount Saint Alban's, was born, and also that consummate statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham. It is the perfection of good taste to choose such a residence; and the highest happiness for the fortunate possessor of it, to feel from the *still voice* within, and the consenting *chorus* without, that he is worthy to reflect or repose among its sacred shades.—ED.]

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, Sept. 17th, 1773.

MRS. Descombes came here last night, and is obliged to go to London to-morrow, where she will have the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Garrick either Thursday or Friday. Thus you see the plan I had laid for tempting you once more to Camden-place is overthrown, and I shall go to Bath without that satisfaction. You will be pleased, however, to be informed that I am stronger and better every day, and believe, if I durst run the hazard, I could get well here; but in this, like a true stoic, I compel inclination to submit to prudence, though I suspect that fear rather than virtue is the real motive to my wisdom. I agree with you in a great measure, though not altogether, in your judgment upon Jonson. He thought admirably, but was no master of expression when he attempted a higher diction than mere prose, for *that* is good; whereas his verse is not so obscure as it is laboured, and he is hardly ever happy in his words and sentences, though sometimes strong. Therefore he is verbose and coarse; always attempting to imitate Juvenal without success; for though he had language enough, he did not know how to choose it. Ben was a great dramatic

genius, but no poet. Shakspeare was divine in both, though, in my opinion, his poetic faculties, as I have more than once ventured to assert to you, are the most astonishing. But what am I about? Venting my own idle criticism to the greatest judge as well as actor of these compositions! A common lawyer at my years to be dabbling in plays and poetry! Burn my letter,* and conclude it to be the delirium of the jaundice. Adieu till we meet between the two houses; present our best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

MR. S. FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 15th, 1774.

I AM sorry I could not see you before my quitting this country, and am more concerned at the cause; but as I find your gouty fit was in form, I flatter myself there will be a long parenthesis betwixt this and the next: consider—

"You have no leisure to be sick
In such a justling time."

Your opponents are numerous, and Solomon says, in "a multitude of counsellors there is safety;" but I should suppose his counsellors are of a different stamp from the congregation at Covent-Garden.

There is more of prudence than pleasure in my trip to the Continent: to tell you the truth I am tired with racking my brain, toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the most dreary seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. I have therefore directed my friend Jewel to discharge the lazy vermin of my Hall, and let my Hall too, if he can meet with a proper tenant:† help me to one if you can.

* Happily Mr. Garrick knew when to disobey an *injunction*, and thus has preserved some true critical feeling from oblivion; not "the repeated air" of common-place judgment, often nothing more than ambitious sentences, which show the vanity of the writer, rather than his knowledge of the subject; such characters as have been sometimes given in *verse*, by modern poets, of their ancient predecessors, of whose works they subsequently acknowledged themselves to have been completely ignorant.—ED.

† This happy determination of Foote to let his theatre in the Haymarket, produced an event which every lover of the stage must be happy to commemorate—I mean the accession of Mr. Colman to a situation for which he was exactly calculated. The *divinum imperium* of Covent-Garden was not at all to his taste; but in the Haymarket he luxuriated; and produced a series of pieces, that must live while we deserve to be entertained, and a succession of performers distinguished for genius and devoted to their accomplished leader. His son succeeded, with a different, and I think a more powerful genius, and the theatre flourished in spite of the ruinous avarice of the winter patentees. But the plan of the theatre had been well conceived; and when the present spirited proprietor Mr. Morris, his brother-in-law, rebuilt the house, he did not very much enlarge its bounds, though he increased its comforts, and allowed some latitude to the skill of the architect.—ED.

You need not doubt but I shall be happy to hear from you: my epistolary debts it will be always in my power to pay; the others I pay when I can: is it in man to do more? With any thing that France produces I shall be proud to supply you. Your commands will reach me by being directed to Panchaud.

I kiss Mrs. Garrick's hands,

And am, most truly and sincerely yours,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

REV. W. HAWKINS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Whitchurch, near Bridport, Dorset, Sept. 14, 1774.

I CANNOT help considering your very laconic note as, in effect, a rejection of "Alfred." However, as matters are brought to this crisis, I think myself bound in delicacy to tender the performance once more to your acceptance; and before you decline this final tender could wish you, for your own sake, to consider, whether you have not at different times furnished me with circumstances, which, if fairly laid before the public, would do little credit either to your candour or your judgment. I think I can put your refusal of more pieces of mine than one to the account of a principle which you would willingly disavow. At first sight, probably, you will treat this insinuation with contempt; but be pleased to hear what I have to support it with. Remember, I formerly gave you offence in the business of "Henry and Rosamond;" and of all animals, I believe, a manager is allowed to be the *sorest.* Some years after that affair, you rejected my "Siege of Aleppo," because it was "wrong in the first concoction," as you said, or on some such general consideration. Now, Sir, this performance was honoured with the *entire* approbation of the following personages, confessedly eminent in the republic of polite literature—the present Judge Blackstone, Mr. Smart of Cambridge, Mr. Samuel Johnson, and to name no others, our common friend Mr. T. Warton, who "without flattery" (those were his words) "pronounced the performance admirable," &c.; and was so far from conceiving that it would be ultimately rejected that he desired to write the prologue. I must add too that Mr. Quin expressed much satisfaction at the reading of this play, and declared to my late Right Honourable friend Sir T. Philipps, that, had he not quitted the stage, it would have been a pleasure to him to have performed the part of Theodore. On the strength of these facts, let me ask you, Sir, whether in common justice I *might* not call upon you to bring this tragedy upon the stage even *now?* Some few years after this you declined accepting the play of "Troilus and Cressida" from the hands of my just mentioned friend, although in terms that did honour to it at the same time; his report to me being that you had not performers enough to do justice to so many capital parts, but that the play itself was highly approved, &c. or to that effect. You may recollect, Sir, I reminded you of all this in my letter some time since from Wells. This indeed was rather a genteel evasion than a refusal; but

how will you reconcile it with your late criticism on the performance, in the only letter I ever received from you on that subject? The merit of that criticism, considered apart, I have not room to examine here; but will be bold to say, and would undertake to prove, that the best play that could be written would never maintain its ground against such objections. And now, Sir, for the tragedy of "Alfred;" which, I frankly confess, I put into your hands with a design to sound your present disposition towards me. The original plan of this piece I acknowledge to have been in many respects improperly digested; and accordingly I readily admitted the justness of your first exceptions. But, Sir, can you lay your hand upon your heart and say, that your late *cavalier* note is a satisfactory answer to my last letter to you on this subject? In one of your former letters to me you say, "it is very improbable, and consequently unnatural, that Alfred and his friend should go to tell fortunes in the Danish camp, when they must know that many there, and particularly Hubba, to whom they first address themselves, knew them." Are appearances in disguise, then, things so new upon the stage? But even allowing this objection to have SOME weight; let us hear what you have to say in a subsequent letter. Your language here is, that "it was not any part of the performance in particular that you objected to, but to the very foundation of the fable in all its branches." Now, Sir, Alfred's going into the Danish camp in the character not of a fortune-teller, but harper or minstrel, is, as you well know, the foundation of the fable in its present state; and it will be very hard, methinks, if that should not be a proper foundation of a fable, which happens to be *matter of fact.* You tell me farther, in another part of this letter, that "you very much doubt whether any of the proposed changes will make 'Alfred' fit for the stage;" and in another you "wish me to advise with my friends of knowledge in these matters," &c. You find I have so done, Sir, and yet you seem to be as much disposed to differ from them as with me. The words of your note are, that you "are very sorry to differ in opinion with such great men" as I had mentioned to you; but that I must forgive you if you speak your mind, and freely, upon every thing that concerns you and your theatre. But pray, Sir, is not this referring, tacitly at least, to a third judgment, and yet rejecting it? Is it not to say, in effect, that, as a manager, you will not submit your judgment to that of the wisest mortal upon earth? Let me now again intreat you seriously to consider whether I have not very good grounds, from the whole course of your proceeding, for the afore-mentioned insinuation. It will be impossible for you to elude the substance of what I have been alleging so much to your disadvantage. You say, I must forgive you if you speak freely upon every thing which concerns you and your theatre; and, Sir, you must forgive me if I speak as freely upon every thing which concerns me and my reputation as an author. You cannot wonder if the public character I once had the honour of sustaining (and I hope with some credit too) renders me somewhat jealous in this respect; especially as under that character dramatic poetry was the subject of my lectures.* In short, Sir, the world will be a proper judge whether, on the whole, I have been

* Hawkins had the honour of succeeding Lowth in the Poetry Professor's chair.—ED.

candidly treated by you; whether (to repeat some of my own late words) you have not *thrown cold water most profusely upon me* and my performance; and whether, under a few plausible expressions and affected declarations of regard, &c. at the close of a letter, &c. it has not been your artful aim to give me many sensible mortifications. After all, Sir, I do not desire to come to an open rupture with you. I wish not to exasperate, but to convince; and I tender you once more my friendship and my play. I have, however, too much knowledge of human nature in general, and of the particular pride almost peculiar to your situation, to look for any good effect from this amicable overture, and have only to add that your answer, or indeed your silence, will determine the future measures of, Sir,

Your much dissatisfied humble servant,

W. HAWKINS.

P. S. You would have heard from me before, had I been at home when the packet arrived. Excuse haste, &c.

MR. GARRICK TO THE REV. MR. HAWKINS.

SIR, Sept. 20, 1774.

THOUGH your threatening letter found me in a fit of the gout, which is a very peevish disorder, yet I assure you it added nothing to my ill-humour, nay I could have laughed, though in pain, had not the more humane sensation of pity prevented it.

Notwithstanding your former flattering letters to me, which I have luckily preserved, you now accuse me of pride, rancour, evil designs, and the Lord knows what, because I have refused your plays, which I most sincerely think unfit for representation, and which (some of them, if not all) have had the same fortune with other managers. You are pleased to say that "of all animals a manager is the sorest." Pray, Mr. Hawkins, had you no feelings at the time you wrote this which contradicted the assertion? Can you really believe that this unprovoked, intemperate behaviour can make me submit to your inquisitorial menaces? "Perform my plays or I'll appeal to the public!" If you will publish your plays with your appeal, I will forgive you the rest.

Your insinuation that I formerly mortified you because you "once offended me in the business of 'Henry and Rosamond,'" is unworthy of an answer. It is very well known that I bear no malice; and the offence which *you* so well remember is as much forgotten by me as "Henry and Rosamond," the cause of it.

You value yourself much upon "laying a design to sound me," that is, to catch me tripping in order to expose me: a very liberal design truly for a scholar and a divine, and I wish you joy of your success; but to convince you, if possible, how much your intemperate zeal contradicts itself, you confess that "Alfred," your tragedy-trap, was not well prepared; that the play was (as you are pleased to express it) "improperly digested, and you readily admit the justness of my exceptions:" nay

you go farther and say "you give up 'Alfred," and acquiesce in my judgment." Can any thing I write vindicate my conduct more than your own words? Have I seen "Alfred" *since* your above confession; have I *refused* to see it? I know my duty too well—I am obliged by my situation to read all you are pleased to send me; but I have the same right to reject a play, which I think a bad one, as you have to compose it..

May I, without offence, differ in opinion with a gentleman who once was a credit to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford? "It will be very hard, methinks, (these are your own words) "if that should not be a proper foundation of a fable which happens to be matter of fact:" indeed, Sir, the best dramatic critics I have read tell me that matters of fact are *not* always proper foundations for dramatic fables.

You say I wrote a cavalier note: if it were so, your very cavalier letter produced it—I never begin first. Your last letter begot this, but I hope it is very unlike its father.

You conclude with saying "you do not desire to come to an open rupture with me, and that you wish not to exasperate, but to convince; and you again tender me your friendship and your play." So far you seem to be returning to temper and reason;—but how was I deceived!—for in order to promote the good work and bring about a reconciliation, you add, that "you have too much knowledge of human nature in general, and the particular pride of my situation, to look for any good from this amicable overture." Ought you not as a gentleman and a clergyman, and in justice, reason, and good manners, to have waited for my answer, before you had been guilty of such outrageous behaviour?—or is it the Rev. Mr. Hawkins's method of *convincing* and not *exasperating*, to call names, while he is making a tender of his friendship? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Give me leave to make another observation upon your peculiar behaviour to me and to your friends. Though you seem to think me inexcusable for daring to differ with them, yet when they do not agree with you it is to stand for nothing. For example—Mr. Warton tells you that your present "Alfred" "is deficient in point of bustle according to the turn and taste of the times;" and you tell me "so far as the objection goes," Mr. W—— "seems to think the success of representation may be affected—but this opinion (supposing it to have ground) cannot, you presume, affect a right of representation." Indeed!—I do not know which most to admire, your logic, or politeness to your friend.*

* This is one of Garrick's neatest replies. Hawkins's rejoinder does not turn a single *point* in it.—ED.

FROM LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGOYNE TO MR. GARRICK.

[With the "Maid of the Oaks; or, a Fête Champêtre."]

October 3rd, 1774.

THE author of the little piece sent with this letter begs Mr. Garrick would take the trouble of looking over it, and if he finds it worth representing, makes no doubt he will give it the first vacant opportunity this season to the public. He will see that it is taken in some degree from the French. Mr. Garrick's determination will be sent for to his house the latter end of the week.

IRISH SONG FOR MOODY.

Ye brave jolly blades of the brush, line, and rule,
Who owe all to *ganus*, and nothing to school,
Come, join in full chorus, rejoice and be glad,
For while you are merry, you 'll never be sad.
Then away to Shampater, Shampater, away!
To work at Shampater is nothing but play;
As I know nothing of it, no more will I say,
But Shampater for ever, for ever and aye!

You may guess what a sight, for it ne'er was yet seen;
Heaven bless her sweet face, 'tis a sight for a queen,
For lords, and for earls, and for gentlefolks too,
All the busy beau-monde who have nothing to do.
Then away to Shampater, &c.

While light you 'll see nothing, but when dark you shall see
That the darker it is the more light there will be;
The moon and the stars they may all go to bed—
We can make better sunshine than ever they made.
Then away to Shampater, &c.

Such crowds and confusion, such uproar, delight,
With lamps hung by thousands to make day of night:
There 'll be Russians, Turks, Prussians, and Dutchmen so gay,
And they 'll all be so fine, they 'll have nothing to say.
Then away to Shampater, &c.

Then let 's take a drink to the Squire of the Oaks:
May no crabbed critics come here with their jokes;
If they did, I could make the dear souls change their notes,
Might but Paddy's best brush sweep clean their foul throats.
Then away to Shampater, my boys, come away,
To work at Shampater is better than play;
As I know nothing of it, no more will I say,
But away to Shampater, my boys, come away!

REV. W. HAWKINS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Whitchurch, Oct. 7th, 1774.

YOUR favour of Sept. 22nd being directed to me in *Devon* instead of *Dorset*, came not to hand but a post or two ago. I should not think of continuing our correspondence, did not you seem to me to misunderstand or to misrepresent some passages in my last letter, and in your answer to offer something which you would have me take for argument. You say "I accuse you of pride, rancour, evil designs, and the Lord knows what." Sir, I did, and do still accuse you of pride; but when or where did I ever bring so odious a charge against you as the *other words* import? I put your "refusal of more plays of mine than one to the account of a principle you would willingly disavow." But I do not, as I take it, thereby intimate you had ever a design to knock my brains out. Is there no such thing as a *negative* kind of ill-will, which only means to do a man *harm* by doing him *no good*? I impute what I cannot help considering as a final rejection of "Alfred," from the terms of your note, as I told you before, to a certain degree of resentment of old provocations. I told you why, too, in my last. Have you cleared yourself of *this sort* of charge by a general disavowal of malice prepense, or by an *affected* forgetfulness of such provocations, and the cause of them? Have you said one syllable, Sir, in answer to those passages in my letter, by which such charge is so very much supported:—those, I mean, relating to the "Siege of Aleppo," and "Troilus and Cressida?" Yet you ask me (with what propriety judge yourself, when you are in temper,) whether you *have seen* "Alfred" since my acknowledgment of your first just exceptions; or whether you have *refused to see it*? *Absolutely*, I grant you have not; but have you not in *effect*? I made a tender of this performance to you in my last. Must I look upon the letter before me as an acceptance of that tender? If so, you are very unhappy in your expressions, or I in my apprehension. To prevent farther mistakes, I hereby tender it to you again; but I beg the favour of a direct and positive reply. It seems, however, that *cavalier* note of yours, (which I did, and still do, look on as a *tacit* rejection,) was produced by my *more cavalier letter*. Let that letter speak for itself. It was written under an animating sense of the approbation of persons, whom you yourself justly call great men, and to whose judgment you had in effect referred me; and I must add, it was dictated by feelings of that *cold water*, (to use again my former expression,) that slight and discouragement with which the preceding letter of yours abounds. In that letter, you tell me, "it was not any part of the performance in particular that you had objected to, but to the very foundation of the fable in all its branches;" that "you despair of seeing an interesting, pathetic drama made from the play," &c.; that "there was nothing but some part of the writing that you thought dramatic," &c. Now, Sir, who *began first*? After the receipt of this, methinks it was high time to have done with *flattery*, and to come to plain-dealing. Were I disposed to return your wit, I should tell you there is no occasion for a *trap* when you

have caught the ——. But as I stand upbraided with illiberal conduct under this article of flattery, and with having acted inconsistently with the character of a scholar or a divine, I am called upon to say a word in my own justification, which is briefly this—that, circumstanced as I was, I am not conscious of having deservedly incurred such a censure by the artifice used in my application to you; but that, if I shall be thought so to have done by impartial judges, *i. e.* the sensible and candid part of the world, I shall readily take shame to myself, and ask your pardon; it being a maxim with me that, next to the merit of acting *right*, is that of acknowledging our having acted *wrong*. And give me leave to recommend this maxim to your serious and unbiassed attention. But it seems, "the best dramatic critics you have read tell you, that matters of fact are not always proper foundations for dramatic fable." I do not believe, Sir, any critic, good or bad, ever pronounced them so to be, from the days of *Thespis*. However, I apprehend the question to be, whether *such* a matter of fact as that of so great a man as Alfred going into the *Danish* camp in disguise, &c. be not a proper foundation of fable? You tell me, "you know your duty—you are obliged by your situation to read all I am pleased to send you; but that you have the same right to reject a play which you think a bad one, as I have to compose it." True, Mr. Garrick, if I acknowledge it to be a bad one; or if the competent judges I consult are of that opinion. But must *any* play be thought a bad one, merely because you arbitrarily pronounce it so? or, for crude and indigested reasons, call it so? If this be the case, you will probably injure more authors by the *exertion* of your *privilege* than you will oblige by the *discharge* of your *duty*. Let any indifferent person determine what is like to become of the *play*, if the *writer* has unluckily offended you! With respect to other managers (whose usage, if ill, will be no cloke for *yours*,) I have only room to say, that I have heretofore had reason to believe *them* to have acted under the pitiful direction, and contemptible influence, of *party-prejudice*. Our difference I consider, at least, as much *more personal*. After all, Sir, why so disgusted by *menaces* you so utterly despise and defy? You say, "if I will publish my plays with the appeal, you will forgive me all the rest." The tables are turned, then, and *you* are become the party aggrieved at last! This is pleasant enough, though, indeed, nothing *uncommon*. But, Sir, if you can honestly look upon yourself in *this* light, how comes it that under all the *airs* of your epistle, as well *witty* as *triumphant*, I can plainly discover at the bottom so much *spleen*, *petulance*, and *vexation*? In the same *recriminating* vein, too, you ask "whether I had no feelings at the time I wrote?" &c. Upon honour, *no*, Sir; I would have Mr. G. know that I am hurt by nothing but *self-reproach*. Neither, Sir, can I revoke my *last offensive paragraph*. It is strange you should be angry with me for proving a *true prophet*. It was *then* my wish, and it is *still*, not to *exasperate*, but to *convince*; but at the same time, in *justice* to *myself*, I cannot avoid resolving the impediments to such conviction into their true grounds, viz. the *pride of managers*, who are not used to be talked to in this strain. I repeat it again, I *wish* to be upon good terms with you, notwithstanding all that has passed; but does Mr. G. mention the word

logic, and yet not know that *wish* is *one* thing and *expectation another?* Upon the most dispassionate retrospect, I see nothing to retract either as a gentleman or a clergyman, either in point of *justice* or *good manners*, upon this occasion. I have not room to take notice at large of the passage in yours relating to Mr. W.'s opinion. I have only to say, in general, and do still say, that a *small* circumstance concerning the *success* of representation will not, *i. e.* ought not to affect a *right* of representation. And I have no doubt but our friend will say the same. However, the objection was not *yours*, and I do not see how *you* can *fairly* avail yourself of it. Upon the whole, Sir, let me recommend it to you for *your own sake*, coolly and deliberately to reconsider this matter; and I am *confident* you will find it impossible (as I said before) to elude the *substance* of what I have alleged to your disadvantage. I am sorry to be under a necessity of subscribing myself once more,

Sir, your dissatisfied humble servant,

W. HAWKINS.

P. S.—AN ANECDOTE!—While the "Siege of Aleppo" was under consideration, and it was not a clear point who was the author, a respectable *friend* of *yours* told a most worthy friend of *mine*, that if that play was *my* production you would not act it, or to that effect. This he must have had from yourself; and though neither of the gentlemen (as being uninterested in the affair) may recollect this, *I* will make affidavit of it at any time.

N. B. Not a word of this affair has yet transpired from *me*. I speak of our difference in general.

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* * * * * TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Oct. 14th, 1774.

As I understand that Shakspeare's elegant and pleasing comedy of "As You Like It," is shortly to be played again at your theatre (where in general every thing is conducted most excellently) I cannot help submitting to your acknowledged taste and judgment, the opinion of several ingenious gentlemen upon your representation of it, which in one scene appears to them to be faulty. It is the first scene of the second act, in "The Forest of Arden." The conversation lies between the banished Duke, Lord Amiens, and some other Lords: upon the former's proposing to go and kill venison, and descanting at the same time upon the cruelty of so doing, one of the Lords immediately introduces us to the character of the melancholy Jacques in a most lively and picturesque description of the spot, where the Lord Amiens and himself stole behind and overheard him moralizing alone. In your representation, you make Jacques utter his beautiful reflections himself in personal conversation with the Duke. To the gentlemen as above mentioned this seems faulty: they think that what the Lord in Shakspeare so beautifully recites of Jacques, is entirely matter of soliloquy and involuntary ejaculation, or in other words, thinking aloud;

and that it never could have been known at all unless he had been overheard; and in short they esteem the alteration, in a great measure, contrary to nature. This, Sir, is a matter easily rectified, either by following Shakspeare closely, or if that brings more Lords upon the stage than are necessary, with a trifling alteration, the Lord Amiens might recite it. If, upon mature consideration, you see this matter in the light aforesaid, I doubt not but that you will rectify it. At all events I must entreat that you will forgive this trouble, from one, who is never so much mortified as when unable to get a place to see you perform, being, beyond all expression, an admirer of Shakspeare, and consequently of his and "Great Nature's Proxy."*

MR. MALDON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Girdlers' Hall, Oct. 17th, 1774.

I DID myself the pleasure on Saturday evening last of attending your theatre; where, I must confess, I received very singular satisfaction in the performance of Mrs. Yates and Mr. Smith in their respective characters; but I am under the necessity of acquainting you that I observed one speech very inconsistent with the religion of this country, and which I think well deserves the appellation of prophane? Perhaps you may not have taken notice of it, for I make no doubt, if you had, that you would have expunged it, and substituted some other in its room. The speech I refer to is that made by Orestes, when Pammenes reproves him for breaking his oath by discovering himself to Electra, where he says,

"—— If heaven expects obedience,
It should give us laws we can obey."†

Now, Sir, however proper this may sound on the French stage, I think it is very much the reverse on the English one to initiate bad principles into the minds of an audience. Every man of true Protestant principles allows, and it cannot be doubted, but that all the commandments given by the Supreme Being to us are not of so difficult a nature that we cannot obey them; on the contrary, they are of so simple a

* The absurdity of this stage alteration is and always was apparent; but a nameless lord cannot be theatrically trusted with a speech of such moment as the one in question. Besides, if Jacques were to be robbed of his *own reflections*, assigned to him by managers, the character would be too unimportant for a great performer's notice; and thus the best things in the play would be the worst spoken. In the original play, Jacques is a humourist rather described by others, than self-exhibited. We are, therefore, to put the awkwardness of making him recite his own feelings and reflections on a distant event, with a wretched "*quoth I*" to introduce them, against the alternative of throwing fine matter at heads too thick to understand it.—ED.

† The play here alluded to was Dr. Francklin's translation of "Electra" from Voltaire. The reader is therefore to pronounce whether a Grecian fable is to be fitted up with "true Protestant principles" instead of those belonging to its characte rs; or, in other words, to lay the judgment of Dr. Francklin at the feet of Mr. E. Maldon of *Girdlers' Hall*.—ED.

nature, and laid down to us in such plain terms, that we might with a little attention obey them with the greatest facility and pleasure, and without any interruption to our worldly concerns.

In my opinion it shows a man to be possessed of a very narrow knowledge of the principles of religion to think himself a better judge of what is right than his Creator; whom in this case he calls to account, as if he was the judge of the Almighty.

Mr. Pope speaks very judiciously on this subject in the 1st book of his "Essay on Man," where he says:—

"Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the *God* of *God*."

I shall now conclude by requesting you to substitute some other speech for Orestes instead of that I mention, and not permit it any longer to be repeated on your stage.

An answer to this per penny post, directed as under, will be esteemed a particular favour by,

Sir, your sincere admirer,

E. MALDON.

MR. J. HENDERSON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 4th, 1774.

RETURN you my thanks for the letter you were so obliging to write Mr. Palmer concerning me: I am sure you intended me a kindness because it is almost impossible to disunite the most amiable temper from abilities so sublime, and understanding so enlarged, as yours. The *effect*, however, was different from what your goodness might expect, or what even justice might hope. Mr. Palmer was pleased to express himself in very angry and dissatisfied terms, that I should have complained to you about his treatment of me; in a word, he came to a downright quarrel with me. I answered that your interposing in my behalf was an honour you had done me without my knowledge, and that I felt it more particularly on that account. I added that I had merely *related* what had passed between himself and me—that you told me I played too much, and that I felt myself unequal to the great demands made upon me. We parted, and he has since behaved to me with great artificial politeness—they still keep, however, sending me parts, as before. A fortnight ago I played *Shylock*; I am now studying *Posthumus*, and have *Lovemore* in "The

Way to Keep Him," already given me. The first *week* I came here this season, I played successively Macbeth, Benedick, Belville, Bayes, and Don John. I was not informed of Macbeth till the very morning I was to play it, having prepared myself for Hamlet according to the advice Mr. Palmer was pleased to send me by letter a *week before* I came down.

I hope, dear Sir, you will excuse the liberty I take of troubling you with so much of myself. I had in some measure your commands for doing so, since you desired me to let you know how I went on. I heard with great joy of your recovery from the gout, and of your being well enough to appear on the stage as never man appeared before, or I fear will ever again. I am ashamed to offer my feeble praises after the great and noble panegyrics you have received from the most discerning and enlightened minds; I will therefore silently *wonder* at your genius, and subscribe myself, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. HENDERSON.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Nov. 9, 1774.

I AM much obliged by your enquiries after my health. I am very well, and am very glad to hear from you, though it seems you have drawn me into a scrape, and are therefore in duty bound to bring me safely out of it. Unless my memory be treacherous in the extreme, and my pen a little less guarded than I think it was, I avoided to deliver any sentiment whatever concerning my brother Swan's critical productions. I returned them to you with *only thanks*; and that *favourable opinion of mine* which he mentions, is I believe, the child of Mr. Garrick's own politeness. I enquired indeed, if Swan designed to publish; but was not at all solicitous about his determination. I beg leave to decline all selection of his notes. To correct my own is load enough for my shoulders. Far be it from me, however, to speak disreputably of his performance; though I must confess, that his observations in general are too prolix for publication at the bottom of any page of whatever size. I have placed his stage directions concerning the death of Desdemona in opposition to my own; and have added, that I found them in a copy of the play belonging to a *veteran of the theatre*; for no histrionic name *but yours* shall ever find its way into our book, as long as the conduct of it is in my hands. Swan has availed himself of my printed opinion more than once, without acknowledgment; and I shall probably be the richer for the same number of hints as silently received from him, though his remarks in their original clothing (as I said before) would have been too bulky. At a dance in a small room, no hoops can be admitted.

You will please to recollect, that if Mr. Swan expected me to point out his beauties, or observe on his defects, this is the first time I have ever heard of either of his requests, as well as of his intention that his comment should be communicated

to me at all. You are like Gonzalo in "The Tempest,"—"the latter end of your commonwealth forgets its beginning." I must beg you will pen an escape for me down the back-stairs; for all my guilt on this occasion consists in having read the comments which Mr. Garrick lent me.

The history of the affair is briefly this. Mr. G. though he wished to know somewhat about this Mr. Swan, was too lazy, or too much better employed, to read his dissertations; or, as probably, was terrified at their length: he therefore gave them to Mr. S. whose leisure he might command, and whose opinion of them he thought he might adopt if favourable, or qualify if unfavourable. Mr. S. being somewhat aware of this, forbore to offer any judgment at all. Thus situated, Mr. G. was reduced to the necessity of supplying such an answer as he supposed Mr. S. ought to have delivered, and Mr. Swan might expect to receive. I thank you, Mr. Garrick. I leave you now to clear yourself and me as adroitly as you can, and after what flourish your nature will; while at the same time, without any flourish at all, I subcribe myself

Your sincere and obliged,

G. STEEVENS.

Your letter is dated the 7th, but did not reach this place till about half an hour ago.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Steevens's letter to me about Mr. Swan's Notes upon Shakspeare."

LIEUT.-GENERAL BURGOYNE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Wednesday, Nov. 9th, 1774.

YOUR obliging and most friendly letter was delivered to me yesterday at the moment I was sitting down to dinner with company, or I should have endeavoured on the moment to return my acknowledgments, with a warmth of expression due to that with which you have honoured me.

In regard to the very signal distinction you propose to me of the freedom of the house, and the manner of presenting it, I hope you will permit me to decline the parade, and at the same time believe me truly sensible of the honour of it. I should feel myself as proud to be seated in Drury-lane by your deliberate judgment of my talents, as ever an old Roman did in acquiring the freedom of *his* theatre by public services; but you are at present too partial towards me, and, till I appear in my own eyes more worthy, I must request you to bound your kind intentions to an order for admittance occasionally to your green-room, where I promise neither to criticise your men ill-naturedly, nor lead astray your ladies. The having contributed the songs and music, and other reasons alleged for my introduction to your rehearsals, will, I conclude, equally pass with the company for this additional favour, without the necessity of any farther discovery. But as you kindly insist upon my directions, I desire it to be done by a simple order to Johnston, and no gold box, nor silver box,—not

even a mulberry one: you must give me a reception *Hamlet-like;* I will have no *appurtenances of welcome.*

I think I may without vanity congratulate you upon the piece having laid hold of the audience last night. A general relish was very discernible. I could not help agreeing with a critic who sat near me, and who expressed himself delighted with the genteel scenes, that the introduction of the lamp-lighters was too coarse to assort with the rest. Suppose three or four of your girls were introduced in the act of weaving cords of flowers, such as the dancers use in the second act. They might fix one end of the cord to the scene, and keep slipping back as they weave the flowers, in the manner the rope-makers do, which would be picturesque. In that case, O'Daub's part might begin with his conversation with the architect, and he might present himself to the girls in some nonsense like the following:—

O'Daub—"If these pretty maids would pay me with a kiss a-piece, 'faith, I'd paint them all round for nothing at all. Sure they look as bright as a May morning already, and a touch of my brush will make them remembered by those who never saw 'em."

If after this, the two additional verses of the song were added, the words would apply, and with Moody's action might have effect. Should you approve this idea, or any one like it, the alteration is so short it might be studied and acted in half an hour; but I submit it to you on the sudden, like many crudities with which I have troubled you.

Lord Stanley is come to town, and very earnest to see "The Maid of the Oaks." I send to Johnston for a box for Lady Betty to-morrow, that she may do him the honours, and I hope I shall succeed.

If you could send me the copy this afternoon, I would return it in time for you to put it into the printer's hands to-morrow afternoon.

Believe me, with the truest sense of the value of your friendship,

Dear Sir, your faithful and obedient, &c. &c.

J. BURGOYNE.*

LIEUT.-GENERAL BURGOYNE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST SIR, The Oaks, Sunday, 1774.

MAY I request of your friendship to entrust to my re-perusal the lines of your very fine prologue which touch upon the fortune of Caractacus. They rest not upon my memory so completely as I wish every thing to do that comes from your pen; and I entertain a doubt (very possibly from the imperfection of my recollection)

* This was the unfortunate general, but successful dramatist, Lieutenant-general John Burgoyne. The piece alluded to was "The Maid of the Oaks," a dramatic entertainment in honour of the present Earl of Darby's marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton, and referring to a *fête champêtre* given at the Oaks in Kent on that occasion.—ED.

whether one line may not convey an interpretation very different from what I am sure you wish to give it.

The servant who will deliver this, goes forward to London, and returns here early to-morrow. Should he find you at home, I am sure of your goodness and your ready pen to write down those few lines; the copy shall be sacred.

Should my servant not find you at home, he has orders to make Hampton his road at his return hither to-morrow.

I hope Mrs. Garrick has found relief to her cold in the good air of Hampton. My best respects attend her, and I am with inviolable truth, my dearest Sir,

Your most faithful friend and obedient servant,

J. BURGOYNE.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Inner Temple, Nov. 25th, 1774.

Now that you have "ruled and had your wife," I will venture to answer your obliging note from Hampton.

The trouble I alluded to was yours, not mine; as I cannot but know how much your time and head are occupied by necessary and immediate business. As to me, although I really have many affairs of various sorts and of no small importance to me upon my hands, yet I would postpone almost every thing for the *Duke of Braganza*, because I admire him, and have promised him my best assistance.

That you have not found time to look at him I am not surprised, considering the variety of your engagements; but I hope you will give him some attention when he shall be restored to you by Mr. Whitehead, and I promise you, as I believe I did once before, that whenever you do examine him, he will amaze you.

Now, dear Sir, to the cause of my teazing you with this note. I object to the play's being written out in parts, until I have a new copy from the author, which is now preparing according to your ideas, as well as I could collect them from your rough and warm judgment given upon my reading. N.B. I do not think lightly of such criticism in theatrical matters, for how are an audience otherwise to judge?

My humble advice and request are that you will resolve (if possible) to do the play this season, otherwise, in my opinion, the wings of this swan will be so damped that he will hardly recover. I know his nature, and saw him once a week in the progress of his muse.

Please, therefore, to take three weeks for criticism. I engage that he shall execute every improvement which you can suggest in three weeks more, and the tragedy may be got up in three weeks. Here are nine weeks, and two for travelling; I will say (to give full measure) twelve weeks, and if you will give me *to-morrow twelve weeks* for the first night, I will answer for the Duke's being ready to appear in gorgeous majesty. The last week of February and the two first weeks of

March will answer very well, with other accidental nights afterwards, taking in the idea of Lent and benefits as I do. In the interim there is time for Cumberland's comedy and Franklin's tragedy. As to putting the Duke upon the shelf, besides my certainty of his despondency in consequence, I have another objection from the end of an old song:

"Who can know
Where we shall go
To be merry another year?"

In the author's last letter there is this passage. "If I had Mr. Garrick's ideas, I could do all I can ever do in a *week* as well as in a year. The matter does not deserve much more pains than I have already taken." These are his words, and I know he is in earnest. He says *one* week; I give him *three*; and if you can let me have your observations and hints before December 15th, I promise you a new and finished copy before January 15th.

Excuse my zeal, which is not for a plaything or hobby-horse, but for a work of great merit and a most ingenious friend. Your obliged and sincere,

E. TIGHE.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Nov. 29th, 1774.

YOUR approbation gives me the greatest pleasure; it is the only incense which is entirely grateful to the vain nostrils of an author. In consideration of your precious time and patience, I proceed to business immediately without further flourish or compliment. If you can contrive it, without great inconvenience, I wish much the Duchess should appear on your boards this season for many reasons. Till her fate is determined, I cannot think of entering on any other work of the same nature, and the suspense keeps me inactive and uncomfortable. Many accidents may intervene to prevent my enjoying any satisfaction from a representation postponed till next season. My excellent friend Tighe cannot be spared next winter to attend the fate of Portugal, as he will be wanted to assist in the Irish Senate; and you know how useful he is, from his friendship to us both, and his competent knowledge of every thing dramatical. We have had approbation enough from a variety of tastes to promise most favourably for our success: all the material alterations, I can make in a fortnight with ease, I think, to myself, and, I hope, to your satisfaction. The alterations in the second act will give me most trouble; but as you and many other excellent judges object to the introduction of a new scene between the Duchess and the Spanish Minister (in which I agree with you entirely), I think retrenching a good deal of the narrative, getting the Duke properly off the stage, and throwing a little more variety into the strain of the Duchess with his friends after the Duke's exit, will improve that act, and make it more conformable in some measure to modern ideas. Retrenchment in

other places will be also necessary; but I can bear the knife when I am certain my surgeons are too skilful to let out the life-blood. I shall smart a good deal under the amputations of the third act; but it is the longest, and must be cut. I have an idea of improvement for the dream in the beginning of the fifth act, which I think will turn that excrescence not only into a beauty, but into a vital part. The dream shall not, as now, be of the night before, but of a few hours before his telling it; the horrors of the dream shall be mentioned as the cause of the Spanish Minister's going on the water to try to compose the disturbance of his mind. He knows the time the Monk is to return from the murder of the Duke, and comes back to hear his account of it. This gives a cause for what was accidental in the history, and removes any cavil that may arise at the improbability of a man's going on a party of pleasure while such an act was perpetrating. Besides, he might choose that time to avoid any suspicion of being concerned in the death of the Duke of Braganza. I am in a great hurry, and have not time to read over what I write, but hope I explain myself to your satisfaction. I expect with impatience your serious observations after a deliberate perusal, as they must be my best guides. I shall write more fully to our friend Tighe, when I get a cover to enclose a large packet. Adieu, my dear Sir: believe me ever, Your sincere, obliged and affectionate servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

My future labours, if any come to birth, shall also be first offered to you; and I wish the fate of this was decided, to make room for others yet in embryo. I hope it will be for our mutual credit and advantage.

Mrs. J.'s best love attends you and Mrs. G.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Temple, Dec. 16th, 1774.

I HOPE you have by this time examined the Duke of Braganza, and that you think (provided the proposed alterations are well executed) he will be ready to make his appearance about February 15th. The author has promised me a complete copy before January 10th; and unless you (who must and shall be absolute in this matter) forbid, I think it my duty to press for his coming out this season. The reasons for this are many, but a principal one is that I fear I cannot be in London at the time of bringing on new plays next season, and, though my assistance may not be great, the author builds much upon it in every view.

In short, Covent-Garden wants it; and will not you either bring it out at your house, or let them do it? You must and ought to have the *preference*, and I heartily wish it to be done with you. But I cannot, in justice, delay the representation. I go to Cambridge this day, to return on Monday night. Pray let me have an answer at the Turk's-head Coffee-house on Monday. Your sincere and obedient,

E. TIGHE.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead Heath, Dec. 20th, 1774.

To one so hurried as you are, short thanks are at present best. Any places you please, except in the back rows of your front boxes,

"Where function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

That your fit of the gout may be as short as my letter, is the sincere wish of,

Your very faithful
G. S.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

Temple, Dec. 20th, 1774.

I CANNOT hesitate a moment, or hear any body speak upon the subject, before I tell you that my wishes are that the Duke of Braganza shall appear at Drury-lane. And yet we must all allow (indeed you yourself said so) that the Barrys were born for the parts. Nothing but this consideration, and the fear of your not being able from your engagements to bring out the play *this season*, could make me think of any other house but *yours*. You are the *natural* parent and protector; and nothing but your *desire*, founded upon your inability to give a place to the tragedy, shall induce me to change the scene of action, though I am pressed by multitudes so to do on account of the Barrys. Your sincere and obedient,

E. TIGHE.

I am just this moment come in.

SCENES AND DRESSES REQUIRED FOR BRAGANZA.

1. A PIAZZA of Lisbon.
2. An Antechamber in the Palace.
3. A Chamber in the Duke's Palace.
4. Alvaro (the Spanish Minister's) Chamber.
5. Apartment in the Castle of Almada.
6. Street with some view of the Tagus.

Dress for the Spanish Minister.
The rest Portuguese.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Temple, Dec. 20th, 1774.

I REQUEST that you will come to some resolution about the *Duke of Braganza*.* In justice to the admirable author, the representation, in my opinion, ought not to

* It is reasonable to attribute some of Garrick's irresolution to his recollection of what had but just passed between himself and Sir Joshua Reynolds.—ED.

be postponed. If you can act it immediately after Dr. Francklin's tragedy, which I suppose will come out about January 15, I am satisfied. In that case I suppose the Duke may appear about February 20, (a month before the benefits.) If you *know* that you *cannot* perform the tragedy this season, I hope that you will now *desire* that it may be performed (as it can be) immediately at Covent-Garden. I expect the final copy in about ten days. Your obliged and obedient servant,

E. TIGHE.

Please to send an answer to the Turk's Head Coffee-house.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Dec. 23rd, 1774.

MANY thanks for your last kind letter of the 13th from Hampton. I did not receive it till yesterday evening, just as the curtain was going to rise for our second and last night's exhibition on Mr. Gardiner's stage at the Phœnix Park, where I have been unavoidably engaged since the 15th of last month, and entirely taken up, except for a few days that I was obliged to be in town for a feverish complaint with ugly symptoms. I am much obliged to you for your kind intention of bringing the play on this season, and doubt not of its meeting every assistance from your skill and friendship. I shall now have no interruption that I can foresee, and hope to have at least two acts ready by the time you mention, the first week in January. I have received many excellent observations since the play was sent over, principally by the communication of our most valuable friend Mr. Tighe; so many, indeed, that I should be perplexed in the choice of improvements was I not determined to abide for the most part by those made by Mr. Whitehead; he was so good carefully to peruse the manuscript. The alterations he has suggested I think very judicious; they may easily be made without demolishing much of the main building. Mrs. Jephson and I are but just returned from the Park not a little fatigued as you may suppose, from a scene of so much exertion as we have been lately engaged in; but I would not try my bed till I acknowledged your favour and sent our best wishes for all good things to you and Mrs. Garrick. We are heartily sorry for your gouty complaints, and pray that they may at least be a security to your frame against all others. Adieu, my dear Sir: believe me sincerely,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Wednesday Morning, 1774.

INDEED, Sir, I could not play *Violante* to-morrow if my happiness in the next world depended upon it; but if you order me, I will look it over, and be perfect as soon as possible. *Mrs. Sullen* is ready; and I am sure if you are pleased to give yourself a moment's time to reflect upon my general conduct in the theatre, you will see that I ever made my attention to my business and my duty to you my sole object and ambition. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

F. ABINGTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

DEAR MADAM, Adelphi, Sept. 26th, 1774.

As no business can be done without being explicit, I must desire to know if you choose to perform *Mrs. Sullen.* The part is reserved for you, and the play must be acted soon: whoever does it with *Mr. Smith* must do it with me—supposing that I am ever able to be the rake again. We talked a great deal last night, and, I am sorry to say it, without my having the least idea what to do in consequence of it. If "The Tender Husband" can be done with credit, I shall immediately set to work, and with "The Hypocrite." I cannot create better actors than we have, and we must both do our best with them. Could I put you upon the highest comic pinnacle, I certainly would do it; but indeed, my dear Madam, we shall not mount much if your cold counteracting discourse is to pull us back at every step. Don't imagine that the gout makes me peevish; I am talking to you in the greatest good humour; but if we don't do our best with the best we have, it is all fruitless murmuring and inactive repining. Something too much of this. I shall write to the author of the piece to-morrow night, which I read to you. I have yet obeyed but half his commands, as he wrote the character of *Lady Bab** for your Ladyship. I must beg of you to speak your thoughts upon that, which after I had read it to you, I promised to let him know your sentiments. I could wish, if you say any thing to me of our stage business, you would send it separately from your opinion of "The Maid of the Oaks" and "Lady Bab:" with your leave I could wish to enclose what you say of the last to the author, Yours most truly,

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed,

"A letter to Mrs. Abington, in which her manner of doing and saying is not described amiss."

* Lady Bab Lardoon in "The Maid of the Oaks," which she acted beautifully.—ED.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday Night, March 6th, 1775.

Mr. Garrick behaves with so much unprovoked incivility to Mrs. Abington, that she is at a loss how to account for it; and her health and spirits are so much hurt by it, that she is not able to say *what* or when she can play. If he had been pleased to have given her a day's notice, she could have played her part in "The West Indian;" but it was not possible for her at three o'clock to read her part, get her clothes ready, and find a hair-dresser all by six o'clock, and that too at a time when she is in a very weak and ill state of health.

If Mr. Garrick really thinks Mrs. Abington so bad a subject as he is pleased to describe her in all the companies he goes into, she thinks his remedy is very easy, and is willing on her part to release him from so great an inconvenience as soon as he pleases; and only begs, while he is pleased to continue her in his theatre, that he will not treat her with so much harshness as he has lately done.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Adelphi, March 7, 1775.

Whether [it be] a consciousness of your unaccountable and unwarrantable behaviour to me, or that you have really heard of *my description of you* in all companies, I will not enquire; whatever I have said I will justify, for I always speak the truth. Is it possible for me to describe you as your note of yesterday describes yourself? You want a day's notice to perform a character you played originally, and which you have appeared in several times this season: you knew our distress yesterday almost as soon as I did, and did not plead the want of a day's notice, clothes, hair-dresser, &c. but you refused on account of your health, though you were in spirits and rehearsing a new farce. You suffered us to be obliged to another lady, of another house, to do your business, when neither our distresses, the credit of the theatre, or your own duty and justice, could have the least influence upon you. How could I give you a day's notice when I knew not of Mr. Reddish's illness but in the morning? and you were the first person I sent to between *twelve and one*, and not at *three* o'clock. It was happy for us that we found a lady, though not of our company, who had feeling for our distress, and relieved us from it without requiring a day's notice, or wanting any thing but an opportunity to show her politeness. These are serious truths, Madam, and are not to be described like the lesser peccadillos of a fine lady. A little time will show that Mr. Garrick has done essential offices of kindness to Mrs. Abington, when his humanity only, and not his duty obliged him. As to your wishes of delivering me from the inconvenience of your engagement, that, I hope, will soon

be another's concern: my greatest comfort is, that I shall soon be delivered from the capriciousness, inconsistency, injustice, and unkindness, of those to whom I always intended the greatest good in my power. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Your refusing to play this evening has obliged me, though but just recovered from a dreadful disorder, to risk a relapse.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tuesday morning, March 7, 1775.

FROM your not recollecting some circumstances, your letter is a misrepresentation of facts from the beginning to the end.

You are pleased to say "The West Indian" has been performed several times this season; it has really been acted but once, and that at the very beginning of the winter. You say I was well and in spirits at the rehearsal. Indeed, Sir, whoever told you so, deceived you; I was very ill, and not able to hold myself up in my chair. You say I knew the distress of the theatre at twelve o'clock. I saw very little distress, for it was plain that "The Country Girl" could have been acted from the instant that Mr. Reddish's illness was known; the design, therefore, of changing it to "The West Indian" could only be to hurt and hurry me; and if I refused, it was a good pretence for borrowing a performer to play my part, in order to give colour to the abuse that was intended for me in the papers this morning. I have, however, been too attentive to my business, and too faithful a servant both to you, Sir, and to the public, to suffer from such malice and ill-nature; and if you refuse me the indulgence that is due to me for all the labour and attention I have given to the theatre, for this winter in particular, and for many years past, I must at least remember what is due to myself; and if the newspapers are to be made the vehicles of your resentment to me, I must justify myself in the best manner I can.

I am, Sir, your obedient and most humble,

F. ABINGTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Adelphi, March 7, 1775.

I BEG that you will indulge yourself in writing what you please and when you please. If you imagine that I in the least countenance, or am accessory to any scribbling in the papers, you are deceived. I detest all such methods of showing my resentment. I never heard of the disorder which was occasioned in "The Maid of the

Oaks:" I was too ill to be troubled with it: and Mr. King, whom you have always unjustly suspected, never mentioned it to me, nor did I know of the paragraph you allude to till it was shown to me this morning. Could "The Country Girl" have been done with credit yesterday, I should not have distressed myself to have applied to you, or to have borrowed a lady from another theatre. As I will always retract the most insignificant mistake I may have made, I find by the prompter that "The West Indian" has been performed but once. May I venture, if "Braganza" cannot be performed on Thursday, to put your name in the bills for Lady Bab in "The Maid of the Oaks," or for any other part? I most sincerely assure you that I do not ask this to distress you, but to carry on the business in the best manner I am able. I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Yates has not yet sent word that she cannot play on Thursday, and I hope you may be excused. I ask the question to prevent trouble to both.

The writing peevish letters will do no business.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Thursday, two o'clock, 1775.

"A PARAGRAPH to say that the 'Sultan' is withdrawn"* would be a very singular and a very new object: however, as that threat is only meant in harshness and insult to me, it is neither new nor singular; and all the answer I should make to such a paragraph would be that I had withdrawn myself from the theatre, which I should most undoubtedly have done some years since, but that Mr. Garrick has so much real goodness in his nature, that no ill effects need ever be dreaded in a situation where he has the entire government.

I will endeavour, and I think it is possible to be ready by Tuesday, as I see "The Sultan" is advertised for that day; but I shall want many little helps, particularly in the business of the dinner-scene, and about my song, as I am at best a bad stick in that line as well as in most others, God knows. I am, Sir, &c. &c.

F. ABINGTON.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Wednesday Morning.

MRS. ABINGTON has kept her room with a fever for some days past, or she would have complained to Mr. Garrick of a letter she has received from Mr. Hopkins, dictated in the spirit of incivility and misrepresentation. He says it is written by order of Mr. Garrick, which Mrs. Abington is the more surprised at, as she is not

* A farce really written by Bickerstaff.—ED.

conscious that her conduct in the theatre has deserved so much acrimony and ill-humour. She apprehends that for some time past she has had enemies about Mr. Garrick; and it is to them she supposes herself indebted for the very great change in Mr. Garrick's behaviour, after all the fatigue she has undergone, and the disappointments she has experienced in respect to the business that was by agreement to be done for her this winter.

She hopes that Mr. Garrick has got some person to perform the part of Lætitia in "The Choleric Man;" and in respect to the epilogue, she takes the liberty of referring him to Mr. Hopkins, with whom she left a message upon that subject.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Tuesday, three o'clock.

MRS. ABINGTON presents her compliments to Mr. Garrick, and is very sorry to read of his indisposition; she is very ill herself, and exceedingly hurt that he should accuse her of *want of zeal for the cause*, as she flatters herself that Mr. Garrick is fully persuaded she has never been wanting in duty and attachment to the business of his theatre.

But she thinks she is entitled to the same degree of indulgence that is given to other performers, and hoped that Mr. Garrick would have had the goodness to let her come out in some part of stronger comic humour than that of Millamant.

She begs that he will not be angry, or treat her with harshness, as he will certainly find her a very faithful and useful subject, if he will condescend to think her worth a very little degree of attention and consideration.

She will play in "The Hypocrite" and "Bon Ton" on Saturday if he pleases, and will be ready in "The Way of the World" the beginning of the next week, but must trouble him for an answer if that measure is approved.

Endorsed,
"Mrs. Abington about acting."

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Monday, May 27th.

I AM very much indisposed, and desire to be excused when I tell you I cannot act to-morrow night.

If the consideration of the salary I receive is a reason for my being called out to play to empty benches, I must beg leave to decline receiving any more pay at your office; at the same time I take the liberty of assuring you, that I shall be ready and willing to stay in town for the purpose of acting with you, if you think proper to call for my services, and in such case shall accept of any proportion of my salary that

you may think I deserve for such attendance. I beg you will not take the trouble of writing an answer, as I am sure your spirits ought to be composed for the great business of this evening. I hope you are perfectly well, and am with great respect, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Thursday, June 29th, 1775.

I RECEIVED the favour of your message by Mr. Hopkins, and have sent the farce as you was pleased to command.

I am very certain that a few of your nice touches, with a little of your fine polish, will give it that stamp of merit as must secure it a reception with the public, equal to the warmest of my expectations.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

July 1st, 1775.

MR. GARRICK presents his best compliments to Mrs. Abington, and she may depend upon his doing his best to give her piece success. Had the author vouchsafed to have communicated with Mr. G. the matter would have been better managed.

Endorsed,

" Mrs. Abington's note and my answer about her *petite* piece."

" This was sent by me the same day.—T. B." *i. e.* Tho. Becket, the Bookseller.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Southampton-street, July 14th, 1775.

I TAKE this method of expressing my thanks for the very polite message you was pleased to send to me by Mr. Hopkins, of which, I beg leave to assure you, I am entirely sensible.

I am sorry to say I am as little read in *dramatic* as in other authors; but were I more conversant in this respect, I would not, in a theatre where Mr. Garrick is manager, take the liberty of catering for myself; I can only say, that the *parts* to which the actresses of *my time* have owed their fame, are in the possession of other performers, particularly Beatrice, Mrs. Sullen, Clarinda, &c.; and of those others in which I have been most favourably received by the public, the plays are so altered by the death of actors, the giving up their parts, or other accidents, that they are no longer of use to the catalogue.

In the choice of new ones, therefore, I would certainly wish to be directed by you, nor will it be wondered at that I am anxious for your assistance in a point so very essential to my interest and reputation.

Whilst you, Sir, continue upon the stage, it will be the ambition of every performer to have their names appear with yours; I cannot, therefore, help reminding you of your intention to play Don John, and of your sometimes hinting that it was not impossible but you might appear in the character of the Copper Captain.

If such an event should at any time take place, it would gratify my utmost wishes; in the mean time, I have only to hope that your present disposition in my favour may continue, and I have nothing farther to desire in this world.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

Endorsed,
" Mrs. Abington about Pope's parts."

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Southampton-street, Nov. 26th, 1775.

I AM encouraged by the kind assurances you have favoured me with, and from a conversation I was accidentally engaged in last night with Mr. Murphy, to be a little importunate with you on a subject which has been the source of much discontent and unhappiness to me.

Mr. Murphy says his new comedy is not yet cast, and flattered me much by assuring me it was your opinion that it would be for the advantage of the piece that I should be in it as well as Mrs. Barry; however, if the character which the author very kindly intended for me is to be given to that lady, from what I remember of it, I fear that I cannot undertake any other part without more disadvantage to myself than you would choose to lay me under.

Permit me, dear Sir, to observe, that if I had been, at this time, on a more respectable footing at the theatre, I apprehend Mr. Murphy would not have thought it necessary for the interest of his play to have withdrawn his promise to me in favour of any other actress; and you will perhaps not think there is any very inexcusable vanity in this opinion, when you are told that upon his showing me the complimentary verses on Mrs. Barry, which were afterwards prefixed to " The Grecian Daughter," he was so obliging as to say that he would do as much for me if Mr. Garrick would let him—that is, (as I understood it,) if you received the play, the capital part of which he then designed for me.

It is in your power, dear Sir, I know it is, at any moment to put me on such a respectable footing with the public, and of course, with authors, that I should be thought not unequal to, nor be ill received in such light and easy characters of comedy as my talents confine me to: the part in question is one of those.

I am not insensible of Mrs. Barry's extensive merit; I know that she is singularly excellent in the pathetic: in the new comedy there is a character of that kind which might be made worth her acceptance. But I beg pardon, Sir; I have perhaps said too much on this point; the end of my application is sufficiently obvious, and I flatter myself, Sir, you will not think it unreasonable or impertinent, but favour it with your kind attention.

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and very humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Adelphi, Friday, Nov. 27th, 1775.

I AM always happy to see the performers of merit, who belong to us, happy and satisfied; but if I were to make myself uneasy when they are pleased, right or wrong, to be discontented, I cannot pay them the compliment to mortify myself for nothing. After I have said this, let me be permitted to say farther, that I never yet saw *Mrs. Abington* theatrically happy for a week together; there is such a continual working of a fancied interest, such a refinement of importance, and such imaginary good and evil, continually arising in the politician's mind, that the only best substantial security for public applause is neglected for these shadows. That I may hear no more of *this* or *that* part in Mr. Murphy's play, I now again tell you, that every author, since my management, distributed his parts as he thinks will be of most service to his interest, nor have I ever interfered, or will interfere, unless I perceive that they would propose something contrary to common sense. As I cannot think this to be the case between Mrs. Barry and you, I must beg leave to decline entering into the matter. I sincerely wish, for all our sakes, that you may have a character worthy of you, as well as Mrs. Barry. I can no more. You sometimes pay me the compliment to say that you would do any thing I should advise; I flatter myself, if you had done so, you would not have repented of your politeness. I never advised you to play Ophelia, though that has been unjustly laid to my charge. I advised you to take Maria, and was polite enough to send you the play; you sent both the part and book back, with incivility to me, and great injustice to yourself. Mrs. B. has discovered what you would not, and has taken it—wisely taken it. Remember to tell your friends that you *might* have played Maria, but *political refinement*, the bane of all our actions, prevented you. I shall in no wise hinder Mr. Murphy from paying you any compliments his friendship or kindness may intend you; and if they depended upon my accepting his play, I have done my part towards it, for it is accepted. I am sure Mr. Murphy means you well, and thinks justly of your talents; and I would not have you quarrel with him because his gratitude for the favours he has received in "The Grecian Daughter" may have made him willing to oblige Mrs. B. by another part in his next play. Now, Madam, I have done. You wished

to play "The Scornful Lady;" I fetched an alteration of that play from Hampton on purpose. I am very willing to do you all the justice in my power, and I could wish you would *represent me so* to persons *out* of the theatre, and, indeed, for your own sake, for I always hear this tittle-tattle again, and have it always in my power to prove that I am never influenced by any little considerations to be unjust to Mrs. Abington or any other performer.

I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I would have answered your letter last night, but I was prevented by company. A sister, arrived from the country, has taken up all my time till this moment.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Southampton-street, Friday night, Nov. 27th, 1775.

YOUR letter is very cross, and such a one as I had no apprehension I should provoke by what I intended as a respectful application for your favour and protection.

Among the long train of accusations you unkindly urge against me, give me leave to exculpate myself of one only—I mean the charge of incivility to you in returning the part of Maria in "The Duel." When you recommended that part to me, Mr. Hopkins gave me the play, and desired I would return it in the morning; it was then late at night. I gave it a hasty reading, and returned it accordingly, telling him I could not see much in the part; however, I would play it if Mr. Garrick desired or insisted upon it. The part was never sent me; the charge, therefore, of my sending it back with incivility to you, must certainly have arisen from some misinformation.

There is a coldness, a severity, in your letter, which at this time adds greatly to the affliction of your distressed humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MRS. ABINGTON has great complaints to make to Mr. Garrick respecting a servant in his theatre for very impertinently writing against her in the newspapers last night, only for begging leave to sit in the prompter's box to see one act of a play on a night that she was to perform in "Bon Ton;" when her head was dressed, ready to begin the farce, which was the reason she could not so conveniently go to any other part of the house.

REV. E. LLOYD TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, New Year's-day.*

I HAVE seen belts advertised to guard against the infection of the plague. You have given me repeated proofs that you carry something of this kind about you. Without some such preservative, how could you possibly—you, who are so much among the great—have kept untainted by their manners? But so it is, and your friendship continues as active and sincere, as if you had never seen a court. I should make some apology for tempting so good a friend, and so conspicuously placed, to act so much out of the fashion; but the soft flowers that should compose the nosegay of apology, grow not on our mountains, so I must go to bed to-night, with the above additional imperfection on my head. What a melancholy world do we live in! People are for ever chewing the cud, and ruminating on the unsuccessful passages of their lives—no recollection of their good fortunes! I would as soon be a commissioner of bankruptcy, a coroner, or an undertaker, as be for ever poring on the dark side of things. I am led to the thought by comparing my own state of mind at present, with that which some gloomy souls, that I could name, would have fallen into on a similar occasion. The last post brought me your packet, wherein I learn that the late shepherdless flock is consigned to the care of another. "Joy to the shepherd and health to the sheep!" is my little canticle on the occasion. I remember my worthy friend *Mr. Legge* used to observe in raillery, with a little dash of the serious, that people affect on most disappointments a complacency and acquiescence bordering on triumph. Such behaviour is in general, I believe, constrained; but I have, thanks to Nature, as comfortable a "revenue in good spirits" as Horatio had, and sing the above little canticle as cheerily as any Hodge of the valley whistles after his team—and as to the want of success in our last application, all I say of it is—

"——— non, si malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit ———."

The living solicitude does not, to be sure, fall in cleverly with the line of my connexions: there are others that would suit better, and we shall see what "Time and chance, that happen to all," will do relative to them. I wish, when you next are King, (which high office I have frequently seen you support most royally) you would appoint Lord Camden your Chancellor; we should then have two strings to our bow.

Joy on the success of your new comedy. I hope the Christmas Tale proved a very mince-pie to pit, box, and gallery. A prologue by Father Christmas is a lucky thought. How did you dress the merry good-humoured Antic? Did you give him cross-garters about the legs, and a twelfth-cake on his head? I am perfectly hungry for the prologue. I have had so many dainty bits from the same hand, that I know not whether Apollo lives better.

* I should think this must be really written in 1774, by the pieces which it refers to.—ED.

For the last instance of your friendship, *thanks*, sincerest thanks. If it be as pleasant to receive them as I feel it to return them, this half sheet will not be insipid to you, as its principal business is to declare how gratefully I feel myself, dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

E. LLOYD.

I am sorry to hear by one of Mrs. Wilmot's letters that Mrs. Garrick is not well—if I were Æsculapius, it should not be so long. I beg my best respects to her. Pray would you have Mrs. Wilmot's letters returned you? Shall I see your prologue?

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Jan. 2nd, 1775.

I SEND you the first act of "The Duke of Braganza," with the altered passages in red ink, that the comparison with the old copy, either in your hands or Mr. Tighe's, may be made easier by that visible distinction.

I think it in many respects better for the actors, as I have deprived it of some declamation and figures with which it abounded. As much as the time would admit, I have endeavoured to conform to the judicious observations of Mr. Whitehead, which Mr. Tighe communicated to me. They will be of still greater use as guides to my unpractised judgment in the four subsequent acts. They shall follow as fast as I can finish them, and I think I can engage to have the whole copy completely in your hands by the middle of this month. The second act will give me some trouble, but I hope to have it finished and sent in a few days. Several transpositions and some omissions are necessary, particularly the long narrative by the Duchess, which is cold and undramatical. I have given the substance of the material part of it in a speech of Almada's, in the scene between him and Ribiro, beginning with these words, written in red ink in the copy:—

—"Urge that home,—
Urge how the Duke's affections to his country, &c."

The third act will, I think, require little but retrenching; so the performers may set to *study* the first act and the third immediately.

The greatest part of the fourth act, at least to the entrance of Ribiro to the Duke and Duchess, may remain as it is. I propose, from a hint of Mr. Whitehead's, to bring the Duke in to the conspirators towards the end of the fourth act.

The scenes of the fifth act, from the first entrance of the Duchess to the death of Velasquez, (so I now call the Spanish minister, who was Alonzo,) may remain as they are, for I cannot make them better. I propose making Velasquez, not Pizarro, stab the Monk. It will better account for the strong effect upon Velasquez, when he sees a man appear, whom he was certain he had dispatched. This I think a great improvement. I owe it to the communication of our friend Tighe. I send him this

night a duplicate of the first act. Adieu, my dear Sir: I am ill, and miserably fatigued with my new labours as an author, but ever

Your greatly obliged and affectionate servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

Mrs. Jephson, in our joint names, has requested Mrs. Garrick's interest with you for a prologue. I hope your fertile brain will devise something for me.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST SIR, Hampstead Heath, Jan. 2nd, 1775.

MY friends returning yesterday to Winchester, receive my best thanks for the indulgence you have shown them. I think you never played Lusignan so happily as on Saturday night; at least you never affected me in it so much before. But what shall I say of your other performers? Are there words to be found that can convey any adequate idea of their incomparable badness? Had I been a cannibal, I think I could scarce have ventured to sup upon them, so surely should I have been sick with gorging such cat's-meat and dog's-meat. Have you no better stuff behind the scenes? or can you be so mistaken as to suppose you need these wretched foils to show you off to advantage? Whether Miss Sherry, Miss Younge, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Reddish, or Mr. Aickin, was the most contemptible, I really think no unprejudiced spectator could honestly determine. Even sentiment itself had no effect, but could scarce procure a feeble clap from our hard-handed friends above-stairs. To say the truth, I never saw such a miserable pack of strollers in quiet possession of a Theatre Royal. I suppose the singular propriety of introducing the Provençale dance after the second act, was hinted to you by some lady of quality, who was desirous to see both Slingsby and Garrick perform together, and yet was unwilling to arrive too late at Lady Fiddle-faddle's rout. The play was so cut, that, though we stayed it out, we were here at supper by half an hour after nine. Every line not absolutely necessary to the action seemed to be omitted. I would have stayed part of "The Cobbler," if you would have permitted the second act of it to be played before the first, which you might easily have agreed to, as I am informed that such a change would have been by no means injurious to the construction of the piece, and not a soul who has seen the first act, can endure the second into the bargain. If on Saturday night you had not afforded the public a transient glimpse of yourself, you would not have had money enough in the house to pay for candles. I think, in a future season, if you have no better actors, we may fairly excuse you from the expense of wax, you only granting us in our turn the ancient privileges of Sadler's Wells; viz. a free use of pipes, porter, and shrimps. Heavens preserve you! and keep me from ever seeing more of Zara than the second act!

Once more let me thank you for our places, and believe me,

Your very sincere and obliged, G. STEEVENS.

MRS. JEPHSON TO MR. E. TIGHE.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Jan. 5th, 1775.

MR. JEPHSON has again put the pen into my hands:—the first act has been finished, since the second of this month. Unluckily there has not been a packet at this side, or you would by this time have received it. Mr. Lees (for expedition) enclosed one copy to you, with almanacks, &c. and another copy directed to Mr. Garrick. He is advancing in the second act, according to the ideas which have been communicated by you from London, and several excellent hints from the judicious here. He says this will be the most troublesome part of the whole—that he is to collect the fragments of his own incapacity, and obliged to live upon nothing else till they are digested. He begs you will prepare Miss Younge in the fourth and fifth acts, as her part in them will be very little, if at all altered. If you can have interest with the rest of the performers, and prevail upon them to get ready in the first, third, and fourth acts, he thinks it would be of use, and all the fifth as it stands in your copy from the entrance of the Duchess and Ines, as very little alterations are necessary to be made in them. He hopes to have the second act finished in a few days, and put into your hands; the rest will, I hope, soon follow. With Mr. Jephson's best wishes and mine, I am, dear Sir,

Your very much obliged and faithful humble servant,

JANE JEPHSON.

Can you send me a list of the actors' names to the dramatis personæ?

I flatter myself Mr. Smith will exert himself for an acquaintance, and that you will have time to mellow his *enunciation*, which is sometimes rather harsh.

Ever yours,

R. J.

(Note enclosed in this letter, directed "Edward Tighe, Esq. No. 2, King's Bench Walk, Inner Temple, London.")

Will you be so good as to change the following hemistich (line 265 of Act I.)

"And brave King Philip's anger,"

into this,— "And rank himself with monarchs."

Pizarro's answer must be,—

"Oh take heed,
Consider, Sir, that power still awes the world."

Alter also line 209 of the same act, spoken by Almada, from

"Thou art a true one,"

into this,— "Honest Ribiro!"

Yours most sincerely,

R. JEPHSON.

The second act will go off in two or three days at most.

Castle, Friday, 6th January.

REV. D. WILLIAMS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chelsea, Jan. 7, 1775.

THE most unfortunate event that could have befallen me, the loss of an excellent and affectionate wife, has been the occasion of your not hearing from me immediately on Mr. Mossop's death.

I had it not in my power to attend him in the first days of his illness. I found him preparing for death with that extraordinary solemnity which accompanied all his important actions. He had gone through the general forms of the church; but I believe only as religious and edifying forms, and unattended with any discourse on the state of his mind. His conversations with me were the most interesting that can well be conceived; and, from the extreme dejection of my own mind, and the high and tragical tone in which he expressed himself, they made a dreadful impression on me. His religion was tinctured by the characters he had studied; and many of the attributes of God were the qualities of a Zanga or a Bajazet.

Among other things which gave him uneasiness, and made him greatly apprehend the displeasure of that God before whom he was going to appear, his behaviour to you was not the least distressing. He accused himself severely of having attributed motives of conduct to you, which he firmly believed you incapable of. He had thought himself neglected by you in his distress, and that you sent him terms which you knew he would not comply with, because you did not wish to see him on the stage. He saw that he had been deceived by an excessive pride; and lamented the injustice he had done you, not only in some pecuniary articles, which he did not thoroughly explain to me, but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance. The very night in which he died, he renewed this conversation. He often cried out, "Oh, my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's present behaviour make me appear in your eyes, to whom I have given so different an idea of him! Great God forgive me! Witness, my dear Williams, that I die, not only in charity with him, but that I honour him as a virtuous and great man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever!"—I asked, if he chose I should make any public use of what he had said, as a kind of satisfaction to Mr. Garrick. He was then much exhausted, and would only say, "I will leave it to your discretion."

My intention, for some days, was to convey the substance of this letter to you through the channel of the public papers. But on second thoughts, this method appeared to be the best. Though you may know but little of me, and Mr. Johnston of your theatre was the only person besides who had heard him say things of this nature, I dare say you will not doubt the authenticity of the information. And I think it must give you pleasure, not only as a testimony to your character, which cannot be suspected, but as reflecting some honour on the memory of a man, who, though he was unfortunate and faulty, possessed many great and good qualities.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, D. WILLIAMS.

Endorsed:—"Rev. Mr. Williams's letter to me upon Mossop's death and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO REV. D. WILLIAMS.

SIR, Adelphi, Jan. 8th, 1775.

I THANK you for your most affecting letter. Your account of poor Mossop's death distressed me greatly. I have been often told that his friends never spoke kindly of me; and I am now at a loss to guess what behaviour of mine from the first moment I knew him till the time of his death could have given him that unkind and, I hope, unmerited turn of mind against me. With regard to his returning to us, it was his own peculiar resolution of not letting us know his terms, that prevented his engagement at our theatre. Had I known his distress, I should most certainly have relieved it. He was too great a credit to our profession not to have done all in our power to have made him *easy* at least, if not *happy*.

The money transaction is past; he is gone and I had long ago forgotten that I thought in that instance he behaved not kindly to me. Let me once again thank you for your very polite and agreeable manner in giving me this intelligence of our departed friend, for he was truly *mine* in those moments when the heart of man has no disguise. I am, Sir, &c.

D. GARRICK.

Excuse my scrawl, as I have the gout in my hand.

MR. J. HENDERSON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bath, Jan. 9, 1775.

IT was no small surprise to me to receive this morning your letter of the 7th inst. so strongly expressive of resentment against me for what I did myself the honour of writing to you on the 4th. I immediately had recourse to the copy in my book, the *first* paragraph of which I should presume might pass uncensured, as it is merely complimentary. The *second* was in consequence *of your own proposals in your letter to Mr. Taylor*, wherein you say (after disapproving my offer of submitting my talents to your inspection for two nights this present season,) "So much for *your* scheme, my dear Sir; now for *mine:* if Mr. Henderson chooses to be with me, why should he not choose three parts, Hamlet, Shylock, Benedict, or what he pleases to appear in next season, and so have elbow room to display all his comic and tragic powers? I will either come into *certain* terms with him, or *conditional*, as he and his friends please."

From the above I mentioned my proposals, and cannot find, on looking over them, that any *insult* can be gathered from them—at least I am sure none was intended. The third paragraph is only declaratory of my reasons for stipulating for certain characters, agreeable to *your own permission for the first season*, and what I concluded might be equally necessary for my reputation (which you will pardon me

if I have an eye to) the remainder of the term that I might engage with you. At the same time please to observe, that from my mentioning my hopes of having the opinion of Mr. Garrick, I very plainly pointed out that I should with great cheerfulness put myself forward in such *other* characters as he might propose, provided I did not feel myself absolutely incapable of appearing in them. The last paragraph is merely on the consideration of salary: if there is any insult in that, both your friends and mine may have given me expectations which I am undeserving of:—and as to the engagement for no shorter term than three years, it is what I always proposed, let me engage with whichsoever London theatre I might.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

J. HENDERSON.

MR. J. TAYLOR TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Circus, January 9th, 1775.

MR. HENDERSON showed me a very extraordinary letter he received from you in answer to some proposals he made of coming to Drury-lane. You say, whether it was written by *himself*, or dictated by his *friends*, it is equally *insulting*. I feel *myself* slanted at in that expression, as I know you must be convinced, not only of my attachment to him, but of the treaty having in some measure passed through my hands; and therefore I cannot avoid replying to it. I confess, *I* did advise the answer, and *your own* letter to me, wherein you propose his coming and playing Hamlet, Shylock, Benedict, or what *he* pleases, in the next season, and that you would come either into *certain* or *conditional* terms with him, was the foundation of it. I never advise what I will not openly avow; or stand silent by, and see an innocent man censured, where no blame lies.

Henderson, therefore, is not the principal in this matter, but *I* am; and will in any shape justify it, both as a civil and proper answer, when a negotiation is on foot, whereon the future reputation and livelihood of a deserving young man so essentially depends.

I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. J. TAYLOR TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Saturday Evening.

I SEND this as a messenger to know how you stand affected to me. Are you in wrath, or the same friendly man I ever found you? I shall draw my conclusion by either hearing from you or not, on Tuesday evening next, at Mr. Luther's, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. A line or two will inform me whether I may

call on you without a shy look, which I would not let you have the pain of giving, nor myself of receiving.

I am, dear Sir, with my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. J. TAYLOR.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Jan. 13th, 1775.

MY health obliging me to go into the country, I did not receive your letter till this afternoon. What! is Mr. Taylor's friendship, so warmly expressed heretofore, and not forfeited by any neglect of mine, to be given up to the later acquaintance? I will not quote Shakspeare upon you, lest I should make bad worse. I will say a few words upon this disagreeable subject, and never trouble you or your friend again upon it. Let the adviser of the proposals to me be whom he may, he can have little knowledge of the concerns of a theatre, if he thinks any manager in his senses will accept them. But you say, Sir, that *these* proposals are built upon *mine*. What! because I would not let the young man run any risk by playing twice this season, but, like a friend, offered every assistance for his appearance in the next to the greatest advantage, that therefore I should have this young man to say *no* to my opinion; that he should have his choice of parts for three years afterwards, without regard to public approbation, justice to other performers, or the rights of a manager? His words are so very extraordinary that I will copy them for your reconsideration. After saying that he will choose four characters the first year, four the second, and four the third, "which are to be chosen from our plays in acting," he adds, "reserving to myself the same privilege of rejecting any parts but what I shall *myself agree for* at the beginning of each season. My reasons, Sir, for stipulating so particularly are not in the least from an apprehension of your allotting me improper characters, or forcing me to appear to my disadvantage," (then why is my right of judging to be taken from me? We shall hear,) "but lest your good-nature and partiality to me might lead you to think more favourably of my talents than they deserve, and of which I must beg leave ALWAYS to have a power of judging myself, and from my own feelings." Thus, I say again, this young actor is to be absolute manager of himself, "though he has not the least apprehension of my allotting him improper characters, or forcing him to appear to his disadvantage." Surely, this reason for depriving me of my right of judging is very particular, at least. Towards the end of your letter, you are pleased to say, "that you will justify in any shape that the proposals were both civil and proper;" to which I answer, that I totally differ with you in every shape, and declare that Mr. H.'s proposals were not only both *uncivil* and *improper*, but *impracticable*.

I am, dear Sir, your most humble, &c.

D. GARRICK.

MR. G. GARRICK TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR BROTHER, Jan. 17th, 1775.

YESTERDAY I received yours, but I was so indifferent that I was obliged to send an excuse to Lord Vernon that I could not dine with him, and it rained so very hard all day that I durst not venture out, and behold, when I went this morning with Mr. Taylor's letter, I found he was set out early in the morning with his son to Hackney school. I was greatly vexed; but I left the letter, and whilst I was talking to the servant, up came Mr. Henderson. Mrs. Taylor will send it to him in a trunk. I told our friend Mr. Sharpe the whole story, who laughed at him for his ignorance and folly; and indeed, by his letter he wrote to you last, you have no great loss of his friendship. Our friend Sharpe observed that for some time Taylor never so much as mentioned your name, which surprised him much, and that he thought he knew better and more of theatrical matters than to vindicate such terms. I suppose you will see him when in town, and that Cumberland will bring you together. Mr. Foote set off for town yesterday morning, but, what is very extraordinary, is to dine with General Smith, (at Sir Matthew White's,) and likewise lie all night in his way there, and this by strong invitation. Foote is afraid they will put him in the coal-hole. I have sent him the copy of your letter, and likewise Mr. Taylor's and Henderson's last, lest you should want them. I intend setting off for town next week, but cannot tell the day, as I come with a partner in a post-chaise. Love to sister and the boys, and Yours ever most truly and affectionately,

GEORGE GARRICK.

P. S. Palmer called on me this morning, and begs his best respects. I find he has given Henderson this month to consider if he will sign the articles. Henderson plays Lear on Thursday. Palmer goes on very well, and gets a great deal of money. I will send you a full account of Lear. I like your last letter well.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. J. TAYLOR.

MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Jan. 20th, 1775.

MUCH business at the theatre prevented my writing to you this morning. I cannot alter my opinion of Mr. H's proposals. To say no more of them, you seem to wish that he should make his appearance upon our stage. As I have not seen him act, and cannot guess at his merit, which is so variously spoken of, I will agree that Mr. Henderson shall perform any two parts at the beginning of next season which he shall please to fix upon, and afterwards upon others that we shall both agree upon; for, after his choice of two, I cannot give up my right of *proposing* and *consenting* to any body. After he has performed ten or twelve times, and the public

voice will be known, let two gentlemen, who know something of theatrical matters, one chosen by him and one by me, meet, and let them fix upon his salary for that season. Upon their disagreement, a third may be called in, and he must determine the difference. I cannot do or say more, but that I am very truly,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

D. G.

To make something certain for Mr. H. and the referees to go upon, suppose we agree that his salary shall not be less than five pounds a week, nor more than ten for the season, with a benefit.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Hampton, Jan. 28th, 1775.

THE famous French writer Fontenelle takes notice that nothing is so difficult to a man of sensibility as writing to a lady, even with just grounds of complaint. However, having promised, I must answer your last very extraordinary note. You accuse me of incivility for writing to you through Mr. Hopkins. Did not Mrs. Abington first begin that mode of correspondence? and without saying a word to me, did she not send back her part in the new comedy, and say that she had settled that matter with Mr. Cumberland? Could a greater affront be offered to any manager? And was not your proposing to Mr. Hopkins that you would speak my epilogue written for the character, while *another person* was to perform the part, not only mere mockery of me, but destroying the play at once? Let your warmest and most partial friend decide between us. Whenever you are really ill, I feel both for you and myself; but the servant said last Wednesday, that you *were well and had a great deal of company.*

You mention *your great fatigue.* What is the stage come to, if I must continually hear of your *hard labour,* when from the beginning of the season to this time you have not played more than twice a week!

Mrs. Oldfield performed Lady Townley for twenty-nine nights successively. Let us now examine how just and genteel your complaint is against me. I promised you that I would procure a character of consequence to be written on purpose for you, and that it should be your own fault, if you were not on the highest pinnacle of your profession. I have been at great pains, and you know it, to be as good as my word.

I directed and assisted the author to make a small character a very considerable one for you; I spared no expense in dresses, music, scenes, and decorations for the piece; and now the *fatigue of acting* this character is very unjustly, as well as unkindly, brought against me.

Had you played this part *forty* times instead of *twenty,* my gains would be less than by any other successful play I have produced in my management.

The greatest favour I can confer upon an actress is to give her the best character in a favourite piece; and the longer it runs, the more merit I have with her, and ought to receive her *thanks* instead of *complaints*. In short, Madam, *if you play*, you are uneasy, and if you *do not*, you are more so. After what you said to Mr. Becket, and what I promised, I little thought to have your *farce* drawn in to make up the bundle of complaints. However, to make an end of this disagreeable business, as the piece is written out, I am now ready to do it, and that you may have Palmer, I will give up the revived comedy; but even this, I know, will not satisfy you—nor can you fix in your mind *what will*.

Were I to look back, what *real* complaints have I to make for leading me into a fool's paradise last summer about a certain comedy! and an alarming secret you told me lately of a disagreeable quarrel. On my return home the same morning I met one of the parties, and instead of a quarrel between them, they were upon the best terms, had never had the least difference, and Mr. M. [Murphy] was writing at Mr. T's [Tighe's] desire, a prologue for his friend's [Jephson's] new tragedy.

Mr. Garrick most solemnly assures Mrs. Abington that nobody has in the least influenced him in this affair, and he hopes the above recital will convince her of the truth of his assertion. I am, Madam, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"This letter to Mrs. Abington was not sent."

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, Monday, Jan. 31, 1775.

As the Pantheon is unfortunately postponed till to-morrow, I am satisfied that it will so affect my benefit as to render it of no service to me, nor, if it stands for that night, shall I expect to get a single shilling. I most humbly entreat you therefore to assist me at this crisis, and shall ever acknowledge it as the greatest kindness to me if you will defer my second benefit to Thursday or Saturday next, and either play yourself, or substitute some strong play in the stead of it. I am at present in the greatest anxiety on this affair, and beg you will relieve me as soon as possible by a line to, Sir, Your obliged and obedient servant,

T. FRANCKLIN.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for your kind offer of a few lines to my prologue, which, I doubt not, will be much better than any I can myself produce. I suppose

they will suit the tragic as well as the comic muse, but of that we must consider when you return to town. In the mean time, if any thing occurs to you that may serve for the groundwork of an epilogue, you will communicate it to me, and I will work it up myself.

The scene of action is supposed to lie in the North, somewhere near York. The first scene may be an open country field, &c. with an opening or front of a tent appearing at the extremity, supposed to be fitted up for Matilda, and to which she retires on seeing Morcar at a distance.

The scene at the opening of the second Act may be not a prison, but a private apartment in some castle or fortress in the possession of Morcar.

In Act third, the scene may, I think, be the same as in the first.

Act fourth, the scene must be in an apartment belonging to Siward.

Act fifth, Morcar's habitation: whatever you please to make it—an old envious castle, &c. the same throughout the act.

As we have no triumphs, processions, altars, &c. in the piece, I could wish to have a pleasing scene or two, especially to the first Act; with good old English dresses, as worn in the time of William the Conqueror.

But all this I submit to your own taste, judgment, and inclination; and am in great haste,

Your obliged friend and servant,

T. FRANCKLIN.

I shall revise and shorten the scenes as you desire.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RECEIPTS OF "MATILDA."

1775.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 21st,	1st Night	220	7	6
23rd,	2nd Do.	153	13	0
26th,	4th Do.	174	9	6
28th,	5th Do.	205	14	0
31st,	6th Do.	165	1	0
Feb. 2nd,	7th Do.	221	4	0
Manager's six nights		1140	9	0
Ditto charges at 100*l.* per night		600	0	0
		540	9	0
Loss by Author's three nights undercharged		79	10	0
Manager's balance		£460	19	0

AUTHOR'S NIGHTS.

		£	s.	d.
Jan. 24th,	3rd Night	196	9	0
Feb. 3rd,	8th Do.	170	8	0
7th,	9th Do.	190	0	0
		556	17	0
Three nights charged at *73l.* 10*s.* per Night		220	10	
Author's balance		£336	7	0

Endorsed,

" Letters from the righteous Dr. F——n about his tragedy, with the account of Matilda's receipts.

MR. J. HENDERSON TO MR. J. TAYLOR.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Feb. 1, 1775.

I ASK your pardon for not acknowledging sooner your favour of the 21st of January. I am almost sure you will excuse me when I tell you the true reason, which is, that my *benefit* was appointed *just at that time*, and, as we have only a *week's* notice, that week is generally very fully employed in arranging our small interests, &c.; at least it was so with *me*.

Mr. Garrick's proposals, dear Sir, I cannot positively reply to, because the post following them brought me offers from Mr. Harris of Covent-Garden Theatre, which I have under consideration. I am very sorry Mr. Garrick still has that unfavourable opinion of me, which I am sure must be very strong, since *your* arguments and mediation have not power to change it: I am not, however, the less obliged to you, and shall through life retain the liveliest sense of your candour and liberal spirit. I am, with the utmost sincerity, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

JOHN HENDERSON.

MR. J. HENDERSON TO MR. J. TAYLOR.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Feb. 2, 1775.

SINCE I did myself the honour of writing to you last, I have received farther offers from Mr. Harris; and as he proposes to engage me for *three* years, Mr. Garrick only for *one:* and as there appears to be more obstacles to my rising at Drury-Lane than at Covent-Garden, Mr. Reddish and Mr. Smith having possession of those very characters in which I must chiefly hope to distinguish myself, I cannot help thinking it most for my advantage to engage at Covent-Garden: this I thought proper to acquaint you with, that Mr. Garrick may have no complaint against me on *this* subject.

I flatter myself, Sir, that, as you are acquainted with Mr. Harris, you will speak of me to him with the same friendly candour and warmth which I have hitherto had so many occasions to thank you for.

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged, &c.

J. HENDERSON.

ANTONIO CARARA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Venice, Feb. 8th, 1775.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours, and am vastly pleased to find that you have still the same opinion of your faithful Antonio. Nothing could be more flattering to me

than your confidence, placed (give me leave to say) *à propos.* I have already found out the woman, and have almost settled the affair. She is not handsome, but young. For her figure, one ought rather to be pleased than otherwise, but her legs are superior to any I ever saw, so rapid they are in their motion; she is *legère,* and very vigorous, and more comic than serious in her way of dancing. In a word, I think her by far superior to Mademoiselle Hidoux in every respect. Had not our countrymen brought on our side of the Alps the notion of your customs and your wealth, we could have things at a very cheap rate; but now *tout est gatè.* Nevertheless, for the salary, I hope to reduce her to three hundred and twenty-five pounds, which I think she really deserves;—consider that from Venice to London and back again she is absolutely to spend the third part of her salary. With regard to the benefit, though a stranger to your country, she knows that it is customary, and she insists upon it: therefore, if you think proper to give her the benefit, and what I have mentioned, I flatter myself you may have her, though her last word yesterday was three hundred and fifty pounds. Observe that she has here, for the Carnival only, one hundred and forty English pounds. Should these propositions be acceptable, you must be so kind as to send me immediately the contract with your signature, in which you must likewise call her *first dancer; conditio sine qua non:*—for the other formalities, as usual in all the agreements you make in your theatrical contracts. Could you find any person in London to write this contract in Italian, it would be more pleasing to the girl. Don't lose time, because she goes away towards the latter end of next month, and we have not in Italy her second: depend entirely upon me for this. Her name is *Paccini.* With regard to the men, we have here at present two very good, but their pretences are superior to those of the lady, who, though in my idea at least equal to them, is still more moderate in her demands, being willing to come to England, where she probably expects some other profits peculiar to her sex. The demand for the dancers is four hundred and fifty pounds, which I think exorbitant. Let me know your intentions about them likewise; but if you have Slingsby, I don't see why you should have two dancers of the same character, as they dance *grotesco* and *mezzo carattere.* I beg an answer immediately, and the contract with the answer, if you like the proposals.

Mrs. Carara desires you would be so obliging to present her best respects to Mrs. Garrick. Accept the same from us both. Please to direct as usual, chez Conrade Martens, Esq. Believe me Your most obedient humble servant,

ANTONIO CARARA.

P. S. My best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. Pray, Sir, let me know how they like Mademoiselle Hidoux.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 11th, 1775.

YOUR haste in parting with me prevented a possibility of my explaining myself. I meant not to quit you unhandsomely, or without acquainting you with the causes of my uneasiness, which had you given me leave to do, perhaps you might have been inclined to remove. I have no engagement elsewhere, so, had my situation been made agreeable to me, I should have been at your command. It has not been so this season either in terms or employment; but had you offered me much less, I should not have said one word against them. I own I flattered myself (on Mr. Lacy's withdrawing) with some little consideration; and I have met with many inconveniences in the business, which I would not trouble you about.

I wish you would indulge me with an interview and permit me to speak fully on this subject, as I value your good opinion above that of any man alive, and think you too generous to condemn me totally unheard.

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and still sincere,

W. SMITH.

If you favour me with your notice, pray direct to me at the house. I hope you will see me.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 14th, 1775.

THOUGH you have made my intention of leaving your theatre very public, I hope I may trust to your honour and discretion not to mention *a certain person* as the occasion of it.

I think, Sir, from every thing that has passed between you and me relative to that person, you could not possibly expect me to remain with you unless you could have engaged us *both*.* I am with a very true sense of the many obligations I have received from you,

Your most sincere and most obliged humble servant,

W. SMITH.

* Smith has himself said before, that Mrs. Hartley's being at the *other* house might tend to lessen the scandal as to the connexion; but the policy was sufficiently obvious, it secured two salaries, if the manager wished really but for one of the parties.—ED.

MR. F. GENTLEMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Castle-yard, Holborn, March 14th, 1775.

YOUR very condescending favour, though dated the 8th, did not reach my hands till last night; as to its SOLID contents, being more than I formed any idea of, they forcibly call on gratitude, and shall by no means fail of that feeling, which a heart capable of proper sensibility, can entertain as to the point wherein you *totally differ* from my apparent opinion. Let me assure you, that my *promulged* theatrical sentiments have been *adopted* ones, received from persons I thought much better judges than myself, and on whose integrity I judged it safe to rely. Without the smallest shadow of compliment, allow me to aver, that Mr. Garrick's single intimation, which now lies before me, has effectually determined me against any future Utopian criticism, let the person who communicates it be ever so respected or useful. From the first view, I ever had a confirmed veneration for Mr. Garrick's eminent abilities, and have often lamented that my perturbed state of mind and distracted circumstances for several years have checked me from enjoying many of his unparalleled performances. That *any* part of my little biographical sketch gave amusement, rejoices me; that you, Sir, are in an improved state of health pleases much more; and that you may long continue so, is the most sincere wish of,

Sir, your obedient and grateful

F. GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Garrick's note to F. Gentleman was delivered according to its genteel purport by Mr. J. Bell,* Monday evening, March 13th

Endorsed,

"Mr. Gentleman, formerly a player, 1775."

DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, College of Edinburgh, March 14th, 1775.

EVERY man must pay a price for his fame. Permit me to add a little to that which must be paid by you. My eldest son, who has been lately called to the bar here, goes to London in order to look about him for two months, and to rub off corners. He so often hears me mention your name with respect and affection, that he has requested a letter of introduction to you, and I cannot refuse him that satisfaction. I do not mean that you should take any great burthen of so young a man. His business at present is to see the sights of London; it is hereafter that he must hope to gain admission into society. All I wish is, that you will permit him to

* For whom, it will be remembered, Mr. Gentleman edited Mr. Steevens's horror, the Playhouse Shakspeare.

wait upon you once or twice in a morning, that he may be able to boast among his children, that he had not only admired Mr. Garrick in public, but had been under his roof and heard him speak and talk. If you can rely on a father's testimony, I flatter myself that you will find the young man modest, and not ill-informed for his age.

I was alarmed some days ago with an account of your indisposition in the newspapers. I hope it has not been any very serious matter, as it was soon followed with information of your being recovered. Present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe that I am with the truest affection,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

SIR, Adelphi, March 15th, 1775.

YOU have forced me to write this my last letter to you, and with this I beg that our correspondence may end. Your intention of leaving our theatre was talked of behind our scenes, and laughed at by me as impossible, before you opened your mind to me last Saturday. You then hinted at *other* reasons for leaving me, nay, even condescended to speak of your dressing-room; and in your letter of that day, you mention that your *terms* and *employment* were not agreeable. I will venture to say that you have profited by your *employment* at Drury-lane, and the *terms*, I believe, are more than you ever received, which I did not know till yesterday—another circumstance of surprize! In your conversation with me on Saturday, you told me you were neither *engaged* nor in *treaty* with another theatre. Some of the managers of Covent-Garden make no secret of some offers *you* made to them before our meeting and separation on Saturday last; be that as it may, I received you with open arms the moment I heard you were discharged, and I have in every particular done you not only justice, but shown you friendship, to the great uneasiness of other performers. I had great satisfaction in being connected with you, and now I know your regard for me, I am not miserable by the separation.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. G.

You may depend upon my not mentioning a certain person indiscreetly, whom I regard and am obliged to; but a gentleman told me yesterday, unconnected with any theatre, that Mr. S.'s reason for quitting me and offering himself elsewhere, was that the person in question wanted a protector. Mr. S. should desire his *present* friends not to be indiscreet.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. MILES.

SIR, Adelphi, March 15th, 1775.

THOUGH I particularly urged to you my ill state of health, my great hurry of business, my brother's dangerous situation, and my great disinclination to write upon nothing, yet you resolve to *do* nothing that I desire you, and to persecute me with letters; nay, you not only disoblige me that way, but you make me your letter-carrier to other people. I sincerely think myself very ill used and treated by you, and must beg leave to waive all this matter for the future. You ask my advice upon sending trifles to the children of ——: in my opinion you would destroy any interest you might have there for ever; that Lord immediately abandons any person who thinks to make an interest through that channel.

You will have another affair of more consequence to take care of when you come to England. Mr. Macklin has got a verdict in his favour, and if the parties (some of whom, I hear, intend to take the business to the House of Lords) do not make it up with him, fine and imprisonment must be the event: this is the consequence of the most childish, wanton imprudence that a man in your disagreeable circumstances could have been guilty of. The testimony of *Evans* was very severe against you—in short, the madness and injustice of that night's riot, and your unjustifiable letter in the papers afterwards, made more irrational by signing your name, appeared in its full folly, and brought on your condemnation from all sides. Indeed, Mr. Miles, you are the most thoughtless acquaintance I ever had; and by what you call spirit, and an unfeeling perseverance with regard to me, you make me almost lament that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you. In my opinion, your writing to Mr. Bates may be thought too officious, unless you were desired; and however it be, I must be excused from the office of go-between. As to the affair of "The Maid's Tragedy," I shall not prevent your going on with it, though if you wish to know my thoughts of that too, it is my sincere opinion, by what I have seen, that you have no turn for the drama, and are losing your time in that alteration.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"My answer to some of Mr. Miles's letters from Holland."

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 16th, 1775.

I SHALL trouble you no more than with this, which is to assure you *solemnly*, that, though I saw Mr. Harris by accident before I mentioned my intention of leaving your theatre to you, all that passed between us was, that I should acquaint

you with it, and then should be open to a treaty with him. No terms were mentioned, or engagement made, nor any yet spoke of. I am sensible of and shall ever acknowledge my obligations to you; and if our separation adds to your ease and happiness, I shall never regret it, though it should lessen my own.

I am, Sir, ever your obliged and sincere humble servant,

W. SMITH.

N.B. Mr. Smith offered himself to Mr. Harrison Thursday 9th of March, 1775, and told me Saturday the 11th ditto that he was neither engaged nor in treaty.

[Signed] D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Smith's exit and letters."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead Heath, March 26th, 1775.

MR. COLMAN informed me that you intend setting off for Bath on Tuesday. Let me therefore intreat you to leave me out a few volumes of your old plays before you go. I heartily wish I was possessed of anything which you could stand in need of half so often, that I might find some way of returning those favours which I have so frequently solicited and so constantly received. The plays I want are the following:—

Promos and Cassandra, 4to.

King Henry V. 4to. [Not Shakspeare's, but anonymous.]

All your copies of Tamburlaine, or the Scythian Shepherd.

Selimus, 4to.

Wars of Cyrus, 4to.

Terence's Andria.

Ditto.

Magnificence, an interlude, folio.

The interleaved catalogue which I sent you, will direct you how to find the latter of these, as it is not entered in your own, the title being wanting.

Robin Hood, a May-game, 4to.

If it be inconvenient to you to look out these, and you will trust me with the key of the case (as you did once before), you may rely on my care and fidelity, as I shall leave a receipt for such volumes as I shall have occasion to borrow.

To desire a written answer from one who has not the less to do on account of Tuesday's expedition, is too unreasonable. Please only to tell the servant who brings this, that the books shall be made accessible to me one way or the other, and I am satisfied.

When you are at Bath, pray feel Schomberg's pulse about our edition and make

that intelligence valuable, by sending me word that Bath has lessened your complaints. I am your faithful and obliged,

G. STEEVENS.

My servant is not to bring the books, but I shall fetch them the first time I am in town with a carriage.

ANTONIO CARARA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Venice, April 15th, 1776.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours, and shall take care to get the contract at the place you mentioned, which I shall forward to the girl, who is actually at Florence. I shall likewise get another like that which is on the road now, as I suppose, signed by her, which you will receive as soon as possible. You must now, in case you should have any commands for me, be so kind as to direct yours to me at Florence, chez Ambrogio Ambrogi, as I intend to go there towards the latter end of next month, and where I shall stay several months, my wife being engaged for first woman in the serious opera for next autumn and Carnival, my small income at Venice being not sufficient to keep us in a manner suitable to our former custom.

I thank you kindly in name of my wife also for your bounty. She desires her best respects to Mrs. Garrick, to which I wish you would be so kind as to present mine likewise. I need not say, how much I hope you will be pleased with the acquisition of this dancer; had not I been convinced of her merit, I should never have thought of her; but you shall see her, and I flatter myself that you shall find me even in this, as I have always been, Your faithful and obedient servant,

ANTONIO CARARA.

Endorsed,
"Signior Antonio Carara, about a dancer, Signora Paccini."

DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lower Grosvenor Street, May 11th.

As I set out for Scotland to-morrow, I regret extremely your excursion to Hampton, as it deprives me of the pleasure of seeing you, and the advantage of hearing your remarks upon the "Prince of Tunis." I am much indebted to you for the obliging attention you have given to the perusal of that work. If you are so good as to commit your observations to writing, the author has good sense and ingenuity enough to receive them with gratitude, and to improve by them. I have desired Mr. Gordon, a common friend of the author and of me, to wait upon you and to receive the play from you. He is a man of letters and parts, to whom you may communicate any remarks which you do not think it necessary to write.

Be so good as to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe that though I must now take my leave of you for some time, you have nowhere a more sincere and faithful friend than

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Endorsed,
" Dr. Robertson's letter to me about a tragedy."

MISS MACKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, May 14th, 1775.

DID not I think that you would be pleased with what I am going to lay before you, I assure you I should not have taken the liberty of troubling you with it.

Being deprived of the assistance of my father's playing last year, I had no benefit: from that loss, and from a presentiment that our friends are susceptible of at least the likelihood of an injury, many of them, and indeed many strangers also, have expressed their concern at your having appointed the benefit for the Theatrical Fund to be upon the same night that is settled for mine. They apprehend that the Fund, with your performance added to it, will prevent my house from being so full as they wish, and as, without your opposition, it might be.

When you advertised your intention to play on the 18th, I do not suppose you knew that my benefit had been often advertised before your notice for the same day. If you had, I think you would not have shown such a mark of unkindness, such a powerful opposition to my interest at this juncture in the midst of my distress, by pitching upon that particular day; more especially, when every other day unappropriated was at your command, and when it would have been equal in its consequence which day you chose, as your performance can at any time fill the theatre.

When I was under your direction in your theatre, you made me proud and happy by your approbation of my conduct, on and off the stage. I hope I have not forfeited that esteem; if I have, the loss will hurt my spirits much more than a bad benefit, or even the entire loss of one. Patience and a few days will abate the flurry; but the loss of the esteem we are proud of is not to be repaired, though the pain of it may be blunted by a consciousness that neither the heart nor the will had any share in the demerit that caused it. But if I still stand in your opinion as I wish, I flatter myself that you will remove the benefit for the Fund, as any night will do for that as well as the 18th; and could my father's performance in " Love a-la-Mode" add to the entertainment of your audience to the Fund, he would be proud of the honour of showing his inclination to add his mite to that, though he is sensible it could not contribute to the profit of it. I am, Sir, with great esteem and sincerity,

Your most devoted and obliged humble servant,

MARIA MACKLIN.

Endorsed,
" Miss Macklin to wish me to defer the Fund Benefit,
May 14th, 1775. I did the business."

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. BROOKE.

MADAM, Adelphi, May 15th, 1775.

I HAVE obeyed your commands. I love to oblige, though sometimes to my own inconvenience. You are pleased to say, you are sure I have changed the night inadvertently. Indeed, Madam, I have neither made the one change nor the other *inadvertently*, for I mean by both to be very civil and obliging with my eyes open. Miss Macklin has every claim to my good wishes and services; though she belongs to another theatre, she has very generously exerted herself to carry on our business, when the ladies belonging to us would not.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Yates and your brother, and am,

Dear Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

" My letter to Mrs. Brooke, about the Opera, and agreeing to her desires."

MR. C. MACKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, James Street, Covent-Garden, May 19th, 1775.

I AM much obliged to you for your civility to Miss Macklin, in removing the benefit for the Theatrical Fund from her night to the 25th instant, and shall always remember it as an obligation. Yet this civility, Sir, and the fear of a fresh source of misrepresentation being opened upon my conduct, have brought me into a most disagreeable dilemma, which only you can relieve me from.

By the compromise I made in Westminster Hall, I was obliged to play three nights this season, in order to admit one hundred pounds' worth of tickets on each night for the admission of the defendants and their friends: but that part of the compromise that related to the managers, they generously remitted.

The only vacant nights they had at the time of the compromise were the 25th and the 30th instant, and on those they then settled that I should act.

But unforeseen, it has so happened that you from your kindness to Miss Macklin have removed the Benefit of the Fund to the 25th, on which night, as by agreement, I am ordered to play. Now if I obey that order, it is most probable that my old friend the Morning Post will accuse me of ingratitude to you in return for your kindness to my daughter, and of a want of good-will to my brethren, in opposing so laudable an establishment as the Fund.

On the other hand, should I refuse to play on the 25th, I may incur the resentment of the managers, and am liable to be abused for disobedience, turbulency, and a breach of contract, which might involve me in a pecuniary censure. I say it might—though it is far from my belief that it would.

But were I sure that *that* would be the case, I should choose to suffer whatever

loss might arise from my refusal to act, rather than be accused of ingratitude, or want of good-will to my brethren.

Upon these premises, Sir, I request that you will give me your opinion, whether my acting on the 25th will be operative to the prejudice of the Theatrical Fund on that night, or will make me liable to the imputation of ingratitude to you. If you determine in the negative, I shall act; if in the affirmative, I shall not.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

P. S. I shall be obliged to you for an answer as soon as conveniency will permit.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. C. MACKLIN.

SIR, May 19th, 1775.

I SHALL be always ready to show my regard to Miss Macklin; she has ever behaved in the best manner to me. If you are engaged to the managers of Covent-Garden, and they have fixed you to play upon the 25th I cannot see how you can avoid performing on that night. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. C. MACKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, May 19th, 1775.

I AM engaged to the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre; the engagement was made before the day of sentence slightly, and confirmed after it—yet still if you thought that my acting on the 25th would prejudice the Fund, I vow I would not perform.

I am obliged to you for your attention to Miss Macklin, and am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Macklin's letter, and my answer, with his reply, May 19th, 1775."

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, May 30, 1775.

As your winter campaign is now happily concluded, may I venture to intrude a little upon your leisure, and mention a request which I have long wished to make?

My husband is gone to Ireland upon business that will detain him there some

months. During his absence, I would wish to employ my time in some way that may be serviceable to my family. You know that I have for this purpose made several fruitless efforts in the dramatic way, which have discouraged me from making any future attempts, merely upon my own strength; but if you would be so good as to point out any plan for me to go upon, I should have no doubt of its success. You have read and know every thing, and the quickness of your genius can with a single glance discover what is, and what is not, likely to succeed upon the stage. Let me entreat you, my dear Sir, to give but a hint of any subject you may think suited to the theatre, and I will exert my utmost powers in the execution of your plan; and should they fail, I will submit to your decision without repining, though I have reason to hope that with your assistance, without which I well know no piece succeeds, I may again retrieve my dramatic fame, which is, I own, a wish that sits, perhaps, too near my heart.

I will venture to say that amongst the many authors you have obliged, not one of them has been more truly grateful for kindness than myself; continue it to me but once more, my dear Sir, and I promise you that I will never trespass upon your friendship again.

I perfectly know how great the favour is that I solicit, but I also know the unbounded benevolence of your heart; relying on that, and that only, to second my suit, I will hope for your compliance, and on this, and every other occasion, be happy to subscribe myself, Your truly obliged and affectionate friend,

E. GRIFFITH.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

Endorsed,
"Mrs. Griffith's with my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. GRIFFITH.

DEAR MADAM, Adelphi, June 3, 1775.

THE breaking up of the company for the summer, and the hurry of settling our affairs, prevented my answering your letter sooner. Indeed, my dear Madam, it will not be in my power to follow my inclinations and oblige you. The business of the theatre is grown too mighty for me, and I shall retreat from it with all good speed. Mrs. Lennox, who was so unfortunate at Covent-Garden Theatre, put into my hand last year an altered play, which, upon my honour, I have not yet had leisure to consider as I ought. Another lady of great merit has likewise entrusted me with a performance of five acts, which I must immediately look over with all the care and delicacy due to her sex and her talents. These matters, with my other necessary business, will, I protest to you most solemnly, engage more time than I can possibly spare in the present precarious situation of my health. If, notwithstanding what I have said, any plays to be imitated from the French, or revived from our old stock,

should appear to me worthy of your notice, I will give you immediate intelligence, and shall be very happy to convince you that I am, dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant, D. GARRICK.

P. S. Upon my word, I have read no French play, or old English one, of late, that I think will bear transplanting or reviving upon our stage.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

Sunday Night, (no date.)

I AM really so hurried with a double share of business on account of George's dangerous illness and absence from me, that I scarce have time to write this. Why will you vex and fret yourself about the Knight and what he says? [Sir John Fielding.] You praise him one day, and blame him the next: you are an honest man, but too warm; you are likewise a very *just* man, and should recollect that *blindness* is a great misfortune, and no object of resentment. Converse and talk over your grievances calmly with your wise friend, and avoid altercation with the Bow-street Magistrate—it really hurts you. As for the friend or fiend you meet upon Westminster Bridge, be assured that it is somebody who has been much obliged to me. Let him publish and publish again, and do you laugh at him and despise him as I do, be he as great or as little a being as he will. I fear none of the scribbling pest. If you can see in any body's hands any promise of my brother's given for me, be assured I will at any time fulfil it; but for the threats of Sc——s, [scoundrels,] I have had so many, and yet am beloved by the good and creditable, that it is not worth mine or any of my friends' while to listen to their nonsense.

I am, in great haste, yours most truly, D. GARRICK.

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Wednesday, May 31st, 1775.

THE verbal agreement which passed between us three seasons ago is this year at an end. I should be glad to make a new engagement, and beg to know the terms you propose. I have, Sir, the honour to be

Your most humble servant,

J. POPE.

Endorsed,
"Miss Pope's letter and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO MISS POPE.

Adelphi, June 3rd, 1775.

THE proprietors of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane present their compliments to Miss Pope, and hope she has no objection to continue her engagement with them for three years more, or as long as she pleases.

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday, June 5th, 1775.

Miss Pope presents her respectful compliments to Mr. Garrick, or to the Proprietors of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane; did not imagine they would have named a term of years without an addition of salary: as they are well assured of her dislike to change, and as she has never asked them any thing that has been unreasonable, she throws herself upon Mr. Garrick's or the Proprietors' generosity, to name what addition to her appointment they think her diligence deserves.

MR. GARRICK TO MISS POPE.

Adelphi, June 9th, 1775.

Mr. Garrick's, compliments to Miss Pope,—his brother's great danger for these four days has prevented his attending to any business. The Patentees sincerely wish that Miss Pope would have no objection to continue her present agreement with them. They should be very sorry to lose her, and hope that they may depend upon her being at Drury-lane for many years to come. Should Miss Pope be induced to quit her present situation, they shall expect an answer in the course of next week, as her place will be with great difficulty supplied. If they have no answer to this, they shall depend upon her continuing with them. They not only acknowledge her diligence, but her merit.

Endorsed,
" The reply to Miss Pope."

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

Saturday, June 10th, 1775.

Miss Pope presents her respects to the Patentees; is very much honoured in their commendations, both as to her merit and her diligence: the former she never thinks of, as she has been infinitely overpaid by the public, who have ever shown her the greatest favour, without even a paragraph to prejudice them. Her diligence respects the managers, and from them she looks for the reward due to it,—an equal portion with others that rank in the same situation;—can assure them that such is her partiality for Drury-lane, that she shall quit it with infinite regret, and it is their fault alone that she is not there, as long as her acting powers shall subsist; but she is determined at length to shake all affection off, and like the Swiss to perform only with those that pay best. Her demand is ten pounds per week, the sum usually paid to actresses in her walk. If the Patentees have any objection, desires they may part in friendship, as she cannot upon other terms remain at Drury-lane.

Endorsed,
" Miss Pope's answer and our reply,
June 12th, 1775."

MR. GARRICK TO MISS POPE.

June 12th, 1775.

THE Patentees, with their best wishes to Miss Pope, feel as much regret in losing her, as she can possibly do in quitting them. Though they cannot agree to the addition which she insists upon to her present salary, they assure her that they part on the terms of friendship she desires; they wish her every happiness that her change of place and sentiments can give her: at the same time, they beg leave to observe, that if Mr. Garrick would have agreed to let Mrs. Barry perform Beatrice and Clorinda, and Mr. Barry to have had for his benefit the day which he gave last year to Miss Pope, they should not have lost those capital performers. Mr. Garrick takes no merit to himself in having done this, but that of showing a little more than *Swiss attachment* to Miss Pope.

Endorsed,
" Reply to Miss Pope about an engagement for the season 1775."

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

BE assured there are few persons living who have a greater respect, or stronger attachment for you than I have. Therefore I beg you will not be offended at my not taking a benefit. I most sincerely assure you I do not mean to give you the least uneasiness; but my friends, as well as myself, think me slightly treated in this whole business. Miss Pope certainly has no right to complain. Her night is not changed by my having the Monday, but comes in due course; and if such like trumpery* are to contend with us without right or reason, I would rather endure any distress or inconvenience than submit to it.

I am most sincerely and respectfully yours,
SPRANGER BARRY.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick himself,
" Barry's letter, where he talks of Pope and *such like trumpery!*"

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* " Trumpery," forsooth! Barry is quite outrageous, and reasons like ancient Pistol:—

Pist. These be good-humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And *Trojan Greeks?* Nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar." *Second Part King Henry IV. Act II.*—ED.

MR. S. CAUTHERLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 6th, 1775.

I AM told, and I make no doubt of its truth, that some person, envious of the happiness I enjoyed in your friendship, has been endeavouring to injure me in your opinion, by informing you, that, out of mere ill-nature, I refused to perform a part for Mr. Jefferson, and that I have been persecuting a poor woman, to whom I have had obligations, for money, in a most cruel manner. Mr. Jefferson, it is true, asked me to do a part for him, which part I had felt myself so bad in at my benefit, that I begged he would excuse me, referring him to Mr. Brereton, who had likewise done it; nor did I know he had not succeeded with that gentleman, till I saw Mr. Jefferson's name in the bills. Had I known that Mr. J. had taken his place in the coach, or that Mr. Brereton had not been in town, I would have endeavoured to have done it in the best manner I had been able; but this I was not given to understand. With regard to Mrs. Bradshaw, I never mentioned the word money to her in my life, till about three weeks ago, when I wrote as genteel a letter as I possibly could, requesting to know if it would be convenient to her to let me have 25*l.*, and I would beg her acceptance of the remaining 25*l.* This letter she now has; and even this I should not have done, if part of my family had not been advised to go to the salt water, and I was fearful the expense would be too much for me; but so far from wishing or desiring to distress Mrs. Bradshaw, I called the other day for an answer; and when she told me it was not in her power to comply with my request, and that she was very unhappy it was not, I begged she would not make herself uneasy on that account, but accept the whole. I must now entreat your pardon for being absent at the settling of the fund, which day had quite escaped my memory. The earnest desire I have of retaining the good opinion of my benefactor and best friend, whose favours shall ever be thought of with gratitude, will, I hope, plead my excuse for troubling you with this, and I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, your obliged and respectful humble servant,

S. CAUTHERLEY.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead-heath, June 8th, 1775.

LET me entreat an audience of a minute. I have nine volumes of your old plays. I am not using them at present, but shall want them before the end of the year. Shall they be sent back now, or remain in my custody?

I wish you could learn of Capell, if he has ever seen the "Taming of a Shrew," 4to. 1607. When he *set forth* his edition, he had not met with it. It is of some consequence to me to be informed as to this particular. When the "Taming, &c."

shall have been published, with some others of the same relation to Shakspeare, the original copy shall find its way into a volume which I mean to bind up for your collection.

Let me add another query, and release you. I am told that a very extraordinary personage, who is represented to be not a little of a coxcomb, and whose name is A—d—ws, comes often to this place, where he boasts of so strict an intimacy with you, that he spends three days in a week with you,—that he has a dramatic piece which you are to act, &c. &c. What an author so publicly boasts of, a manager is hardly bound to keep as a secret; and therefore I hope my inquiry may escape the charge of impertinence. You are too well acquainted with nature not to know the utmost value of every character within its circle, and therefore may find a use for that being, which to less discerning eyes appears to have been born only to flatter itself, and be the trumpet of its own praises.*

Pray remember Capell, and believe me most sincerely yours,

G. STEEVENS.

Are Mortimer's heads published, and ready to be delivered?

MR. W. PARSONS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, June, 1775.

NOTHING on earth shall induce me to abuse the confidence you have reposed in me. You may rest assured my attachment to you is inviolable, and that I have the highest pleasure in obeying your commands. I seriously think Mr. Reddish has not the least idea of quitting your theatre. He has never dropped the most distant hint of any such intention. He can go no where where he is not already in debt—where his debts cannot follow him, or where his appointments will be so genteel, or so punctually paid him. With respect to the service he will be able to do the theatre next season, I am sorry to tell you I have great doubts, and he himself has very dreadful apprehensions. He fell down, and continued very long in a fit eight days ago, and has not been able to perform since his arrival here. His countenance undergoes the most sudden alterations. His memory fails him, and he has all the alarming symptoms of a disorder hastening to insanity. But as this is a circumstance of real moment to you, I beg I may be permitted to trouble you with another letter on the

* Steevens's astonishment, that Garrick should condescend to Miles Peter Andrews, is very amusing to us of the present day, who remember his progress. The Commentator accosts the Manager, as his own Hamlet does Horatio, on the entrance of Osrick—

"Dost *know* this waterfly?"

Steevens himself lived to see this writer of farces in possession of a splendid fortune, and entertaining, at his palace in the Green Park, most of the royal and noble, and all the *wealthy* parts of the community.—ED.

least appearance of alteration in his health. This matter I will carefully attend to myself, and beg others to do the same.

Mr Lee has deceived you, or Reddish has very grossly imposed on us all; for he has solemnly and repeatedly declared, both in London and this place, he never made use of your name to Lee, Sparkes, or any person whatever, relative to Macklin's affair. This I am ready at any time to make oath of: he has likewise affirmed he had no hand or influence in that silly combination, and is perfectly easy about consequences. I have heard, indeed, that Mr. Lee has a minute on his books of a sum paid by Reddish for some such mean purpose; but this must be a falsehood of Lee's for a purpose I cannot comprehend. However, Sir, I will urge this matter again and again. Your character will not be injuriously attacked, and be left without defenders. You have an army of them both in and out of the theatre, and ever will have, unless it be a sin to be a good as well as a great man. We have played four times to tolerable audiences; and though I think Henderson is rather worse than he was a twelvemonth ago, he has still merit enough not to make our manager uneasy. There is a severe criticism in our papers on his performance. Mr. Cautherley is much liked in Bristol. Miss Younge is adored, and the people are exceeding angry at the nature of her engagements. She goes to Birmingham in ten days. If you should have a quarter of a minute and a scrap of paper to spare, do, Sir, send it to Bristol to him who was, is, and will be

Affectionately and respectfully yours to command,

W. PARSONS.*

Endorsed,

"Parsons about Reddish."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead Heath, June 12th, 1775.

I WOULD not have plagued you on the score of Capell, but that I believed you to be the only person who was at peace with him. I supposed too, that he would have continued in town till after the birth-day. Now you must know I have a great curiosity which he has never seen, and he has two others which I want to see. Such a general as you are might have brought about a treaty; and provided a chalk-line was drawn across the stage of Drury-lane, I would have met him and exchanged hostages. This measure, however, might prove impracticable. I have therefore only to beg your pardon, for troubling you about him. I am obliged to you likewise for your account of the gentleman-opera-monger,† and many other kindnesses.

Yours most sincerely, G. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare stole almost his whole "Taming of the Shrew;" some of the dialogue as well as the plot.

"The thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief."

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* This devoted attachment, from an actor of the greatest merit, had no higher pecuniary bribe than a salary of *5l.* per week.—ED.

† Garrick had written to him about Andrews.—ED.

AN AGREEMENT WITH SIGNORA PACCINI.

June 20th, 1775.

I DO agree for my partner, Mr. Willoughby Lacy, and myself, to engage Signora Paccini as first dancer at our theatre, the ensuing season, which commences the first week in September 1775, and finishes the end of May 1776; for which the said Signora shall receive from us, by weekly or monthly payments as she pleases, the sum of three hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, and she is likewise to have a benefit in course of salary, and at the best time of the year, for which she is to dance whenever called upon, to the best of her power and abilities. This engagement the managers of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane engage to fulfil on their part, under the penalty of five hundred pounds sterling. Witness my hand this nineteenth day of June, 1775.

Signed and sealed in the presence of DAVID GARRICK
for WILLOUGHBY LACY and himself.

Endorsed,
"Our agreement with Signora Paccini, dancer.
June 20th, 1775."

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Grosvenor-street, June 20th, 1775.

HAVING received the most pressing solicitation from a friend of mine to recommend Miss Ambrose to your protection, will you permit me to do it? Her merit as an actress, you are a better judge of than I am. All I have any title to say is, that I should be glad to contribute to her being placed under your countenance at Drury-lane Theatre, in any situation you may think her fit for.

Excuse my making this application, at the request of a person whom I should be happy to oblige, and permit me to subscribe myself, with very great truth,

Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,
HERTFORD.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SCHOMBERG TO HIS BROTHER.

IL MIO CORE, Chester, June 26th, 1775.

HERE I am again. I have landed one teller of the exchequer, Sir Harry Cavendish. I believe the business of the treasury is so *languid*, that his attendance is not very necessary. "With him along" came Harry Woodward, who probably has or will pay you a visit, and give you "our travel's history." He was so kind as to take a parcel for Garrick (I can no more say Mr. Garrick than could I say General Cæsar.) Pray tell him that I esteem myself happy in being the instrument of his convenience, and shall always be ready and alert in receiving and obeying his commands. I would

write to him, but you will negociate this for me, and it will spare him the trouble of answering a letter. My best respects to his lovely partner. Remember me also to all the sour-krout set, and to the Crown and Anchor. The weather is hot, and I am without a frank and in much company, on which account a single sheet is sufficient to assure you I am,

My dearest brother, your ever and ever affectionate brother, &c.

Dr. Schomberg. ALEXANDER SCHOMBERG.

Address to Dublin. I call there for a few days, and then sail the yacht to Holyhead, for the Bishop of Kildare. Mrs. S. goes with me: she *promised* to *give* the meeting to the Bishop's lady.—Patience! A *wife* on shore and afloat too is *rather too hard.*

Two pints of Usque Bagh* set off soon for Maze-hill. I wrote and abused you as usual.

MISS YOUNGE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, King-street, Bristol, June 30th, 1775.

THOUGH I fear you will think I take an undue liberty in addressing a letter to you without the sanction of business for it, I hope you will pardon the freedom for the sake of my frankness, when I declare I can no longer resist the pleasure of scribbling something to you, and owning I feel myself inexpressibly happy in the reflection of being once more under the shelter of your fostering wing. My heart rejoices in the thought, and if I know it at all, will impel me to endeavour at least at deserving your future regard. If as the scene of business draws on, you find occasion to transmit me any commands, it will be a most pleasing task to fulfil them. In the interim, do me the favour to accept my best wishes, and believe me,

Dear Sir, faithfully your obliged humble servant,

Endorsed, ELIZABETH YOUNGE.

"Miss Younge's letter from Bristol, upon her return to Drury-lane."

[The three following letters relate to the misunderstanding with the actress during the year preceding.]

MR. GARRICK TO MISS YOUNGE.

MADAM, Monday, 10th, 1774.

IF my business would have permitted me I should have sat down to write you a long letter, for I have much to say and to be sorry for. If you are able to play Viola, I suppose you will, as his Majesty of England, not the copper one of Drury-lane, commands it. If you should not find yourself fit, I will do the best in the power of,

Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

* Water of Life.

MISS YOUNGE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR,

I AM compelled in my own justification to trouble you a third time to-day. I do not understand what you mean by his Majesty of England and the *copper one* of Drury-lane. I have on all occasions, without *airs* or *finesse*, come out to do my business, and felt it my *pleasure* as well as *duty;* and therefore cannot think myself humanely treated, when I complain and feel the bad effects of playing with a cough, that you should send me this haughty style of letter. I am already too low-spirited with the pain I feel at my chest, and think it *cruel* in you to wish to wound me more. You do not want feeling for *other* people, and why will you appear so unlike yourself when I am the object addressed? I have the honour to remain

Your humble servant,

E. YOUNGE.

MR. GARRICK TO MISS YOUNGE.

MADAM, Adelphi, June 10th, 1774.

I HAVE really been much hurt at what your sister said to Johnston the first night of the "Distressed Mother," *that if you played Viola on the Friday, you would not play Hermione on the Saturday.* This I knew nothing of till the night of "The Provoked Wife," when it was doubtful whether you would play, or not, and I was obliged to get a lady of the other house to undertake the part. As you said you were not taken ill till Friday morning, I was much hurt at your *sister's speech.* You likewise said in the green-room that *I promised you should not play on the Monday.* Had I promised you the most difficult thing in my power, I always keep my word—but indeed it was impossible to promise *that*, as it was impossible you should not have heard it given out on Saturday night.

I am very warm and sincere in my attachments, but if I find any actor, or actress, distressing me, or the business, unjustly or fantastically, I will withdraw *my* attachment the moment that they show me *they* have none. The theatre is quite destroyed by a new fashion among us. I was long the slave of the stage, I played for everybody's benefit, and even revived parts for them, and sometimes acted new ones. This was at a time when by myself I could fill a house—that favour, luckily for me, the public still continues, or we might play to empty benches.*

While Miss Younge continues a friend to me and herself, I shall do every thing

* It was *fashion* only that could have led Miss Younge into such teasing conduct; and the Manager indignantly, but truly and properly, reminds a very pleasing actress, that the real magnet of the house was *himself;* and that, in consequence, he was not compelled to put up with a practice, which so unprofitably embarrassed the business of the stage. However, the very accomplished actress in question lived to become the most *steady* as well as, on the *whole*, the ablest supporter of Covent-Garden Theatre; and at her death was pronounced by Mr. Harris to be "the greatest loss he could possibly sustain."—ED.

in my power to support her; but I could wish that her sister would not prophesy to Mr. Johnston, and that she herself would not mention, in the green-room, promises I never made, or her intentions of not playing to any body but to

Her very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I will not mention some circumstances which claim a double portion of your regard to the interest of the theatre—but I shall be ready to mention them and much more whenever I am called upon.

MR. J. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Catherine-street, Wednesday evening.

HOWEVER *odd* my last, or this present letter may appear to you, I cannot suffer any thing mysterious to arise between myself and the man I so much esteem, without discovering an anxiety for its speedy elucidation.

I must be open enough to declare that I am hurt at your interference in behalf of Mr. Foote, to my prejudice, and the rest of the people with whom I am concerned. As far as respects me individually, I shall always thank you for your counsel; but I own I cannot see what peculiar claims of friendship Mr. Foote, of all men living, can possibly have upon you, that the proprietors of "The Comic Mirror," in compliment to that gentleman, must be deprived of their principal performer by your immediate influence.

The letter I received from Camden-place was intended, I fancy, more to convey your displeasure, than an answer to the contents of mine, or I should not have had my doubts rather increased than satisfied. You must excuse me if, in justification of Mr. Bannister, I remind you, that he applied to me by your express desire: therefore I cannot think him reprehensible in making use of your name. Let me assure you, he has never done it improperly. He only intimated his apprehensions of your displeasure, if he continued with us; and your answer has confirmed to me that they were well founded, and indeed that he knew more than he thought it prudent to utter. He declared repeatedly, that, had it not been for you, he would play for us, notwithstanding Mr. Foote's most positive injunctions. What therefore am I to conclude, but that the interests of many persons totally unconnected with any of Mr. Foote's disputes with me, are to be sacrificed to your present predilection in favour of that very *grateful gentleman?*

I remain, dear Sir, yours most truly,

J. BATE.*

Endorsed,
"Mr. Bate's extraordinary letters,
July, 1775."

* Joah Bate, musical conductor.

MR. W. BRERETON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, July 10th, 1775.

I AM amply content with your very generous conduct to me as to my salary, and will return to you with the greatest cheerfulness. I beg leave to assure you, that my neglect of mentioning the matter before I left England was owing to my ignorance of the usage of the theatre in such cases, as I should think myself a most ungrateful reptile, could I, voluntarily, act ungenteelly to you, from whom I have received such marks of favour and preference.

If the pound a week might be added to the second year of my article, instead of making me up four pounds for last year, I should like it better, as it would give me a kind of rank in the theatre; nor will you, I am sure, blame me for that kind of emulation; but if you think otherwise, I am very willing to submit to your pleasure.

If you approve of playing the "Quaker," my debt may be deducted from what you shall think proper to allow me for it, which I will leave entirely to your judgment and your justice, as I ever have had the highest respect and reverence for both, as well as whatever business you may think proper to entrust to my care. I am afraid I expressed myself badly upon this subject, as I did not in any manner mean what you have conceived.

If you will do me the favour of an answer to let me know that I am forgiven my seeming impropriety of conduct, you will complete the felicity of one who will be ever happy to subscribe himself, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. BRERETON.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, July 9th, 1775.

THE inclosed came to me yesterday in a letter from Palmer, and Mr. Pott has promised me to put it into the post to-night. This gives me an opportunity, which my laziness might otherwise have delayed, of inquiring after yours and Mrs. Garrick's health, and to remind you of your promise to give us a few days this summer. We are at last almost settled at this place, for the last waggon comes down to-day. Next week, therefore, my lady will be perfectly at her ease, and most happy, as well as myself, to see you both. How did you escape the temptations at Mistley? Can you condescend, after the voluptuous feasting with Rigby, to fast with a forgotten Chancellor? I am abstinence itself. You *ought* to be of my mess; and then we have nobody to provide for but Mrs. Garrick, and the German kitchen is not very expensive. We are all well; but my neighbour, the great Earl, is very ill.* I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

CAMDEN.

* Lord Chatham, then at Hayes.—ED.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, July 25th, 1775.

WHERE, and whose, *Mistley* is, from whence you date your last letter, is entirely unknown to me. *Riot and revelry* make Comus's Court, whether they happen to prevail at Bath or Billingsgate. I am glad I had done what you wished done—sent you the Mask (not of Hercules) of "Love's Artifice," which may be *alive* and *spirited* by rage and jealousy, but the subject will not allow any *pleasantry*, as you will see at once running it over. I should be glad to hear its fate, or whether you would *use* it, or that of Hercules, or that of "Love's Revenge," which *every* body is enamoured with, and which must suit and recommend your new Jew girl. Let me know whether you think Miss Trotter more or less *improbable* than I do. Have done with the thoughts of *brute* Brutus, except you get a new Shakspeare who would show him in the light of a pretended idiot, breaking out at last in the blaze of a real patriot. Lee has attempted it, but poorly. Some fine things, and the greatness of the subject, show the want of art in the poet, (as you have long ago observed of Shakspeare himself and others,) by introducing the death of Lucretia in person, in the first act, which leaves all the rest insipid.

I have had a pleasant letter from my friend, Dick Goodenough,* who has quitted Hampshire, and gone into a house of his own at Hurley, near Maidenhead, where last year's floods drove out a bad tenant. He compares Moody to the hare with many friends; for he gave the unset songs of his farce to some musical acquaintance, which some lost and others had not time to compose, (a sad fault in musical folk,) &c. All deserted him, and one—borrowed money of him. So it is *dormant* again, and may never be waked from its *nap*. I still think he might be of use to you. His songs are certainly delicate and humorous, as the subject requires. He has not been idle, I find. We should hardly suspect him entering into politics; but he has written a kind of parody of Puffy Pensioner's† "Taxation no Tyranny," under the noble title of "Resistance no Rebellion," which, I hear, is well received. He has bound them together, and sent them me by the coach. I wonder they did not quarrel in the boot, and tear the binding to pieces. I tell him I am sorry, like Sir Roger De Coverley's head upon the sign-post, that so much may be said *on both*

* Richard Josceline Goodenough; he wrote only a single ballad farce, called "William and Nanny," which was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1779. I am sorry to add this amiable and liberal gentleman to the list of many ornaments of the world, who, from the want of rigid prudence, think at last a pistol their only resource.—ED.

† This irreverent combination is levelled at Mr. Garrick's oldest friend, Johnson. Hoadly was a decided Whig, which Mr. Garrick certainly was not. The American question seems every where renewed at the present moment. Colonies arrived at full growth, like children, are disposed to desert the Parent State; but the error of an attempt to prolong obedience by *arms* is now beyond all question. If such parties retain the partiality of *family* for each other when dependance has ceased, it is all that nature or sound policy requires: all exasperation, therefore, is insanity. The reasoning of Hoadly on the subject is acute and forcible.—ED.

sides. Sure we are upon a ruinous scheme, upon a foolish *point of honour*, not worthy of a *stage*. Fools throwing about firebrands and death, and saying—are we not in sport! *Wanton* cruelty, that surely might have been prevented. Now we are in, we must get out as well as we can; I doubt never with honour. Our season begins late here, and never lasts long. We are at present very full. Yours to the Falls of Niagara,

J. and D. HOADLY.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

AN accident prevented my receiving your letter till this afternoon (Saturday, July 24th,) which will account for its not being answered sooner. I am very sorry you should think the labour of altering the play* so herculean. "False Delicacy," you know, was in a much more deplorable state at this period of the year 1767, and neither of us lost credit or money by it. Far be the wish from my heart of injuring your interest in the smallest degree, and I can have no desire of injuring my own. I therefore only beg that, if I produce you a play, of which you yourself entertain a favourable opinion, you will give me a turn this winter, as the pot-boiling reasons, I have once before mentioned, make it *essentially* necessary. I have the advantage of your remarks upon what has been already offered, and am certain of working out something, which I trust will neither wholly disgrace Drury-lane, nor give you reason to be ashamed of the indulgence hitherto shown to,

Dear Sir, your most faithful and most obliged,

HUGH KELLY.

P. S. I am at present on no other literary work whatever.

THE R. H. R. RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Mistley, July 28th, 1775.

TILL yesterday the Duke of Newcastle never signified to me his ducal pleasure what day he would make himself happy with the enjoyment of your company at Hampton. He has now fixed the 9th of August for the festival, and on that day we propose dining, not *dancing*, at Hampton. You need not put yourself to the expense of trumpets and kettle-drums, we will make noise enough. My best respects to Madame Garrick.

I am, dear David, very truly and faithfully yours,

RICHARD RIGBY.

* This was the comedy called "The Man of Reason," acted the year following at Covent-Garden Theatre. Kelly trusted Woodward with the principal character, and failed, it is said, from the actor's misconception of it. But Mr. Garrick thought, it seems, that the play itself was radically faulty; and Kelly then found, to his sorrow, that the *man of reason* was at the *other house*.—ED.

MR. W. BRERETON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, July 30th, 1775.

I CONCEIVED I gave a very substantial proof that I valued your favour infinitely more than the raising my salary, when I was willing to give up so considerable a difference in point of money to return, and also to run the risk of the penal sum of the article which I have been so unfortunate as to sign with Mr. Barry.

I executed the article, supposing that, if I agreed with you, it would be given up to me, and imagined I had good grounds for that supposition, in which I have been most grossly deceived. The only favour I am to expect, it seems, is to be excused from the last year of it, as I would only make it for two years; I am therefore under the disagreeable necessity of remaining here next winter, at the end of which, if you should find any occasion for my little services, I shall be happy to treat with you, nor shall I be so uneasy as I otherwise would, as you gladly release me from you. I beg leave to assure you, Sir, that I never could be guilty of such low chicane as to send any thing relative to myself to the newspaper, and am very much concerned that you could entertain such an opinion of me. "The Quaker" is yours, if you approve of it, for 100*l.*, which I conceive, from its reception, even badly as it was performed, it must be honestly worth to you, and request to know your determination respecting it soon to the Cork Theatre, where I am now setting off for. If you should agree to this, be pleased to deduct from it my debt, which I believe is 55*l.* and remit me the balance in my favour. I should apprehend that I do not less deserve the additional pound a week, which you promised me for the last season, though I unhappily cannot return: of that you will be so kind as to judge; I will willingly submit to your candour and generosity.

I have seen Mr. Jephson and Tighe very often since I have been here, and received great civilities from them, which I attribute to their respect for you. Mr. Jephson desired this morning that I might present his service to you. *Hopkins* has prompted me in all the parts I have ever played, except here; and Palmer promised me that he would call on you as soon as he got to town.

I am dear Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

W. BRERETON.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry desire their best compliments.

Endorsed,

"Brereton's second letter: how unlike the first!"

LORD COWPER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Florence, Aug. 2nd, 1775.

THE bearer of this letter to you is La Signora Gertrude Paccini, who is to dance at your theatre in Drury-lane. As she is quite a stranger to the country where she

is going, I take the liberty of recommending her to you, and when you have seen her dance, you will agree with me that she is one of the best grotesca dancers you ever saw: as all merit stands in need of protection, she will be over happy in yours, Sir, and you will greatly oblige one who had the pleasure of seeing you at Florence some years ago, and who is with the greatest sincerity and esteem,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

COWPER.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. D. WRAY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dean-street, Aug. 2nd, 1775.

WHEN your letter came to my house, I was setting out on a little journey, and am now just returned, which must excuse my not acknowledging your favour sooner. I am to thank you for the opportunity you give me of ranking among the *beaux esprits*. But alas! whatever I was, I was of the last age; and Dr. Goldsmith did not begin to sing before I had lost my ear for music. So it becomes me decently to retire; and to leave to those ingenious gentlemen, who had the happiness of the Doctor's friendship or acquaintance, the pleasing task of paying those honours to his memory, without which John Dyer, Thomas Edwards, and Thomas Gray, sleep in peace,* but which should not be refused to extraordinary merit. As to the chapter of the Earl, I find myself by no means qualified to interfere in the differences of great men. Had I the talents of Atticus, I would certainly reconcile Messala and Roscius.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DANIEL WRAY.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Wray's letter to me about Hum——."

* *Sleep in peace.* I cannot let this truism pass without a little explanation. JOHN DYER was the author of that delicious poem *Grongar Hill.* THOMAS EDWARDS was the *witty* "other gentleman of Lincoln's Inn," who wrote the *Canons of Criticism*, and reduced Warburton's Shakspeare to waste paper—and THOMAS GRAY was the great *Lyric Poet* of England, the classic bee, who distilled the choicest flowers of the ancients, and left a honied repast to his country, of slender quantity, but exquisite flavour. Dr. Goldsmith's circumstances at his death were found too scanty to permit of a splendid funeral in Westminster Abbey; and where people think more of themselves than of the friend they lose, they are not apt to volunteer any private respect. Oliver Goldsmith, one of the ornaments of the LITERARY CLUB, was attended to his grave, in the Temple Burial Ground, by Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. Hawes, the Rev. Joseph Palmer, and a few merely coffee-house acquaintance, and HE "*sleeps in peace!*"—ED.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. DESMOULINS.

MADAM, Lichfield, Aug. 5th, 1775.

MR. GARRICK has done as he is used to do. You may tell him that Dr. Hawkesworth and I never exchanged any letters worth publication. Our notes were commonly to tell when we should be at home, and I believe were seldom kept on either side. If I have any thing that will do any honour to his memory, I shall gladly supply it, but I remember nothing. I am, Madam, your humble servant,

SAML. JOHNSON.

Endorsed,
" Dr. Johnson about Dr. Hawkesworth."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden Place, Aug. 6th, 1775.

I AM much obliged for that treasure of *fable* which you have sent me. History is not half so entertaining or so valuable: and how well you judged of my passion for miracle and legend, by thrusting the Seven Champions into the parcel! I do not believe I shall read one line of common sense till I have finished this collection: yet I wonder a little how you could bring your mind to admit Mrs. Lennox* into your library, who treats your Shakspeare with so much indecent asperity; for, according to her, he has spoiled every story he meddled with. I forgive her, but I cannot account for your introducing her to my acquaintance.

I have looked into the almanack, and find that I shall be able to pay my compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick on the 28th of this month, and give you this timely notice, that you may, upon deliberation, inform me whether that time will be agreeable to you. If it is, we propose—my lady, self, and the two girls, to dine with you that day; which will be Monday. A day earlier or later will not be quite so well, but if the time is totally inconvenient, I shall be sorry, because in that case I shall not be at liberty till the end of September.

I am, dear Garrick, yours most sincerely,

CAMDEN.

* It seems so very extraordinary for a mere literary adventurer to expect a livelihood from attacking the great dramatic poet of England, that we must suppose her to derive courage from the declared opinions of some eminent authors who seconded and patronized her efforts. The result of this attack by the *female Quixote* is, that Shakspeare has generally *spoiled* every story on which his plays are founded, by " *torturing them* into *low contrivances*," " *absurd intrigues*," and " *improbable* incidents." This surely was not her claim to the aid of the Earl of Cork and Orrery and Dr. Samuel Johnson; who contributed, and not slightly, to her English version of Brumoy's *Théatre des Grecs*. Garrick, I suppose, expected this rebuke from Lord Camden, who could be misled by neither *fable* nor fact.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. BRERETON.

SIR, Hampton, Aug. 9th, 1775.

THE spirit of your last letter is so very different from your former one, that I am obliged to say a few words to you, which shall be the last you shall ever be troubled with from me. Had I not seen your name at the bottom of your letter, and known your hand-writing, I could never have imagined that such a letter could have come from you.

You write me word that you are offered seven pounds a week to stay in Ireland, but if I will give you six, you had rather return to me, for whom you have the greatest regard, and what not. You desire me to send a speedy answer, because you are pressed for an engagement, and you will wait my answer. I write directly, and make you an offer of what falls a trifle short of your demand, with a hint at your "Quaker," to oblige you as much as possible. To this you reply—in the warm spirit of gratitude, "that you are amply content with my very generous conduct to you," &c. &c. &c. and that I may depend upon you. Upon this I rested assured of you. But behold, another letter comes, which tells me—what? that you had signed articles with Mr. Barry before your offer to me, and that you cannot be at liberty to fulfil your engagement to me; and this you tell me in an angry manner, "that you conceived you gave me a very substantial proof of your valuing my favour infinitely more than raising your salary, &c. &c." It must first be known what advantages you *will* gain and what lose. I will venture to foretell, that you have lost the very critical time of your theatrical life, and that you will sorely repent your unkind, I had very nearly said, ungrateful behaviour to me. What! does Mr. Brereton (to whom and to whose family I have shown the most immovable attachment) offer me his services after having engaged them to another? This, Sir, I did not expect from *you* of all men—and I will even continue my open behaviour to you, and assure you that it is impossible that you can ever be engaged with *me* again. I wish you no harm, but hope when you meet with a better friend of a manager, that you will treat him more kindly.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I cannot give a hundred pounds for your farce. What do you mean by *chicane?* I accused you of none; I only told you that I heard (from a friend of yours) you had put your engagement to Barry in the papers; but what chicane was there in that? Your own letters confirm that you *were* engaged, and the papers said true.

MR. BENSLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Halesworth, 12th Aug. 1775.

I HAVE just received the favour of yours, which has made me exceedingly happy. Your confidence and friendship flatter me in the highest degree; and I hope I shall

prove worthy of both. There can be no such spur to my good endeavours, as your good wishes. You puzzle me in giving me the choice of what character I shall play first. I had rather be guided by your judgment than my own, in this case as in every other. You will see when we meet whether or not I shall disgrace "The Plain Dealer." I am more inclined to that than any. Manly, Brutus, and Caled, are the only characters I have played of the list you have sent me; and I have by me parts of those *only*. I think with you, that Brutus is the very finest of all fine characters. How can I, after this, say that I felt myself easy in it? There is nothing I should study with so much pleasure, (for I must plead "what I will be, not what I have been,") nor any part I could (under your auspices) so much endeavour to make myself master of. This, I think, bids fair for my succeeding better in it than in any other—which is not saying much, perhaps. Cato, (in dramatic affinity) I take to be the younger brother of Brutus. If I can master one, I think I may be bold enough to encounter the other. If you will give orders for the parts being sent to Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, they will be immediately forwarded to me. Velasquez and Edwin seem to be the first wanted: if so, you will please to have them sent first. I beg you once more to accept my heartiest thanks for the favourable sentiments you entertain of me. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and most humble servant.

ROBT. BENSLEY

Endorsed,
"Bensley's letter to me."

MRS. MARY KING TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chester, Aug. 14th, 1775.

I HAD the favour of a letter from Mr. George Garrick, dated Bath, 13th April, in consequence, he mentions, of some gentlemen having spoke much in my commendation—desiring to know whether I intended quitting the York theatre, and if it would be agreeable he should mention me to you? I wrote an immediate answer addressed to him at Bath, wherein I assured him I should leave York and should esteem it an obligation if (as he proposed) he would mention me to you.

From the nature and politeness of Mr. Garrick's letter I undoubtedly expected some farther information on the subject, as I told him I would acquaint Mr. King, who was then in London, with the contents, who no doubt would enter into no engagement till I had the favour of hearing farther from him.

Now, Sir, as I have waited all this time and have received no answer, and the commencement of the season approaches, I should be greatly obliged to you to be informed whether you have given the matter any consideration, and whether you think my abilities can be of use in the present situation of your engagements?

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your humble servant,

MARY KING.

Mr. King and I are engaged to play here a few nights; therefore a line directed to me at the theatre will come safe to hand.

MR. J. MOODY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Liverpool, Aug. 16th, 1775.

YOUR letter of the 11th inst. did not reach me until this day; so pray, Sir, do not let me labour under the censure of neglect, or ill-manners. I have noted the contents of your letter very heedfully, and I am very unhappy to find, that instead of complying with what I thought a modest request, of a small addition to my little salary, that any character of mine should be given to Mr. Yates, who (you must pardon my vanity when I positively assert) is not a better actor, however fortunate he may be to have a better income. I have gone through every stage of your business with great cheerfulness, since that gentleman meanly left you; and I think it very hard to give him up my honest-earned laurels without a recompense. Indeed, Sir, I feel myself highly honoured, by your so civilly requesting what you can command: and I hope my behaviour and attachment to your interest, since I have had the honour to serve you, will so far prevail on you, as not to insist on my being of your company, at the expense of my happiness.

Shuter is a deplorable object! but I think he gets better notwithstanding his calamity. He is very profligate and wicked; he has been but once on the stage these six weeks.

I hope, Sir, you will not think me troublesome to request your answer, and be assured whatever fate attends me, you shall never want my hearty wishes for your health and long life. I have the honour to be, very truly,

Your very humble servant,

J. MOODY.

I have received Mr. Hopkins's letter, which I hope he will accept this as answer to.

Endorsed,
"A strange letter from Mr. Moody,
Received Aug. 20, 1775."

MR. H. KING TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

SIR, Chester, Aug. 17th 1775.

I FIND by the contents of yours, which I received this morning, that Mrs. King's answer to you has occasioned a mistake, which accounts for our not having the favour of hearing from you before, as I find her having mentioned my being in London inclined you to expect that I should naturally wait on you, or Mr. Garrick, and certainly should have done so, but before the contents of your letter arrived in London, I was on my journey to York, and as you had kindly proposed mentioning Mrs. King to Mr. Garrick, we daily expected to hear farther from you on the subject, especially as Mrs. King had promised to hold herself disengaged till then, and accordingly has done so—but such a length of time elapsing, we began to

fear her letter had miscarried, and that we should appear neglectful of your obliging proposal. Mrs. King therefore addressed a few lines to Mr. Garrick, the day before yours came to hand, acquainting him with the particulars of what had passed, and desired to know his determination. In regard to terms, we must and are willing in some respect to submit that to Mr. Garrick. We are engaged in this theatre till the middle of September, at which time we shall be happy to attend your commands. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your very humble servant, &c.

HENRY KING.

Endorsed,
"Mr. King's letter from Chester about engaging his wife and him, 1775."

MR. H. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chester, Aug. 30th, 1775.

I HAD the favour of your kind letter from Hampton, and agreeable to your request, shall answer you with that frankness and sincerity which ever has and shall be the standard of my conduct. Our wish is to be settled in the capital, and nothing can afford us more satisfaction than to be thought worthy the notice of so great a man as you; our study will be to merit your kindness and friendship, nor will I on any occasion appear unreasonable or impatient. I well know it is in your power to bring Mrs. King into fame, and she is willing to be in all respects guided by you, whom every one allows to be the most capital actor in the world. As to terms, I in a letter to Mr. George Garrick mentioned my desire of leaving them to you; but since you press me to demand, I must. I beg leave to observe, Sir, that the stage requires expensive decorations, when supported with proper dignity; nor can performers of any rank in the theatre reflect a credit on their situation, without some little regard to appearances in private, however frugal and economical their desires may be. We have ever supported some degree of gentility, though always steered exceeding wide from foolish prodigality. Our income in York would have been made three hundred a-year. This in the country, Sir, is considerable, and I cannot but hope you will think me reasonable, if I request for Mrs. King's service, five pounds a week, and according as you find her abilities and utility, shall be willing for the future to submit entirely to your judgment, candour, and friendship. I have by your desire sent a list of Mrs. King's parts, and have marked a few of those she esteems favourite ones.

With respect to myself, my usual way of performing has been in genteel comedy, and some of the coxcomical and smart characters; but if there should be any doubt of my being worthy employment in that way, or should you not be in any want of my assistance, I shall with the utmost cheerfulness resign my pretensions to an engagement; nor shall a declaration of that nature in any degree retard Mrs. King's acceptance of the present or future connection. I have only to say, that in all things we

submit ourselves to your friendship, instructions, and commands. Confirmed in this opinion, I beg leave (with Mrs. King's best respects) to subscribe myself,

Sir, your very humble servant,

HENRY KING.

P. S. I must beg your indulgence for a few days longer than you mention. The principal motive of our engagement here was to play the assize and race weeks, which do not conclude till Saturday the 16th of September. Our benefits are the chief reward. They cannot come on till Monday the 18th, and Wednesday the 20th September. I must therefore entreat your leave till that time, and on the Thursday will infallibly set out for London with the utmost expedition.

*Lady Townley
*Lady Betty Modish
*Clarinda,—"Suspicious Husband"
*Belinda,—"All in the Wrong"
*Araminta
*Lady Brampton
Millamant
*Widow Belmour
*Mrs. Sullen
Mrs. Harley
Charlotte,—in "The Refusal"
Miss Montague
*Rossetta,—in "The Foundling"
*Violante
Miranda
Lady Sadlife
Indiana and Phillis
Oriana and Bisarre
*Beatrice
Miss Rusport

Miss Walsingham
Miss Hardcastle
Miss Sterling
Ann Lovely
Estifania
Amanda
Miss Aubrey
Chances, 2nd Const.
*Sylvia,—"Recruiting Officer"
*Portia,—"Merchant of Venice"
*Rosalind
Hippolita
*Grecian Daughter
*Hermione
*Mandane,—in "Cyrus"
*Horatia,—"Roman Father"
*Zaphira
*Arpasia
Cleopatra
*Lady Macbeth

Sethona
Isabella
Jane Shore and Alicia
*Monimia
*Juliet
Desdemona
*Athenais
*Belvidera
*Calista
*Rutland
Almeria
Rosamond
Imogen
Imoinda
Mary Queen of Scots
Emmeline
Eleanora
Matilda
Statira.

These, Sir, are the chief of what Mrs. King has performed, but, as I have at present no regular list of her parts, some few may have escaped my recollection. In regard to her first appearance, I could wish to consult your opinion on our arrival, but we think in comedy either Sylvia in "The Recruiting Officer," or Lady Townley —but I could wish your opinion and advice.

MRS. C. LENNOX TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Aug. 20th, 1775.

WHEN your letter was left for me, I was confined to my bed by a fever: I am now better, and hope to be able to attend your summons to the Adelphi. Indeed you wrong me, if you suppose I did not take pains. It is true I depended upon your assistance; you permitted me to do so, and I well know how easy it is for you to

make that piece as pleasing as any we have had for a long time. I am not indifferent to theatrical rewards; could I obtain them, they would assist me to bring up my little boy and my girl; but having once failed, when I had to a certain degree pleased myself, and several others, whose judgment I relied on more than my own, I am grown diffident, so diffident that, if I have any genius, I dare not trust it. A little success would embolden me, and this success I hope to owe to you: and I shall be always ready to acknowledge to others, with the same sincerity that I do now to you, that if from this piece I should have any share either of reputation or profit, it will be entirely your gift. I am, Sir, your much obliged servant,

CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

Endorsed,
" Mrs. Lennox about the play.

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

Aug. 21st, 1775.

DR. ARNE presents his best respects to Mr. Garrick, heartily returning thanks for his permission to several of his company to perform in the intended new comedy at the Opera-House, for the Doctor's advantage. He is unluckily, and indeed ungenteelly cut out of, at least, a clear 100*l.* by Mrs. Greville's accepting and promising to perform the principal comic character, and (after keeping it near three weeks when it was too late to substitute another) returning the part with frivolous excuses.

The Doctor knows not whether he is rightly informed; but has heard that Mr. Garrick discharged Mr. Dibdin. If (as he has likewise been told) Mr. Garrick has engaged Mr. Arne* in the other's place, the Doctor can better reconcile *his* being neglected; otherwise should have thought himself at least as capable of the business as any other person, and that his name and credit in the profession would have brought no disgrace on his friendly employer. Cannot help regretting likewise that (though he has ever maintained the most cordial respect and regard to Mr. Garrick for many signal good qualities, as well as for his being incontestably the first genius of this age in all that he professes) any young person's belonging to *him*, though ever so conspicuous for his abilities, is sufficient cause for his rejection.

These unkind prejudices the Doctor can no otherwise account for, than as arising from an irresistible apathy, to which (though painfully) he submits; but will never (notwithstanding) deviate a tittle from that respect, with which he has ever been Mr. Garrick's most obedient servant.

* He means Michael Arne, who was greatly inferior to the Doctor.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. ARNE.

DEAR SIR, Drury-lane Theatre, Aug. 24th, 1775.

I AM very sorry that Mrs. Greville (to whom I gave free leave to assist you) should behave so ill to you, and more so, that your loss will be so great by her ill-behaviour.

The managers of Drury-lane have no intention to employ a constant composer, but to engage with different gentlemen, as business may arise in the theatre.

How can you imagine that I have an irresistible *apathy* to you? I suppose you mean *antipathy*, my dear Doctor, by the construction and general turn of your letter. Be assured, as my nature is very little inclined to apathy, so it is as far from conceiving an antipathy to you or any genius in this or any other country.

You ask me why I will not make use of your pupils?—Shall I tell you fairly? because I have not the opinion of them which you have. I tried Mrs. Bradford, Miss Weller, and I have now Mr. Fawcet: the two first (as I in a most friendly manner foretold) did no credit to you or myself by appearing in a piece which you obstinately insisted upon bringing out, though you knew it would be the means of making a coolness between us. In short, dear Sir, your heart and your genius seem more inclined to the theatre of Covent-Garden than that of Drury-lane; and when I consider the additional music to "King Arthur," and the music to "Elfrida," I trust that I am justified in my opinion.

Whether I am mistaken or not, I have not the least antipathy, I give you my honour I have not, to Doctor Arne; but, on the contrary, if I had a work of consequence, I should wish to employ him, notwithstanding that our theatrical connections have not yet been serviceable to either of us.

I am, dear Sir, your very sincere well-wisher, and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"Dr. Arne's letter and my answer about *apathy*, Aug. 21st, 1775."

MR. W. FALCONER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 21st, 1775.

I THIS morning heard from my brother, in which after making his best acknowledgments to you, he requests you to recollect that you thought it better to wait awhile, until the last volume of Mr. Pennant's "Tour," which I believe contains only drawings, should be published, that it may be seen which of my brother's are there engraved, as he lent the drawings to Mr. Pennant to choose such as he liked to copy and have engraved; but this will not be long, as that book is advertised. My brother likewise observes, that the sketches on the side leaf, which are to explain the manu-

factories, must be engraved as well as the drawings, else the book will be in those parts unintelligible. He cannot likewise at that distance know what drawings it would be proper to retain, and which reject; but that must be determined in part by the descriptions. But this will be easily got over by sending him the MS., which he will return in a few days. If Mr. Becket would enquire when Mr. Pennant's last volume will be published, it might direct the time of this in a great measure, as it might be begun as soon as it was known what plates should be engraved. As to terms, my brother says he will leave that entirely to you, and that he shall not complain at all, provided they are easy enough to the purchaser, and he does not complain. Your brother G. you have, I suppose, seen; he is nearly renovated. The same course of life that restored will preserve his health, but no latitude is allowable beyond it. I have seen another instance of the efficacy of distilled water in your case. I wish you much to try it, as it contains two of the best qualifications of a medicine, being *tuta et jucunda;* I wish I could add *celer;* but I believe we may make no bad substitute even for that, which is *certa.* I have need of many apologies from my brother and myself, but will not repeat them to make this letter more troublesome than is necessary. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful servant,

W. FALCONER.

MR. W. FALCONER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, About Aug. 31st.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours this morning, and am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have had. I wish only you had given me your opinion as to the propriety of the publication, relative to Mr. Pennant's Work; but as you send the proposals of the bookseller, I suppose you do not esteem that to be any objection, which I have sufficiently declared to be my opinion also. I have sent your letter and Mr. Becket's to my brother at Chester. He will, I am sure, be glad to accept of any thing from Mr. Becket, that any moderate person shall fix. He did not, I know, write them with the least view to publication, and therefore I am sure he will not be desirous of more than any indifferent person should think the bookseller ought to divide with the author from the profit on the sale. As a proof of this part of his character, he is now about to publish an edition of "Strabo's Geography," with copious Latin notes of his own, in three volumes folio, at the request of the University of Oxford, from which, except the credit of it, he will never get one shilling advantage, though it has been, and will be, a work of several years. The copy is to belong to the University. But he will write to you on the business of "The Scotch Tour" himself.

Your brother George is as well as I ever saw him, his countenance clear and fat, his appetite good, and every sign of health about him: nay his fingers, which, at his coming here, were nearly useless, are now able to write and handle cards, in which last occupation they have been of late frequently and successfully exercised. He is

set off for Devizes with Mr. Squire, and stays there till Tuesday, when he sets off for town. Poor Mr. Squire has had a monstrous discharge of blood by vomit; we all gave him up for some days, but he is now much better, and gone to Devizes to take a little fresh air.

But, my dear Sir, I must speak freely about your brother's health. He is now well, and may, I believe, with care, so continue—but *facilis descensus.* No course of life can agree with him that is not connected with air and exercise, and that not occasional, or by fits and starts, but regular and constant; you must insist, without being denied, that he rides at least two hours or ten miles every morning, and that early, and that he spend some part of his time in the country. This is the basis of his health. Medicines may assist occasionally, but they will be ineffectual without such foundations.

I am, dear Sir, with great esteem and friendship, yours very faithfully,

W. FALCONER.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Maries, Aug. 27th, 1775.

You are in such an eternal hurry of business and spirits, that I should not wonder (especially as you have *gone under more* than any highwayman in England) if you forgot your own name. You are still blundering about the names of my things: a list of them, perhaps, may set you right, though I will not swear that.

"Love's Revenge" (a printed book) where *Florimel* is introduced. This I do not want again; and if you have lost the copy, which I abridged, I will send another so abridged.

"Phœbe," a whole Pastoral Opera of three acts, an old written copy, in a green and gold coat.

"Love's Artifice," a Mask, from "Don Quixote."

"The Choice of Hercules," a Mask, set by Dr. G.

"The Song of Moses," paraphrased for music.

"The Beggar's Garland," a ballad scene, which I imagine (with an introduction by the beggar grown old, author of "The Beggar's Opera") would be a fine thing for Sadler's Wells. I fancy my friend Mr. Sturges, chaplain to his Majesty, comes out of town Monday or Tuesday, and will call at the Adelphi too soon for your packet; so do not trouble your head about it. I have a letter, by the last post, from Mr. Linley, who will be greatly obliged to me for either of my two (unset) pieces. I should be obliged to you as much if you would forward them *both* to him at Bath, as soon as convenient: "Love's Artifice," from "Don Quixote," and "The Song of Moses," from an old book, not quite so comical. When you talk of introducing *Hercules* into another entertainment, I am sure you are not aware of its taking up three quarters of an hour in the performance. There is a French piece, in a volume of our poor friend Warner's, which I once lent you, called "Les Originaux," where

a governor shows his young pupil a number of *originals* for his contempt and improvement. This Mask, being on a classical Greek foundation, would become this governor's character, to introduce for a *Clincher*, and confirm the young man in his good resolutions. I think this concurs with your thought too much to be neglected; if any thing of that kind should be done. If so, I cannot see how Hercules can be abridged at all, except by speaking the recitative. How could the Duchess* be so *overseen*, as they say, as to enter the *dirty sheets* of a newspaper with such a fellow's wooden leg? She was resolved to have a *new kick*, and he has given it her to the purpose.

Yours ever,

J. H.

MR. G. E. AYSCOUGH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampton Court, Aug. 28th, 1775.

I HAVE got my tragedy transcribed, and I now take the liberty of sending it to you for your perusal. Whatsoever alterations you may think it wants, I will endeavour to make, and should deem myself for ever obliged, if you would favour me with your able assistance, in rendering it fit for the stage. As to the objection you made me acquainted with in your letter, viz: that of your being full for the ensuing winter, it has had no weight with me; as whether it appears this year, the next, or even the year after, is to me a matter of indifference, so as it does but come out at last at *your theatre and under your inspection and direction;* for I am well convinced that every piece comes out with so much greater *éclat*, and so much better chance of success at Drury-lane, that it must be *rejected* and *refused* by you, before I should think of offering it to Covent Garden.

I am at present your near neighbour, being appointed to command the guards at Hampton-court, from this time till the end of next month; and I mean to take the first opportunity of calling to pay my respects to you and Mrs. Garrick, to whom I beg my compliments, and remain,

Dear Sir, your much obliged friend and servant,

G. E. AYSCOUGH.

MR. F. GENTLEMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR,

THOUGH I cannot satisfactorily clear up whether this address is justifiable or not, yet under cover of peculiar circumstances, I venture to approach you. A summer harassed with illness and disappointments, absence from town of my capable friends, and a total inability of exercising my intellectual faculties, have, with the charge of two children, whom I wish to act the paternal part by, thrown me into a state of finance I shall not attempt to describe, lest truth might seem exaggeration. In brief, they have effectually brought me to a stand still. Some amendment of health has enabled

* The Duchess of Kingston's dispute with Foote.—ED.

me to execute a scheme I have long meditated, and am invited for to Eaton and Oxford, which is, dramatic lectures, of a nature different from any yet attempted; liberal, I hope, and useful in their nature: but my externals have so unfavourable an appearance, that I cannot produce myself with any comfort or hope of success. If in such a dilemma, occasioned by no neglect or extravagance, I may be indulged with a temporary assistance of five guineas by Mr. Garrick's feeling consideration, it probably may stop approaching ruin from falling on a heart, which will, upon thorough knowledge, be found very different from what it *really is*.* A heart that will peculiarly study to make every honest and grateful acknowledgment. I submit without multiplying arguments the matter at large, and am, with true respect,

Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

I have, from a circumstance of dangerous sickness where I lodged, been obliged to take refuge at the Black Lion, Little Russell-street.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Gentleman for five guineas."

MR. F. GENTLEMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Aug. 29th, 1775.

FROM experience I may venture to assert that the heart which is not impressed by favours conferred, has least power of verbal acknowledgment. This, I trust, will apologize *at present* for barely mentioning that your very essential and particularly kind, because immediate assistance, reached me according to your benevolent intention. I intrude upon your acceptance a written acknowledgment, which I earnestly hope and probably believe with a former one, I shall be able *legally* to fulfil shortly. Mr. Garrick's good wishes are extremely grateful, and will give additional spirit to my humble endeavours. If my wishes for every enjoyment of good health, &c., can, be of use to Mr. Garrick, they never were nor ever will be wanting from,

Sir, your infinitely obliged and very faithful servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

On demand, I promise to pay David Garrick, Esq., or his order, five pounds five shillings, value received by

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Gentleman's letter and note-of-hand."

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* * * * TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Aug. 31st, 1775.

ACCUSTOMED as you must doubtless be to receiving letters from strangers, animated by all the various motives arising from the expectation of pleasure, from views

* Misery is sacred from criticism. I cannot correct the confusion here; let it plead in the poor man's favour, as I have no doubt it did with Mr. Garrick, who sent the sum wanted immediately.—ED.

of interest, curiosity, and vanity, which severally lead them to aspire at the honour of your acquaintance, I have no apprehension of exciting surprise, by the liberty I now take of addressing you: but what may well appear singular to you, and what I regard as my particular unhappiness, is, that though I even *obtrude* myself upon your time by letter, there are insurmountable obstacles in the way to my ever hoping for the honour of your notice in person.

I will not, however, make apologies, which I hope you abhor as much as I do, nor impertinently keep you in suspense of the reason of my writing.

The innumerable instances on record of the obligations which theatrical authors have acknowledged to the good offices and abilities of Mr. Garrick, have encouraged one, who has no claim to his friendship, to solicit his patronage: for from those who have done most, most will still be expected.

My situation in life is such as totally forbids my ever being known as an author, unless, indeed, I were willing to incur, and to brave the utmost bitterness of a censuring world, which, I confess, my courage is by no means equal to. Nevertheless, for my sins,—

"Some demon whisper'd—Clodio, write a play!"

I listened to him with that peculiar eagerness which we are so apt to feel where our propensities are involved in difficulties. The piece is written. But it has only been read by myself—and consequently, you will easily believe, has not been too rigorously criticised: but I would rather risque even the destruction of my piece, than the discovery of my name.

Thus, then, with all its imperfections on its head, I am reduced to make its *first* inspector the man in the world who ought to be its *last!*

But, previous to sending you my MS. Sir, I should be extremely glad, if it is possible, to be informed if your plan of operations for the ensuing season is already so far arranged as to render my application too late; in which case, I would defer to a future time giving you the trouble to read it.

The piece is in three acts; and should you think it worth hazarding on the stage, I shall be happy to leave it entirely to your own decision whether to have it performed as a short play, or as a long farce, which latter, however, is best suited to its style.

And should you reject it—there is not, perhaps, in the whole world, an author who would *pocket such an* affront with equal quietness.

If you honour this letter with any answer, it will come safe to my hands by being directed to A. B. to be left at the Orange Coffee-house, Haymarket, till called for.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

* * * *

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 3rd, 1775.

I RECEIVED the favour of your reply to my letter, which I could not doubt of, you being never deficient in politeness.

You are certainly in the right to suppose that (if I wrote the word apathy) I meant antipathy. Did I make the blunder, or is it a joke, like Mrs. Cibber's asking you how you could possibly spell King with a Q?

I must beg your permission to assure you that you are greatly mistaken in two points. First, when you imagine that I have the least partiality either in favour of the other theatre or its patentees: next, in saying that the music in "Elfrida" is much superior to the music I composed for you in "King Arthur."

The principal songs, which for air and mastership I have never excelled, have *not* been performed. They were written for the late Mrs. Arne, and fashioned to her sweet voice and glaring abilities. Mr. Arne expected, from the music and her performance of it, that they would be productive of the highest pleasure, that a judicious audience ever received from either of our endeavours, and several eminent masters thought as he did: but when those *coûps de maître* came out of the mouths of persons who could neither sing in time nor tune, nor turn one *jeu de la voix* in them, the result was much the same as if an approved author had written a fine part for——(I was near hurting your delicacy, in nominating a gentleman, with whose acquaintance I am honoured,) and this part through an unfortunate event, should be acted by Jemmy Raftor, or Dagger Marr.

Champness's songs, the chorus in the first scene of Mr. Vernon's "Come if you dare," and several other things that employed my utmost efforts, were laid aside, in favour of Purcell's music, which (though excellent in its kind) was cathedral, and not to the taste of a modern theatrical audience. But never was my surprise greater than when I perceived that a drama so fertile of invention and elegant in poetry, which brought so much to Harry Gifford, and lately in Dublin should (though strongly performed and at a vast expense at Drury-lane) fail in making that impression on the public, which the managers had an undoubted right to expect.

You frankly say that you have not engaged any of my pupils, because you have not the same opinion of them that I have. Be pleased to remember that I did not recommend Miss Weller as an accomplished singer; but as a young girl, with a good person, who would be useful in musical pieces; but whose talents in speaking and acting, might, with your friendly encouragement, in a little time bring so pretty a figure to be a shining object. Had you seen her play Mrs. Cadwallader, in Foote's farce at Covent-Garden, your candour would induce you to think with that company, who all declared that no young actress ever did better.

When I offered you this girl, you wanted an accomplished singer. When I recommended Miss Jameson as such, I was to whistle an angel from Heaven, or you

were full; though you brought out a raw nothing last year, and have taken Mrs. Jewell and a Jewess this season.* I hope you will, as you have kindly done, excuse this frankness in me, and give me leave to add, that I will positively bet a hundred pounds upon Miss Jameson, against any singer you can name in either theatre—I might safely a hundred to one.

I wish you would ponder on the contents—not now, because your cast is rather overloaded—but hereafter, when it may not be so. And now Sir, to the last matter I shall at present trouble you with.

Bickerstaff added songs to the Oracle, and brought it out by the title of "Daphne and Amintor," at Drury-lane, which succeeded very well.

I remember a piece of Mr. Lloyd's, called the "Capricious Lovers," when performed in Clive's time. Every body liked the burletta, but none were pleased with the music—which has induced me to reset it. Now, Sir, if you think it will (with the addition of my new music) fill up a vacancy, till the town fills, the vocal, instrumental, and speaking parts, are ready drawn out: the title may, and should be altered to "The Country Girl at Court," being the original one, viz.:—"La Contadina in Corte," and (for a sixth night) I will attend the getting up of the musical part, and deliver up the composition to your use. If you don't want it, make no ceremony in saying so; for it will be of no small service to *me*, with my catches and glees.

Have I been studying the longitude? Perhaps so; but if I have tired you, it is more than *you* could do by *me*, were you to fill a ream of paper.

This requires no other answer, than just whether you can, with advantage to your undertaking, make use of my new composition or not.

I am, Sir, with due respect, ever your friend and humble servant,

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

MR. JOHNSTON informing me of your desire to receive my demand for the composition of the music in "The Little Gipsy," I beg leave to expatiate a little thereon.

I think a musician, with regard to theatrical employment, under an unfortunate predicament, if comparatively considered with the author of any little piece, for the following reason. They should both have learning, invention, and a perfect knowledge of effects; but an author of a *petite pièce* can instantaneously write down his thoughts, as they arise, whereas, the poor musician, when he has conceived an air, in every respect suitable to the sense, and emphatically expressed every part, has done but half his business; for he has all the instrumental accompaniments to study and write down; insomuch as, that in a composition of ten, twelve, or more different parts, when he has written a whole side of music paper, he has the mortification to

* The Jewess was Miss Abrams.—ED.

have composed but one line; all, except the voice part, being requisite to that one line. And yet an author of a farce will frequently make upwards of 100*l.* by his sixth night, besides 50*l.* by the sale of his copy to the printer; while the poor devil of a crotchet-monger* is thought well paid with 50*l.* for six times the study and labour.

This last observation, though strictly just, is not, in me, productive of a single complaint or grumble; but convictive that I have taken infinite pains to be master of a scurvy profession.

As to my bill, it amounts, at my constant and reasonable rule of charging, but to 45*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* If you should think I have employed extraordinary time and care to make the composition proper and perfect in its kind, you will not overpay me with 50*l.*—But do as you please; I shall be satisfied, and am, with true respect,

Dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

Endorsed,
"Dr. Arne, about bill for 'May Day.'
I gave him the 50*l.* desired."

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS never so conceited of any abilities, as *non cedere majoribus;* but then I ever was above servility, and could not pay a compliment to the opinion of Socrates or Seneca, at the expense of my reason. *Humanum est errare*—therefore the main study of every wise man is to arrive at rectitude, which cannot possibly be accomplished by giving an implicit concession to our first determinations. But shall Arne, a *musician*, have the *hardiesse* to dispute with Garrick, in his *own* way? Yes—if Garrick, not giving himself time to debate on the natural effects arising from their causes, peremptorily gives his *ego dixi* to what does not (to Arne) appear natural. But where Garrick is pleased to exercise his judgment, as in his own parts, by a fair trial of his opinion, pro and con? No, Arne would as soon dispute with Sir Isaac Newton (if living) on his doctrine of colours.

Sed ad propositum.

When Miss Weller rehearsed part of Polly's character in the green-room, I knew it would be in vain to attempt a justification of her manner, at that juncture, and therefore reserved *my* sentiments for this occasion. I shall only particularize the soliloquy.—"Now I'm a wretch indeed"—which, in all the Pollys I ever saw, had no effect on the audience, except when Mrs. Cibber played the character, who spoke

* As far as the treasury of the *theatre* is to pay him, this is true as to the crotchet-monger—but then let us look to the fortune which he *sometimes* catches from any vain or silly, or profligate woman's warbling upon the *stage* a ballad about *nothing*, which every body must run to hear and try to sing.—I will not sully paper with the contemptible *titles* of these annoyances.—ED.

and acted it in the same manner as Miss Weller does; and Mrs. Barry had the same idea of it. Every action should arise from the circumstances that excite it. In *you* this position is glaringly illustrated. Now, in regard to Polly's situation, it is this. She has been soliciting her husband's life with her parents, which (instead of moving their obdurate hearts) has had no other effect, than her father's leaving her mother with a determination to prepare matters at the Old Bailey for his death. Polly, overhearing this, comes on in agony of grief, says—"now I'm a wretch indeed!"—thinks she sees him already in the cart—that she hears vollies of sighs from the windows in Holborn—then abruptly breaks out—"I see him at the tree—the whole circle are in tears—even butchers weep."

Can it be natural that the sight of a beloved husband at the gallows should excite fainter emotions in a doating wife, than arise in butchers exercised in offices of cruelty? Would not an apple-woman, who should see so fine a youth, merely in the cart, naturally clap her hands together, through depth of concern, and exclaim, "Ah, poor soul! God bless him and take him to his mercy!"—perhaps shed tears? Certainly; then Polly's emotion on figuring him at the fatal tree, where the whole circle, through mere humanity, are in tears, can be nothing short of distraction, and any action, short of the force she gave it, must appear trifling, faint, and unfeeling. You are far from having seen the best of her in that character, which appears in her scenes of love, fondness, fears, and strokes of tenderness with Mackheath. But I was not willing to give you too much trouble, and besides, I plainly saw that you could not divest yourself of prepossession; else, how was it possible that a very fine voice both for speaking and singing; action open, easy, and graceful; an unexceptionable person and figure, with a countenance free from the least distortion, could be productive of such faint approbation?

You have often said you regarded me—but (as in the case of Miss Brent) were I to produce an angel, her being ushered by *me* would create coolness and indifference. This observation, which I could more forcibly illustrate, I plainly see has put you out of humour. Give me leave to say, so it has *me*, who am not without my feeling on so mortifying an occasion.

You are possessed both of fortune and merit; the one considerable, the other supreme. I pay you no particular respect, on account of the former; but the highest imaginable on account of the latter. Providence, by placing you in this beneficial situation, meant you as the sun and rain, to cheer and water plants of *genius*. Your own talents, and the just encouragement they have met with, demand (as a debt) those beneficent offices from you. The pay given to three *nothings* would be a suitable reward to a rising, promising genius, whose industry and advancement could never fail of repaying you tenfold in return.

Having faithfully kept my promise to take no material step, without first acquainting you with my design, and therefore given you a fair offer of Miss Weller, I will trouble you with no more letters, or applications on her account; so shall only add, that if you are inclined to encourage and cherish *her*, as you have done by *many*

others, with much lesser talents and requisites, I am desirous, and immediately ready to give you the preference; but if otherwise, (as I have only my *small merit* and *hard labour to subsist on)* let it never be a matter of the least difference between us, that I have acted like a man of honour, and you—overlooked a jewel.

I am, Sir, as I ever was,

Your sincere friend, and most obedient servant,

THO^{S}. AUG^{NE}. ARNE.

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 3rd.

HAVING just received a letter from the ingenious author of the two operas, and "Pennyworth of Wit," under your kind inspection, wherein he begs concealment of his name, till the fate of one or other of his pieces is determined, I thought I could not do better than in transcribing it verbatim, which runs as follows:—

"DEAR DOCTOR—What you lately conveyed to me, as Mr. Garrick's remark on the fable of 'The Rose,' gives me some concern, as I should rather have judged his principal objection to be an article in its favour, and am thereby under the disagreeable predicament of differing in opinion from a gentleman, for whose talents, abstracted from his great performance, I have the utmost veneration.

"I thought the grounding an allegorical fable on popular opinion, which *ab origine* has obtained and drawn the most superstitious conclusions from dreams, an undeniable poetica licentia. If otherwise, many of the best dramatic pieces (particularly of Shakspeare's) must be exploded; and surely it cannot be deemed a demerit in an author to conceal the exposition, or rather the discovery, of his allegory, whether conveyed by riddle or other temporary perplexity, till cleared up in the catastrophe, lest he should be guilty of an Irish blunder, in finishing his piece before it is done.

"If Mr. Garrick will obligingly give himself the trouble attentively to read the other opera, which may be titled, 'The Lost Sheep Found,' or (alluding to the incident of the handkerchief,) 'The Lucky Exchange,' perhaps he may give it the preference, having a greater mixture of comedy, and the fable not being veiled in allegory.

"As to the opinion of Mr. Garrick's friend, relative to the part of Simkin, as bearing a similitude to Squire Richard in 'The Provoked Husband,' or any other character that I know of, I am certain he did not give himself the trouble to compare them; if he had, he would soon have been convinced that it has no other resemblance than what one fool naturally bears to another, in being a subject of ridicule and laughter.

"'The Pennyworth of Wit' was written to indulge my own feelings, which were sensibly struck with the fable; but the two operas were penned with the pro-

spect of being embellished by your music; nor should I have employed myself in that style, had I not some knowledge in the science of harmony, and been flattered by you and my University friends, that I have some talent for lyrics.

"On revisal of 'The Rose,' I find an absolute necessity for transplacing of two scenes, viz. the second scene between Lord Quaintlove, Sir Humphry, and Rattle, must be removed into the second act; and the first scene of Mr. and Mrs. Violet, Clara, and Serina, which is in the second act, must be substituted in its place. This improvement is obvious, as it considerably varies the characters.

"If Mr. Garrick shall be pleased to bring either of these pieces on the stage, notwithstanding the above (I think) rational justification, I will implicitly submit to any alteration, which he, on due reflection, shall think necessary."—(Thus far the poet writes.)

This, Sir, except some compliments, which would be unbecoming to insert, is the sum and substance of my worthy friend's letter, and which I thought necessary to communicate.

Now give me leave to wish that you would consult your assured friend in the musical productions of your theatre, which (waving your own consequence, undeniably the first with the public) might produce the best second dish at the feast.

Though half a ghost myself, I have more honour than the whole ghost in "Hamlet." He was forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house—I tell them not, through principle; but this I *may* say, *in confidence*, you actually want strength for the exhibition of musical performances—and why should you?—Mr. Garrick, (though I wish him immortal,) to the grief of the discerning world, is not so—sickness, pain, mortality, may intervene. Let it not be said, that so great a master of his art is deaf or blind to rising merit.

I tell you *bonâ fide*, that the young woman and young girl (Miss Weller's sister) whom I recommended, are real objects of your notice, as handsome women, complete figures, and promising actresses, abstracted from their utility as singers.

Pray be so obliging as to let me hear from you as soon as you come to town, and be assured that if my skill or connexions are of any value, they shall be exerted to the utmost, in testimony of the respect with which I am,

Dear Sir, your faithful friend, and humble servant,

THO^{S}. AUG^{NS}. ARNE.

MR. WHITEHEAD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Nuneham, Sept. 3rd, 1775.

IT was not in my power to show you my play again before I left London.* I had but just time enough to put it into Dr. Hurd's hands, and to talk it over with

* Was this the tragedy of "Œdipus," which he wrote in conjunction with Mason, and which they did not print?—ED.

him. He is a very favourable judge, and was so much struck with the conduct as to be almost blind to its other imperfections. I mentioned every objection you had made, and some of them we tried to remove, but always found that every alteration hurt the mechanism of the whole, and agreed at last, that it must stand or fall as it is. I have, however, softened some parts a little, and thrown in lines here and there, to make it clearer to the audience at a first hearing.

I shall probably be in town about the middle of October, when you shall see it again. If your objections continue as strong as when you saw it last, I shall be so far from desiring you to take it, that I will by no means let you have it to be a detriment to yourself out of complaisance to me.

My best respects, &c. attend Mrs. Garrick, and I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

W. WHITEHEAD.

P. S. If you should have any occasion to write to me before I see you, a letter enclosed to the Earl of Jersey, Grosvenor Square, will certainly find me.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Whitehead about his new tragedy, 3rd Sept. 1775, answered the 10th do."

MR. WHITEHEAD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Mount-street, Tuesday morning, Sept. 4th, 1775.

I HAVE been constantly engaged with one trifle or other ever since I had the pleasure of your letter. I have endeavoured, however, to melt the two epitaphs into one of eight lines, that you may play the critic in your turn. Characters, in epitaphs, should certainly suit that person only for whom they are designed. I have therefore tried to bring in every circumstance that seemed characteristic, and agreed with the account you gave of him in your letter. I have kept to your thoughts and to your words too. His friends will certainly know every particular which is alluded to; but will the generality of the world, without notes?—that should be considered. I was sorry to find you give so bad an account of your health, and sincerely hope this will find you much better. You have been used to a great deal of activity, and must not rest too fast. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely, &c. &c.

W. WHITEHEAD.

Endorsed,
"W. Whitehead, Esq. about Paul Whitehead's epitaph."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden Place, Sept. 5, 1775.

WE shall begin to pick the hop-garden, at the foot of the Fox-hole bench, next Saturday. It is the glory of the country, and we shall be happy to see you and Mrs.

Garrick, and Mr. Carrington, morning, noon, or night. Breakfast, collation, dinner, and supper. What more could the Duke of Newcastle either promise or give to his friend? Money he might, but nobody gives that, so the bounty of wealth and poverty is exactly equal. Charity you do not want. Welcome and a hospitable reception you shall have. *Carmina non possumus, donare.*

Yours most affectionately,

CAMDEN.

Endorsed,
" Lord Camden, Aug. 1775.
Hop-gathering."

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Twickenham, Sept. 7th, 1775.

WHEN I reflect how extremely rash I have been, and how much reason you have to be disobliged at my conduct, I have very little hope this will have any effect: but though you have refused the mediation of Mr. Rafter, your compassion, I am sure, will be excited, when you read the enclosed, and know I have no resource but going to Ireland, which, though it prove advantageous, must render me miserable, as it separates me from my family, with whom I have ever lived in the most perfect affection. You will have the goodness to remember that this is the first disagreement we ever had in the course of fourteen years, and you will the readier pardon it, when you consider that a little vanity is almost inseparable from our profession, and that I unfortunately listened to its dictates, and have made myself unhappy. You cannot suffer, but the reflection that it was in your power to lessen my uneasiness, will, I think, be an argument with your humanity to forgive an error not proceeding from a bad mind but a foolish one.

As I know no excuse to palliate my wrong conduct, I must rely upon your generosity to *forgive* and *still to be my friend.* I have, Sir, the honour to be

Your most humble servant,

J. POPE.

P. S. It was Mr. Rafter's opinion that you were so determined, I had nothing to hope; in consequence of which, I made an application to Mr. Harris.

Endorsed,
" Letter from Miss Pope, Sept. 7th,
with one enclosed from Mr. Harris to her,
which I returned."

MR. GARRICK TO MISS POPE.

MADAM, Adelphi, Sunday, Sept. 10th, 1775.

I WAS from home upon a visit, or you should have heard from me directly. Your two last letters have given me much uneasiness; I need not say why the first occasioned it, as I had always been not only just and friendly, but fatherly to Miss

Pope. The expressions of *want of affection, turning Swiss, &c.* were as harsh as unexpected. However, I would not precipitately prevent you from recollecting yourself, and therefore I waited more than two months in hopes of your seeing your error and returning cheerfully to your business; and, let me add, (in spite of your frequent incivilities to me,) to your best friend.

My hopes were deceived, and as I could not but imagine you were engaged, I thought it time to prepare for your loss. Many of your parts were disposed of, and sent at the time I mentioned (which was in August) to the different performers, in order to be ready for the opening of the season.

Why I am still more unhappy at the receipt of your last letter is, that from the particulars already mentioned, added to some new engagements I have made, it is not in my power to give you a situation in our theatre for the next season, that can possibly be agreeable to you. I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant and well-wisher,

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"Miss Pope's letter and my answer to it."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. BRERETON.

SIR, Adelphi, Sept. 9th, 1775.

THOUGH I had resolved never to write to you again, yet lest you should add error to error, and plunge yourself deeper into mistakes, which may become a very serious consideration, I shall once more say a word or two, in answer to yours. By your own account, your circumstances are none of the best, and your taking such an expensive journey and voyage to England, to convince me that you have not behaved unkindly and unjustly to me, will be as ineffectual as expensive, unless you could give me a new head to conceive differently, and a new heart not to feel. Your proposition of breaking your article to come to me, at all events, is adding worse to bad, and what I would never consent to, had you all the talents of all the great actors put together. That you may not be misled again by a false light, or deceive yourself with an expectation of what cannot happen, I once more assure you that it will not be in my power to give you the situation you might have had, while I continue manager of the theatre. You may depend upon it that this is the resolution of your once very sincere friend, and not your ill-wisher even now, D. G.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Maries, Sept. 10th, 1775.

I HERE, as you desired, send you "Love's Revenge," hashed and slashed. I suppose not exactly the same with the former, but I think better. Part of the

overture, we agreed, should be left out. That of the second interlude (minuet with French horns) I would certainly retain, as it is so very pleasing and so adapted to the Satyr's appearance. (That gentleman's motions and songs would admit of something in the comic cast.) You may be able to abridge it a little, by leaving out some of the Da Capos. That will be best judged, when you hear it altogether. I think the repetition of the duet in chorus will be a good ending, without the intended grand chorus; and the few lines which I have taken from the songs, and added to the speaker, will be necessary.

See how good wits jump, though one of them cannot walk. I am not sure about the length of Hercules, not having taken the dimensions of his *foot*. Dr. Boyce will inform you better. I cannot well see how that can be abridged except in the music, the story being told too shortly already. For that too you must consult Dr. Boyce.

If you ever shall have any thought of musical things, *quâ* music, there is a most charming little opera of John Hughes's, in his works, of "Calypso and Telemachus;" and there must be good stuff in the composition, as it was set by Galliard, a most genteel and knowing composer (witness my "Early Horn," hacked and yet repeated at this day, though made for Rich, in the Cambridge stage-coach, 1731.)

We old fellows decay in judgment as well as composition. That may be the case with me, who think your "May Verses" are not to be compared with those upon "Grace." But they are your last child, and that is always a favourite. I do not recollect whether I sent you mine—"High Treason upon the High Heads at Dawson's ball, our Master of the Ceremonies."

What think you of a farce to be called "The Hair Dressers?" Methinks they might make a good figure upon the stage. An old aunt highly in the fashion—a good agreeable girl, whose lover continues to get at her in the habit of a hair-dresser. The whole family's confusion at being deceived by their hair-dresser on a great night. The aunt falling in with the lover, and forcing him to dress her head, before he goes to her niece, and he knowing nothing of the matter, and making a *fright* of her. Her real dresser coming, and discovering that he knows nothing—quarrelling as with a rival in the business, and resolving to expose him. This to be laughed over with *Miss* afterwards. Fine nonsense!

Madam desires to be joined in all good wishes to Mrs. Garrick and you.

We must make fine work at Southampton Theatre with "Matilda" and your "Harlequin's Invasion," which was played last night. I suppose Edwin makes fun enough. I hope Franklin got some money by "Matilda." How very simple is his tale there, and how romantic in "The Earl of Warwick." There seems to be some very masterly strokes in Morcar's scenes after the supposed murder; but sure Siward goes too far in his account to Morcar. The same incident repeated in a page or two, of S——'s preventing him and M——'s preventing Matilda from stabbing themselves, seems too inartificial. Adieu! Yours, &c.

J. HOADLY.

REV. E. LLOYD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Vron, 18th Sept. 1775.

IT is high time to know how you do. Your long vacation is nearly over, and "bustle, bustle," will be the word shortly. Your theatrical campaign opens about this time, and I hope you have health enough to support you through all the murders which you are to commit and suffer. I hope no gout has so *podagra'd* you as to occasion your being taken in Mr. Strictland's house; nor *chiragra'd* you so as to let Richmond have the crown, without good hard knocks to follow it. I expect you shortly in the papers, covered with fresh laurels; but where they will stick them, I know not, unless they make a perfect grove of you: then you may laugh at "Birnam wood" on its march to Dunsinane, for you will be quite a match for it. I am not yet fit to be weaned from my good nurses the goats. May I not hope to vie with Romulus, for surely I suck more reputable teats? I will not, however, undertake to make Bala* rival Rome. I have desired a trusty friend in town to send you some Sussex *ortolans* in my name. Whenever they come to table, pray call them a *dish of thanks*—for they are only intended as a small token of the gratitude with which I am, dear Roscius,

Yours most devotedly,

E. LLOYD.

Compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR,

UNTIL the approbation of the public had stamped some value on his performance, the translator of the Basia confesses he had not courage to introduce his favourite author to your acquaintance. For though it be the certain mark of superior parts, like yours, to overlook smaller errors and mistakes, he was yet afraid, lest you should spy out many blemishes, which had not the same excuse of inattention to make them pardonable. But as he is called upon from more than one quarter for a second edition of his work, it would now be as unjust to esteem it of no worth, as it would have been presuming to have thought too highly of it before.

If the age in which we live stood remarkable for that severity of manners which formerly distinguished us from other nations, the translator would find himself without excuse for holding up a picture, where it must be acknowledged that the expression is too warm, and where the colouring is evidently too high and beautiful. But when in consequence of great ease and great prosperity, the reins of prudence begin to hang more remiss,—when knowledge has overleaped the modesty of her own bounds, and above all, when the sweet shrine of Nature is perceived every day to [lament] the seductions of art,—under these circumstances to attempt by any means to revive a flame, at which Love might again light his nuptial torch—and to recall

* The postmark of the letter "Bala," Merionethshire.—ED.

sensations of all others the finest and the best,—this, in the opinion of the translator, is the duty of a good and honest citizen; and he has to hope, not only that the poem itself, so considered, will be judged useful; but in his own endeavours to make it better known, that he shall be thought (a character of all others which he reveres most) the friend and the promoter of virtue.

Formed, my dear Sir, to act the same good part in private life, which you have hitherto done with such wonderful abilities on the stage, you will encourage every attempt, where the end proposed is deserving of encouragement: and it is in this belief, conscious I mean well, that I offer my little book to your perusal. United with your name, it will find an easy admittance into the assemblies of the learned. And should it be esteemed, which I suspect it may, unworthy of such a companion; yet for the very sake of that name—a name to which no polite country is a stranger, and to which every man of real genius is a friend—he is sensible that it will meet with the greater favour and indulgence. I am, &c.

SAM. NOTT.*

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Brighthelmstone, Sept. 19, 1775.

THE very day after I received the favour of your letter, I set out for this place: Mrs. Nott's ill state of health made the journey necessary; and I had the less objection to what I thought would be a scene of quiet and retirement, as I might then have better leisure to examine into my abilities, and to find whether my imagination had played me fair, when I supposed The Pilgrim capable of many good and pleasing alterations. With this idea, I carried my papers along with me. But I perceive, however wholesome it may be for the body, that *sea-bathing* is a "whoreson enemy" to the improvement of the mind. Beside that flux of company which is for ever stealing a man from himself, there is a certain degree of idleness creeping over one, not to be resisted. But I break these bonds of sloth on Thursday next, when I intend paying another visit to St. James's.

The folly, the insolence of F——t is beyond endurance. You know I never loved, never admired him. His heart is bad, and his parts are dangerous. It is one of the many things which is to be lamented in these times of universal liberty and confusion, that those very people in whose hands alone the right of punishment is lodged, should want fortitude and resolution enough to exert that right. To be offended, and yet not to show our resentment! to dislike, and yet to countenance! are contradictions hardly to be imagined. And yet, strange as it may appear, this is no fancied character, but a real one. Let genius weep over it in silence.

* The author of an elegant paraphrase of the Basia of Secundus—the work here offered to Mr. Garrick. Perhaps the reverend poet had been excited to his task by the *Baisers* of Dorat. But Secundus had not escaped the notice of Pope, as I see by his letters.—ED.

It is impossible for you to have an enemy amongst my friends, but whether an acquaintance of mine is as just to you as he ought to be, that I will not venture to determine. I suspect him: I have plainly hinted to him my suspicions. And you know not (nor did I ever design you should know it) with what satisfaction I have now and then seized some little opportunity or other to render his attempts contemptible, and his wishes fruitless. Were I in humour enough with him to say any thing in his defence, I would entreat you to look for his perverse conduct in his head, rather than his heart: a Bristol stone to some eyes has just the same lustre as a diamond; but I am *not* in humour. If he wore the *poppy-wreath* upon his brow only, in the name of dulness let it hang there undisturbed as its proper ornament; but when he presumes to place it upon * * * * * so that the whole world * * * * * I then have no patience. But come, let us change the subject—that before us is a melancholy one.

I am now going to require a proof of your trust—of your secrecy. May I depend upon both? My heart tells me that I may. Oh, how easily does the heart believe, where it wishes not to be deceived! Well then, do you recollect a book which was put into your hands some months ago? a translation of the Basia of Secundus! It has sold rapidly, and there are now frequent demands for a second edition—that edition is in great forwardness—and having some little knowledge of the author, I believe he thinks of dedicating it to you. What say you? Has he your *leave* for such dedication? I will myself engage that it shall not be a foolish or an improper one. Perhaps you may be told hereafter, that he forbore making this request, till he found what degree of credit the work had; but now—where am I running? Were my particular friend, or were the grave bench of bishops to guess, that I but countenanced so pleasant a work, on how narrow an edge of hope would my future preferment stand! How much more so, then, if—but again I correct myself. Adieu'! Tell me in what degree you mean to comply with our author's wishes, and, believe me, with greater truth than what commonly ends a modern letter, my dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL NOTT.

I wish I was at your elbow, to go along with you and see your alterations at Drury-lane. The papers tell me that your army takes the field on Saturday next, and that your poets, painters, carpenters, with the whole train of auxiliaries, have for a long time been giving "dreadful note of preparation." Every common nightly excursion I shall not attend to; but when the Thane of Cawdor is determined on a pitched battle—then, O then, remember me!

MR. S. REDDISH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday Morning, Sept. 24th, 1775.

It was my intention, at my arrival in town, to have waited upon you myself with the enclosed fifty pounds, in part of the sum which I am indebted to you—but upon consideration I thought it better to adopt the present method. From the success I have met with at Bristol, my payment should have been much larger, had I not thought myself bound by Mr. Lacey's very kind indulgence to clear *all* the arrears due to him upon the share of the Bristol theatre, which I purchased of his father.

I shall wait upon him on Monday morning for that purpose, and meantime have only to request you will be so obliging as to let me have the satisfaction of knowing my servant has delivered this, and that you will, before the hurry of the season begins, give orders to Mr. Evans to make my account *clearly* out, which I have frequently requested of him, but hitherto without effect. And I dare say you will agree with me in opinion, that every man ought certainly to be thoroughly acquainted with his own affairs.

I have paid great attention to the part of Sir John Dorilant, from the moment I received it from Mr. Hopkins. But never once read it through till then. I like the part extremely, and hope to be ready whenever you call on me. But if you will indulge me with a few days more, I am certain I shall do infinitely more credit to you and myself in the execution of it; more especially when I consider how it was *originally* performed.

In the mean time, Sir, I shall be ready to play any other characters I am digested in: and as I find my health, I thank God, quite restored, and my mind at present *happy* and at peace, should both continue undisturbed, I hope to compensate this season for the disappointments of the last.

I found from Mr. George Garrick at Bristol, that the money I left last season for the dividends to my creditors, had, on account of his illness, been neglected. I should esteem it a favour, Sir, if orders were given for its immediate payment to Mr. Burns, in Cecil-street, who was appointed by me to make the dividends—and I hope the produce of my next benefit will nearly close that account.

With respect to the sum I am still indebted to you, Sir, you may depend on its being punctually paid, with my sincere thanks, before the expiration of my article, without giving you the trouble, or me the mortification, of any future stoppages at the office. I have been cruelly injured, and may be so again; but I am resolved to do my part for the future, and leave the rest to fate.

I remain, dear Sir, with great respect and *truth*,

Your most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL REDDISH.

Endorsed,

" Mr. Reddish's penitent letter."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, Sept. 27th, 1775.

I RECEIVED the inclosed ingenious and good letter from Mr. Linley, to which I think you have a good right, as he speaks so handsomely of you, and with real concern for his own situation, which your liberal mind will make allowances for.

I suppose your having Mr. Smith, and perhaps some more of the Covent-Garden folk in your company, determines you to open your house with "The Brothers," which you did not use to act.

I thought to have set out this day for a day or two's visit at Farnham Castle, with my annual companion, Mrs. Ricketts: but the gout yesterday laid hold of my toe, and I am in yarn and wool, and have sent that excuse by the coach to Farnham. This is the second time I have been disappointed this year.

* * * * * * *

Have you had any more thoughts about "Les Originaux?"

I have a very poor weak wife. * * * * Riding before breakfast, with a raw egg in her stomach, gets her no flesh; though she has a better appetite, and few or no returns of her bilious cholic.

I am, dear David, your very affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

Send Linley's letter back again next time you write.

MR. T. LINLEY TO DR. J. HOADLY.

SIR, Bath, Sept. 22nd, 1775.

I AM just returned from Gloucester, where there has been a very fine meeting, and the musical performances gave universal satisfaction. I have, since my return, considered your poems with attention, and, as you have commanded me, I shall communicate my thoughts with freedom on that subject.

The Song of Moses is triumphant and glorious, and, as far as I am capable of judging, you have, in putting it into verse, shown great judgment and genius. But it would be very unbecoming in me to attempt to be particular on this head; therefore I shall speak in general terms, and make such general observations as I can conceive may possibly be against the whole, as a poem, to be set to music: and one of the most consequence is, that the Song of Moses is already set by Handel, (although it is not so denominated,) and makes by much the finest part of his Oratorio of Israel in Egypt. The chorus of "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously," &c., is confessedly one of the greatest, if not the very greatest composition of that kind he ever wrote; and, as I before observed, that part of the Oratorio taken from the Song of Moses, is the most beautiful and sublime. Another general observation I would make is, that the idea of reducing poetry to verse, in order to

make it fit for musical expression, is (especially in great and serious subjects) generally wrong: for it is the imagery and sentiments conveyed by the words that ought to inspire the musician, and not any particular kind of verse, and the variety of rhythm and poetical feet are oftener found in poetical prose, or blank verse, than in verses which rhyme. You will forgive this remark and what follows, and I hope will believe I take such liberties in order to be informed.

It has always appeared to me that good poetry of every kind is regulated by measure, and that there are a much greater variety of feet in every poem of genius than the writers themselves (if I may judge from their describing their lines as divided by trochees, dactyls, &c. &c.) suppose, and where this measure is found perfect in the text (supposing the subject of the poem to be taken from the Bible) it can seldom be altered for the better; for it appears to me, that in all kinds of poetry, wherever the numbers flow without design, their motion is consonant and in harmony with the emotions raised by the imagery; and if that is beautiful, the numbers must be so consequently, notwithstanding the line may contain a fewer or greater number of syllables than the rules of verse demand. Verse appears to me to be in poetry, what air or melody is in music, and is therefore generally necessary for a song; but for the chorusses and recitative, I think it is oftener better for music to be measured prose, or blank verse. Short quantities give the greatest latitude to the musician; and an heroic verse is often unmanageable, as it occasions an odd bar in the musical rhythm, which in general has a bad effect upon the ear, and is not allowed in the composition of instrumental music. I must once more repeat, that I make these observations as general ones, and in hope of being corrected; for I really think there is a great and beautiful variety in the numbers of your poem, and that it is capable of admitting all the powers of musical composition, and I shall from this time make it the subject of my thoughts, and begin to set it: but I cannot promise you to get it ready by the next Lent, as I have engaged to assist my son-in-law Sheridan in composing an opera, which he is to bring out at Covent-Garden this winter. I am a good deal distressed that, from some misunderstanding between him and Mr. Garrick, he is not connected with Drury-lane house; for though I believe they are now on very good terms, yet Sheridan thinks he has been so honourably treated by Mr. Harris, that he ought not to keep any thing he has hitherto written from him. However, I hope Mr. Garrick will not take any thing amiss in my assisting him on this occasion; for it is a matter of absolute necessity that he should endeavour to get money by this means, as he will not be prevailed upon to let his wife sing. Mr. Garrick's extraordinary genius and merit, the noble fortune he deservedly possesses, and the universal sense he must know the world has of his just claim to every attention and respect, I doubt not, has inspired him with that enlarged sentiment, which I think he with particular propriety is entitled to assume, of being the patron and protector of dramatic genius, in what place or shape soever he may find it; and in this opinion I rest satisfied that he would rather promote, than discourage, my assisting Sheridan,

for whose success, nature will not permit me to be indifferent, although, at the same time, I confess the obligations I am under to Mr. Garrick for the notice he has honoured me with, that I am myself connected with his theatre, and profess myself his friend. As I proceed in setting your poems, whenever I have any doubts, I will take the liberty of writing to you. I have reserved for another opportunity, what has and may occur to me on reading Camacho's Wedding, as I will read the story first, as it stands in Don Quixote, which I have not an opportunity of doing at present, and which I have forgot. In the mean time I remain, with the greatest respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LINLEY.

MR. T. LINLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Sept. 28th, 1775.

I OUGHT long since to have acknowledged the receipt of the poems you have been so kind to procure me from Dr. Hoadly, and to have thanked you for so great a favour. But I was that instant setting off for the Gloucester Music Meeting when your letter came, and am but just returned so as to remain in Bath. I will most certainly set them, as soon and in the best manner I am able. The song of "Moses," as far as I am capable of judging, is extremely clever. I think "Camacho's Wedding," as an entertainment for the stage, seems to want a greater variety and contrast amongst the performers. If Sancho could be introduced with a few humorous songs, would it not be enlivened? I shall make both these pieces the immediate object of my attention, and work upon them at what leisure I have, which indeed is usually very little, after the commencement of the Bath season, which is now begun.

There is a circumstance, because relative to myself in the good opinion I wish you should preserve of me, that I must mention, otherwise I know not if I ought: it is, that as often as I am called upon, I have promised to assist Sheridan in compiling, I believe is the properest term, an opera, which, I understand from him, he has engaged to produce at Covent-Garden this winter. I have already set some airs which he has given me, and he intends writing new words to some other tunes of mine. My son has likewise written some tunes for him, and I understand he is to have others from Mr. Jackson, of Exeter. This is a mode of proceeding in regard to his composition, I do not by any means approve of. I think he ought first to have finished his opera with the songs he intends to introduce in it, and have got it entirely new set. No musician can set a song properly unless he understands the character and knows the performer who is to exhibit it. For my part, I shall be very unwilling for either my own name, or my son's, to appear in this business, and it is my present resolution to forbid it; for I have great reason to be diffident of my own abilities and genius, and my son has not had experience in theatrical compositions,

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though I think well of his invention and musical skill. I would not have been concerned in this business at all, but that I know there is an absolute necessity for him to endeavour to get some money by this means, as he will not be prevailed upon to let his wife sing; and indeed at present she is incapable, and nature will not permit me to be indifferent to his success. You are deservedly at that point of fame which few of the great geniuses the world has produced ever arrived at, above the reach of envy, and are the protector of dramatic merit, in what place or shape soever you find it, and I look up to you as the Patron and Director of both theatres, virtually, if not officially. I hope Sheridan has done nothing to forfeit the protection you have hitherto shown him, and that you believe me to be with sincerity, Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LINLEY.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Linley's letter, Oct. 3rd, 1775, answered."

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday, Oct. 1775.

I OWE you many, many thanks, for your very obliging solicitude about my interest, but my obligations have been of long standing, and it is not surprising that, after having yourself been a principal architect in my little fortunes, you should look with a generous satisfaction upon what has been materially the work of your own hands.

"Numa" is mine, and many other signatures are mine also. Your friends are satisfied with my assiduity at least, whatever they may think of my works; and let the writer be never so indifferent in their opinion, they are frequently very flattering to the attachment of the man.

The piece I hinted at, my dear Sir, is not a *petite pièce;* it is a full five act piece, and I flatter myself most egregiously, if you will not find the cub (to use a good-humoured expression of your own upon a former occasion) extremely *lickable.*

Mrs. Kelly presents her best compliments to you; pray make mine to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me ever, with the strictest truth, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and most obliged,

HUGH KELLY.

I like your idea of the Covent-Garden *Riflemen* vastly. I think there is an epigram about Barry and you, when he was at that house, which bids the Drury-lane *Israel* rejoice, for though their foes are headed by a *Goliah*, yet they have a *David* at their head. There was prettiness in the thought, and it was expressed very happily. The *Riflemen* would make a good epigram.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. H. KELLY.

Oct. 16th, 1775.

INDEED, my dear Sir, you have put into my hands a performance of very great hurry, and which cannot possibly be represented with success. I never read more dangerous scenes in all my life. The idea of a fribble officer and a fox-hunting girl (though the last is in another play) is a good one, but there are no circumstances, no comic incidents, to show them off. That of the Widow Keenly's against Well-would, with Dr. Dismal, in my opinion, is very dangerous, though in imitation of Molière. But what is still more disheartening than all the rest is, the want of a spirited interest in the plan; the wheels of the fable are clogged with the dialogue, go heavily on, and become languid and without effect. In short, for both our sakes, I cannot receive this comedy, nor can I propose any alteration that will take away my strong objections to it. These are my sincere sentiments, which I communicate to you with all the freedom of friendship. I am, most truly, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Gough-square, 1775.

I WISH you would have the goodness to favour me with a quarter of an hour's audience, the first time your engagements will admit.

I have something for your consideration which will fill up the place of all the matter you object to, and blend very happily with the rest. Indeed so happily, that I should not despair, before the end of the month, to recover my credit with you, and to give you once more a favourable idea of, dear Sir, Yours most truly,

H. KELLY.

If I do not rob you, be kind enough to send me an order or two for this evening.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, October 20th, 1775.

Do not be frightened when you see my name; for this is not a letter of importunity but of apology. Pardon me for re-agitating the business of the play in my note of yesterday, and believe me, I am not only *satisfied*, but *obliged* by the liberality as well as the friendship which you have manifested on this occasion. I was hurt at disappointing your expectations; therefore wished to recover my credit with you,

and though I shall be uneasy till that is done, you shall undergo no further persecution this winter. Pray be composed, and get well for every body's sake. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and am,

Dear Sir, with the utmost regard, yours ever faithfully,

HUGH KELLY.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday Morning, October.

ON coming home from Drury-lane last night, where I was so highly charmed with your inimitable performance, I wrote a note to Mr. Baldwin, of "The St. James's Chronicle," requesting a corner for an account of "The Chances" this evening.

Sending this morning for Mr. Baldwin's answer, he wrote me the note enclosed, to which you will see my answer, and by both you may form some certain opinion of Mr. B. I purpose writing an account to-day, and sending it for to-morrow, either to "The Morning Chronicle," or to "The Morning Post."

There is a Masquerade, my dear Sir, this evening, and I should be much obliged to you if you would give my servant an order for the nun's dress, worn by Miss Jenny in "The Provoked Husband." Pardon this freedom, and

Believe me ever yours,

HUGH KELLY.

MR. BALDWIN TO MR. H. KELLY.

Thursday Morning.

H. BALDWIN presents his compliments to Mr. Kelly, and will think himself obliged for a short and candid account of "The Chances," under the head of *Theatrical Intelligence.* The want of room obliges him to request it may be short: and he hopes Mr. Kelly will avoid prejudice or gross partiality, though the alteration be the work of a Garrick.

H. B. is sorry he was from home when Mr. Kelly's note came to hand.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. BALDWIN.

SIR, October.

I DID not expect an affront where I proposed a civility. There was no necessity to warn me against gross prejudices against, or gross partiality in favour of, any body. The account I meant to send, I meant should be a candid one, and thought that when I gave Mr. Baldwin's paper a preference to all others, I was at least to be allowed my own manner of writing. I decline therefore the *honour* of a place so *condescend-*

ingly offered me, and beg Mr. Baldwin will remember that if I was capable of literary prostitution, there *might* be still a connexion between him and his

Humble servant,
HUGH KELLY.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Kelly's correspondence with Baldwin,
St. James's Chronicle."

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

INFINITELY happy have I made two clergymen's families by the two orders. FORGET YOU I *never* can; what I owe you is engraven on my heart foolish I am, but ingratitude is not among the number of my vices. The fact however is, that the paper you allude to is not yet published. A torrent of advertisements has prevented it till to-morrow, when I shall send it to you certainly.

I am, dear Sir, everlastingly yours,
HUGH KELLY.

In bed. Oh the curse of bad company!

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Thursday, twelve o'clock.

THE servant has brought me word that Mr. Garrick is very angry at my not attending rehearsal this morning.

I do not believe him. I am sure Mr. Garrick did not expect I could be able to go out this morning, after the labour I have very willingly gone through for three nights past. I am ill to death, and really not able to stand; I cannot, therefore, think that much apology for my staying away is necessary, when the cause is so well known.

I am not perfect in the part in " The Sultan," and have been put out of humour with it by being told that Mr. Andrews talks of the farce at the coffee-houses as the work of Mr. Kelly, which is so far from being a fact, that, I declare to God, Mr. Kelly has never so much as seen it; and the report can only be meant to bring popular prejudice against it. I most sincerely wish that Mr. Andrews's farce was out, and had received that approbation which there can be no doubt of its meriting; he would then perhaps not take the trouble of considering about who was the author of " The Sultan,*" or at least not give it to a gentleman who has never seen a line of it.

I have once more to hope that Mr. Garrick will let it come out after Christmas,

* It was really Bickerstaff's.—ED.

as the present powerful run of "Bon Ton" makes it very hard upon me, in the idea of being constantly upon the stage in two farces, one of which is like something dropped from the clouds, and only made its appearance at the benefits last year, or I should not have interested myself about the other, knowing the impossibility of my attempting that line of business while I am necessarily engaged in so many plays.

I am, Sir, &c.

F. ABINGTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. YATES.

SIR, Sunday, Oct. 29, 1775.

I SHALL beg leave to discuss our theatrical matters with you, in order to prevent their being discussed any where else, which they must be, if our business for the future is to be unsettled and destroyed by our present uncertainty. You left word with Mr. Hopkins that we are to think no more of Mrs. Yates, till she will let us know her pleasure, or words to that effect. Do you and Mrs. Yates imagine that the proprietors will submit to this manner of going on, or that they will pay such a large sum of money for having their business so destroyed, as it was in great part of the last season, and has been wholly this, by waiting for Mrs. Yates's pleasure to perform? She played but thirty times last season, and as she goes on, in the proportion of four times in six weeks, she will play twenty times in this season. Indeed, Mr. Yates, this will not do, and I give you fair notice. We lost greatly by her not playing the first night she was advertised, and to this day no reason could be given for the disappointment, nor did you offer any to my brother, but "that you could not help it, and you did all in your power to oblige her to act." It was observed by many of the audience last night, that she never performed better, and therefore she gives notice that she must not be advertised till *she* pleases. As I was at the theatre, and heard with my own ears that her voice was never clearer, I shall not submit to this very unaccountable and unreasonable behaviour. I passed over your own ill-defended argument about Sterling, and think myself very ill-used in that matter. —But now to something very unaccountable indeed! Mrs. Yates desired to have some comedy parts—you mentioned Araminta, in "The School for Lovers," and Hippolita in "She Would and She Would Not." They were immediately given to her; and then indeed she would not, because she would not be so indelicate as to take them from a performer who only played them because our great ladies would not. Yet she would take Belinda, in "All in the Wrong," though it has long been in the possession of a capital actress. What a contradiction!—But to go on still farther: she that wants to save herself by acting comedy, has refused to perform the Widow Knightly, in "The Discovery," with me, though she did it originally, and it is now revived for the entertainment of her Majesty. To finish this business at once, and that we may be more explicit, it is my greatest pleasure to live in the greatest harmony with my capital performers, and more particularly so with Mr. and Mrs.

Yates. But if they persist to distress us, and Mrs. Yates is resolved to withdraw herself so often, and sometimes without a cause, I shall be obliged to do what I would most wish to avoid. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

A little gout in my right hand obliges me to make use of another's to write the letter.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

Oct. 31st, 1775.

MR. GARRICK presents his best wishes to Mr. Fountain, and is greatly obliged to him for his friendly advice; but it is from the dark hints and insinuations which the slanderer throws out, of matter to be produced, &c. that Mr. G. is resolved, for the peace of mankind, his own credit, and (he hopes) to the confusion of the most abandoned profligate, to have the business thoroughly canvassed in a court of law. Mr. G. defies the malice of the Devil and the Doctor in conjunction.

I forgot to thank you for the mention of the stone remedy. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, we will talk it over. I am well at present, and am promised a radical cure.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Sunday Morning, ten o'clock.

MRS. ABINGTON was surprised at receiving a message from Mr. Garrick last night respecting the part of Araminta, in "The School for Lovers," as she had flattered herself that he understood her reasons for wishing to resign that character; if he does not, she refers him to a note which she wrote to Mr. Bensley on Friday morning.

Mrs. Abington takes leave to acquaint Mr. Garrick that she is very ill, and has been so for some days; though she was not willing to trouble him with an account of her indisposition; nor would she wish to be excused from the business of the theatre when she is at all able to put on her clothes, or walk upon the stage.

She is greatly surprised to see "The Hypocrite" advertised for Wednesday, and begs it may not be continued with *her name* in it, as she certainly cannot play in it on Wednesday; indeed, if she was well enough to perform so long a part as that of Charlotte, Mr. Garrick knows that the play will not bring *half a house*, and it would be very hard that she should be obliged to play to empty benches* merely to gratify Mr. Garrick's present resentment to her. Mrs. Abington told Mr. Garrick that she

* When I remember this lady's excellence, I am ashamed of her perverse dishonest arts. If the play of itself will fill a house, she will act in it; if it will not, she cannot act to *empty benches*: she will add attraction to strength, but always refuse it to weakness. The power of a manager, indeed! what is it to an actress of powerful talent, backed by half the women of fashion in the metropolis?—ED.

would play in any farce after *that* play that might be supposed to have strength enough to help to fill the house; but his answer was, that *he was Manager*. She understands perfectly well his power as a manager; and is very willing to submit to it, when it is not exercised in endeavours to destroy her health, her peace of mind, and her credit with the public.

She is willing to act in any plays that are ready, and can be creditably performed: if the plays are *not ready*, and that Mr. Garrick has no occasion for Mrs. Abington, she repeats the request she made last year, that he will give her up her agreement, and not make "The Morning Post" the vehicle of his resentment.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. SMITH.

SIR, Adelphi, Wednesday morning, Nov. 1st, 1775.

In the middle of the play last night, I received your very extraordinary note. I gave you leave to quit the theatre for a few days, upon your own private business; but I little thought that my management was to be arraigned during that absence by Mr. Smith. I believe he is the first actor that has been pleased to find fault with the acting any plays during the absence of that actor from the business of the theatre. I would have Mr. Smith know, that I am as incapable of doing an unjust thing, as I think myself very ill-used to be called to an account for what the accuser has not the least shadow of right to interfere in. I shall not describe my distresses and troubles, for many days last past, in fixing upon plays. I have waited three and four hours at the playhouse before I could ascertain a single play for the next day. But is an absentee, who may partly be the occasion of those distresses, when he returns to town, instead of seeming obliged for the favour that has been done him, to announce his return with a complaint of the manager? Indeed, these frequent billets of complaint betray an unsatisfied mind; and I am as little able to account for this dissatisfaction, as I find that no art of mine is able to remove it.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

D. G.

THE PROPRIETORS OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday, Nov. 2, 1775.

If it would be agreeable to Mr. Garrick that Drury-lane only should be open to-morrow, and to give Covent-Garden Tuesday next, or to make any arrangement of the kind, now in the time of dearth and sickness, it would be complied with by his

Very humble servants of Covent-Garden Theatre.

Endorsed,

"Note from the Proprietors of Covent-Garden, and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO THE PROPRIETORS OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

GENTLEMEN, Adelphi, Nov. 2, 1775.

I BELIEVE no precedent can be produced of the managers returning to five days a-week, after they had played six; and indeed, though I should be very happy to oblige you, such a measure, at this time, would not only subject us to very injurious suspicions, but it would likewise, as it is a time of dearth and sickness, bring great distresses upon the lower part of our company.*

I am, gentlemen, your well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

My Company has but this moment left me.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, 5th Nov. 1775.

AFTER all, I am told, by a letter received from France, that the Chevalier [D'Eon] proves an Amazon:—Is it true?—and more, which I am glad to hear,—that 15,000 livres per annum are settled upon *him* or *her*. Pray resolve me this question. I have been very ill—am not well, and do not know when I shall be.

Yours ever, &c.

D. GARRICK.

LORD EDGCUMBE TO MR. GARRICK.

Grosvenor-street, Nov. 14th, 1775.

ALAS! my dear Sir, the Standard-bearer lives, and does not mean to die. He is only, as we say in the West, a little out of his parts, or beside himself. Should he care to sell, (as I wish he would, for he has done no duty since I have been at the head of this amiable corps,) or Abraham take him to his bosom, your nephew, as far as depends upon me, shall stand first oars. His figure, you say, is a good one, and none can doubt his morals, when Pembroke answers for them.

I desire my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick: she will hear from Lady E—— to-day; and I hope you will not only hear from her too, but grant her petition.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

EDGCUMBE.

* How immense Garrick's superiority—in wisdom, in charity!

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. YATES.

MADAM, Nov. 16th, 1775.

YOUR letter of yesterday came to me while I was at dinner. Though fatigue in the morning for near six hours made me incapable of every thing after dinner but sleeping in my great chair, I take the first moment of leisure to answer your favour: at the same time, I cannot but lament that our theatrical affairs require so much writing about. You wish to be quit of the part of Almeria, because you say it is *unfit* for you, and that you had given it up by my consent fourteen years ago. I dare not contradict you; and if I was to own the charge, it has nothing to do with the present question. You are pleased to say, it is not *fit* for you. If so, why would you take it again, unsolicited by me? But why is it unfit, if it is the capital part of the play, and always performed by the first actresses? But there is still a stronger reason for urging the necessity of your appearing in that character. At the time of the benefits last year, hearing how much the plays suffer by the performers taking parts for one night only, I put up an order in the green-room, that the manager would expect every performer to do for the house what they should do for the benefits, and for this good reason; why is not the public at large to be as well entertained as the friends of any single actor?—and why are not the proprietors to be profited by the performance of Mrs. Yates in Almeria, as well as Mr. Cautherley? To convince you how injurious this business would be to you, as well as to the proprietors—Mr. Reddish sent word that he only performed Claudio in "Measure for Measure," to oblige Mr. King; and that it would be hard upon him to act such a part again. I sent word that the injury would be to the play, (consequently to Mrs. Yates,) to the public, and to the proprietors; and that I insisted upon his performing the part: he has consented. I hope, therefore, that Mrs. Yates will not be the only one to oppose so reasonable an order of the manager, and make him guilty of an act of injustice. I must therefore entreat her to comply with my request, and to appear in Almeria next Tuesday night; which I intend immediately to advertise, as it was in the papers a few days ago. I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. The forfeit in this case cannot be accepted: the part is not a new one; you voluntarily accepted of it, and performed it *for a benefit.*

MRS. YATES TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, King's Theatre, Nov. 17th.

IT is hard to be governed by laws of which one is ignorant: this is the first time I ever heard of your order in respect to benefits, which will make me a little more

cautious for the future. In respect to Almeria, I think it a part unworthy of a capital actress: the table of forfeits is clearly in my favour, nor can I accept of the character as *mine:* but if my playing it a few nights will oblige you, I am ready to do it. I cannot help concluding with a few lines from your favourite author:—

> " Oh! 'tis excellent
> To have a giant's strength," &c. &c.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. A. YATES.

DR. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 17th,

As you have causelessly dropped the friend, I have sense enough to write at a becoming distance. You will undoubtedly hear, by the freshest advice, the *tête-à-tête* altercation between your brother and me. How could it happen otherwise, when the first salutation I received was, " Dr. Arne—we have considered of the farce, and *protest against it;*" which nearly led me into a mistake; for how could I suppose he meant the farce you had first promised to do, and after the last rehearsal concluded on? But on his warm repetitions, I found that *I* should have protested against the farce that has been so long acting ex-parte managers, and tragedy on the composer's part. I answered—" I am not surprised, it tallies exactly with the treatment I have all along received," (meaning not only on account of the farce, but the discharge of two young women, handsome, perfect figures, and possessed of better talents than most on either stage have set out with:) I scorn to retract my words, and think Mr. G. Garrick will equally scorn to aggravate them. The young women brought three very good houses for the opening of a season, and met with more public applause than I ever heard; and though inexperience, mixed with sensibility, might intimidate Miss Weller so as sometimes to exceed the exact sound, it was so little that the audience were not susceptible of it.

If you had no intention to retain them, one night's performance had surely been sufficient for their condemnation; but they had not then been supplanted by my son's application;—permit me to give you joy of the acquisition. As to singing in tune, by my salvation! not above three in both theatres can do it, though several have had nearly twenty years' experience.

I did not, *as has been done to you more than once,* impose my young pupils on you as finished singers; why then should they have been discharged for what you knew before their appearance, especially after three warm receptions? Your public declaration this morning appeared as meant to complete the many shocks which I and mine have received—it was ineffectual: I shall think myself happy to be mistaken. If you are willing to show a friendship which I shall deem an honour to receive, it will

not be sufficient that you perform the piece; I shall have the presumption to hope that you will further its success; though I fear that the cold breath of the manager, like a wintry blast, has chilled the hearts of his dependents: it is a distemper as catching as the itch. There has yet been but one decent rehearsal, which was in your presence; though, even then, two principals were absent; nor can I expect any better, till the manager will either graciously appear, or at least send his general mandate: and (but for the respect due to the author) I had long since withdrawn the prettiest music, in the light style, that I ever wrote; but I will not, uncompelled, incur the resentment of a gentleman, a man of fortune and a scholar, respected by the first personages in the University of Oxford, by assuring him, from your promise, that his piece will be performed with all possible expedition; then, that it is in rehearsal, and now, by writing him word that "*you protest against it?*"

I had once a sparring of this kind with Mr. Rich; he generously acknowledged that he had not treated me kindly, and the misunderstanding was the cement of our friendship ever after. May this candid explanation prove equally successful! It shall not be my fault if it does not, being ever desirous of proving myself

Your real humble servant,

THO^{S}. AUG^{NE}. ARNE.

Endorsed,
"Dr. Arne's letter and my answers."

MR. GARRICK TO DR. ARNE.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE read your play and rode your horse, and do not approve of either. They both want that particular spirit which alone can give pleasure to the reader and the rider. When the one wants wit, and the other the spur, they jog on very heavily. I must keep the horse, but I have returned you the play. I pretend to some little knowledge of the last; but as I am no jockey, they cannot say that the knowing one is taken in. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. G.

Endorsed,
"Designed for Dr. Arne, who sold me a horse,
a very dull one; and sent me
a comic opera, ditto."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 12th, 1775.

I CLEARED up one of your doubts a few days ago; and let me now beg you will disperse a cloud or two for me. To what Essay on the Theatre does Mr. C. refer at the top of p. 9 of his dedication?—and what does he mean by "except in the case of one unhappy gentleman," in the last paragraph?—and "something more worthy of their approbation, and less dependent upon yours?"

I suppose you are already painting the barriers for "King Richard the Second." Are you aware that Tate altered it under the title of "The Sicilian Usurper?" There are *four lines** in Shakspeare's play, which if spoken will be applied to the present reign. Whether they should be continued or omitted you are the best judge.

Yours sincerely,

G. STEEVENS.

MR. DE LA BERE TO MR. SIDDONS.

SIR, Cheltenham, 13th Dec. 1775.

I HAVE received two or three letters since you were here from the gentlemen of Covent-garden theatre, respecting the proposals to and from Mrs. Siddons for engaging her at that house.

They consider her subsequent engagement to Mr. Garrick as an infringement of the agreement subsisting between them and Drury-lane, and they have no doubt that Mr. Garrick, when he comes to be informed that she was in treaty with them, will refuse to take her, and of this, if she persists in refusing their offers, he will certainly be informed. Their offers are to engage both her and you for the remainder of this season. If at the end of it you do not like to continue with them, you will be at your liberty to engage for the next season at Drury-lane. I have only to recommend it to your consideration, whether you will not, on the footing of the agreement between the two houses, lose the chance of getting into either, and to add that Mr. Blackwell has taken up this affair with great resolution, on the part of Covent-garden, and he says that Mrs. Siddons absolutely promised him to drop all thoughts of connecting herself with Drury-lane.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN DE LA BERE.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. R. JEPHSON.

MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Dec. 18th, 1775.

I took "Vitellia" with me to Hampton, and I not only read it myself to myself, but to some ladies and a gentleman of great taste in theatrical matters. They were ignorant of the author, but agreed that it was not at all calculated for success upon the stage—that it was romantic, and, what was worse, unaffecting. Indeed you will, in my opinion, rue the hour that it is brought upon the stage. Your reputation is, at present, high on our dramatic list, and why you would venture to throw away your

* *Four lines*—I suppose the following, agreeably to the notions then entertained on the subject of America.

Salis. I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament;
The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.—*Act Second.*—ED.

well-earned fame upon an uncertainty, at the best, I cannot conceive. In short, I am so certain of my judgment in the present business, that I cannot consent to your undoing your well-doing in the same theatre.

I beseech you to consult your sincere and knowing friends—call a grand jury of them, and let our friend Tighe be the foreman; and after they have sworn upon our dramatic gospel Shakspeare, let them bring "Vitellia" in a *true bill* if they dare. You have made me unhappy; but, nevertheless, my best and warmest wishes attend you and yours. I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

D. G.

P. S. It is impossible that any thing worthy of you should be resolved or done in this hurry-scurry patch-work way. You adventure too much.

MR. WRIGHTEN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Drury-lane, Dec. 20th, 1775.

FROM the general tenor of your conduct to Mrs. Wrighten and myself, I have not a doubt of your acceding to any proposition, *strictly reasonable*, which might apparently add to our happiness: should the following appear *unreasonable*, a refusal is my sincere desire.

From having some time since furnished my apartments, and other concurring circumstances, I wish to be in possession of one hundred pounds; but as I am conscious people holding property in any of the funds, &c. make an annual advantage of that property, so I by no means desire the loan of so considerable a sum to the *actual prejudice* of the person who should oblige me; especially as it would be two years before it could be totally paid off by the method I propose, viz. two guineas each *full* week, the first payment to commence the beginning of next season, as this season will be nearly taken up in paying the remaining twenty-five pounds, of a note of forty-two, which you favoured me with prior to my leaving London last May.

Should that kindness we have so often experienced actuate you to a compliance with our request, we can only (as we ever must) consider you as our *friend*. Should it be disagreeable, and we in consequence meet with a refusal, we must still esteem you for the favours already conferred; and, as an addition to them, entreat your pardon for the trouble now given you by

Sir, your much obliged and (sincerely) humble servant,

JAMES WRIGHTEN.

Endorsed,
"Wrighten's letter about 100*l*."

MR. J. BLUNDELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 22nd, 1775.

THE reason I did not answer yours before was owing to its being kept in town, as my friends did not know my direction till I had first written to them. You say

I should not have talked of increase of salary and leaving the orchestra, where you placed me with some difficulty,—this I well remember. When I came to your orchestra, there was not one in London (capable of doing your business) that would have played on the terms I did. Had you put me in when I first came from the West Indies (as you promised me I should have that place which was then vacant) you would have done me a friendly favour, but you filled it with a stranger; and had it not been for my friends I must have *starved*, for I depended so much on your word that I divested myself of all other engagements at that time; but when I found I had been deprived of my expectations, I had no other remedy but to seek for bread elsewhere, and was fortunate enough to make friends every day. I laboured hard at the violoncello, and with the kind assistance of my worthy master I got business; and at the time I was improving myself and doing very well, you put me into your orchestra at a less salary than you gave the other person: but as it was not in my power to discharge your bill (though in a fair way for it), I was under the necessity of playing on those terms; for, had I refused, you certainly would have expected your bill to be paid then; and borrowing of money I always detested, though I had many offers (more than that sum) made me by my friends; but I wished to pay it with my own industry, and, thank God, I have at last accomplished it. And now, Sir, I have one more thing to add, which I hope will not intrude too much on your time, and then will take my leave. I long wished to make you acquainted with the losses I sustained by playing at so great a disadvantage in your orchestra, but the fear of incurring your anger made me unhappy. At last I was advised to get some able person, who was well acquainted with the profession, to speak, who could better inform you of my small abilities: I applied to Mr. Barthelemon, who promised me he would take an opportunity of doing it. The man could have no other motive than a desire to serve me; and I think you would have appeared more my friend to have heard him through, without using such words as "*ungrateful fellow*, and you would turn me out immediately for thinking of such a thing as asking for more money; that I was indebted to you a bill when I went to the West Indies, which you expected to be paid." This last speech (whatever you may think) hurt me so much, that I was determined at all events to discharge it as soon as I could, if I distressed myself by it. What must be the feelings of a mind that was ever sensible of the debt, and wished for an opportunity of paying it? But to be told of it in such a manner must make a stranger (to the affair between us) imagine I had no principle of honour. What was I to expect after such a saying? Indeed I must confess, it was treating me different from the manner I always expected to be treated by you. You say your bill is 27*l.* odd; I am fearful of sending the money from the country; and as I am doing well, I shall not be in town these few weeks; therefore you will be so obliging to send the account to my friend, Mr. Howell, in Mary-le-bone-street, who will see it properly discharged, as I am anxious for it to be settled. And now, Sir, I again repeat that my prayers shall ever be offered to the

Almighty for a long continuance of your health, and hope you will still have a good opinion of me, and not think I am wanting of gratitude.

I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. BLUNDELL.

N. B. I never had the least thought of distressing you. Why did you tell me you had already engaged one in my place? Indeed, Sir, it is not in my nature to behave ill, especially to one whom I thought at that time my greatest friend.

Endorsed,

"Blundell's impudent, ungrateful ignorance."

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

Great Queen-street, Dec. 22nd, 1775.

To accomplish your design of settling all stomachs, let us all, my dear Sir, take the same food.

When "The Jubilee" was first produced, splendid as it was, it reaped some additional credit from the capital performers appearing in the procession, (Mr. Barry only excepted, who was excused on account of his infirmities). In the name of God, are we bettered since that time? I fear not.

Fix, my dear Sir, if you please, different characters for us; and let us all, for the credit of the piece and support of the theatre, appear *barefaced;* let this be done, and I shall rejoice in attending an hundred successive play-nights. I am sorry you think it necessary to make one in the Pageant; trebly so when your condescension has not the desired effect. However, the Ladies, worthy creatures! I suppose will continue obstinate; I shall therefore leave them to themselves, and mention the gentlemen only. If you cannot prevail with them all to walk, which I think they ought on this occasion to do, take yourself out of the piece, and let such as you may please to call the upper part of the company, take turn about in wearing the domino, as we may be on the spot, concerned in the play, or what not, to make it agreeable to each other; if not, I must decline accepting any share in the matter. I owe Mr. Garrick, as Mr. Garrick, more perhaps than I shall ever be able to pay; let him, however, as Mr. Garrick, task my power, and I will be contented to be branded with the title of an Ingrate, if I leave an opportunity untried to oblige him; but I consider myself as writing to the Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, (to whom, when he is wholly at leisure and in thorough good humour, I have many things to say,) and to him I declare, I cannot think of appearing in any procession where any male of the company thinks it a disgrace to make one. It may perhaps be said the disorder may be catching, and run down to the lowest ranks of the theatre; not at all unlikely. I think there are but two paths to take in this business—either to make it general, or at once say, the manager has power to draw a line: let some stand above it, and the rest below it; if I should be ranked with the latter, I fancy I shall at least be

able to conduct myself through the affair with decency and good manners; farther I cannot promise. I am the humble servant of the manager,

And Mr. Garrick's ardent well-wisher and much obliged friend,

THOMAS KING.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

SIR, Tuesday, Dec. 26th, 1775.

YOU have proved to me that you have no attachment to me or my affairs. Would your wearing a domino and mask, to take turn about with *me* in walking down the stage, be an injury to your importance? I hope not: it would have been of consequence to "The Jubilee," which is got up at a great expense to support your and other performers' importance, which, without it, has suffered, and may suffer more; but I am now, I must say, fully convinced that our connexion is not rooted in the heart, or in a mutual desire to serve each other. I am, &c.

D. G.

I am this moment come home, and found your letter upon the table. I am likewise in a great hurry, for *I* am obliged to make one at "The Jubilee."

Endorsed,

"Mr. Smith's letter and my answer about "Jubilee."

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 27th, 1775.

I AM extremely unhappy that you put such an interpretation on my desire to be excused attending "The Jubilee." I never have affected importance, and perhaps am as conscious of my want of it as any performer on the stage; yet whilst *any* are exempted from so disagreeable a task as that in question, I hoped I might be entitled to the same indulgence. It is not many years ago, when talking with you on this very subject, I told you it was so painful to me, that rather than submit to it I would forego the advantage of the stage, which, thank God! notwithstanding the Morning Post, I am not quite indebted to for bread. I would do any thing in my power to serve you when my peace was not immediately concerned; here, in spite of my absurdity, it is; but I hope this will not be deemed a proof of my having no attachment to you or your affairs.

It grieves me that you say *our* connexion is not rooted in the *heart*. I have not yet *doubted* your desire to serve me; yet when I consider how little I have been employed in business, that, with your assistance, might have given me some small importance, and how you now wish to employ me in the shadow of a character I never represented, and in which after you (for your importance gives importance) I

cannot fail making a very poor figure, I own it might lead a more suspicious man than myself to fear you had not his interest at heart.

I am, Sir, your very sincere and obedient servant,

W. SMITH.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Smith about 'Jubilee.'"

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. COLMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Dec. 29th, 1775.

As I promised to let you know before I parted with my theatrical property, that you might be the purchaser if you pleased—I must now seriously acquaint you that I shall most certainly part with it. I saw a gentleman yesterday of great property, and who has no objection to the price, viz.: 35,000*l.* for my part. I must desire you to speak out, whether you have any thoughts of succeeding me in Drury-lane, for I must see the party again on Saturday evening to talk over the matter and determine on my part. I beg you will write to me directly, and be explicit, for I must determine, or perhaps lose my market. My disorder increases and distresses me much. My friend Pott is to search for the cause next week. I beg that your letter may be determinate. Once again, many happy years to you. I am, dear Colman,

Most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

I have sent our friend Becket on purpose, as this matter is of great consequence, and I would not trust any other person with it. The party wants to purchase the whole; I must desire you to keep this business a secret for more reasons than one.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Richmond, Dec. 30th, 1775.

THE only day I have dined and slept out since I left London was yesterday, and Becket, I hear, came with your letter the moment I was set out. The last time we talked over your proposed sale, I told you that whenever you were absolutely fixed, and would acquaint me with particulars, of which I am still totally ignorant, I would give you as speedy an answer as you yourself should think reasonable, or indeed possible, in a matter of so much importance. If, however, your letter of Thursday means to offer me the refusal of *only* your share of the property, to that offer I can immediately and most determinately say NO. I would not for worlds again sit on the throne of Brentford with any assessor, except it were yourself. And you may remember I told you so at the time above-mentioned, assigning as my reason, that you were the only man in the kingdom I would suffer to govern me, and I did not know a man in the kingdom who would suffer me to govern him—therefore I can have no other partner. If you are enabled to treat *for the whole*, or

to reserve *your own half*, we must talk farther. But if the gentleman you speak of is ready and willing to buy your part only, and there is no more upon sale, let who will buy for me, and I wish the purchaser a merry Christmas.

Your account of your disorder gives me the greatest concern, and I hope Pott will afford speedy relief; for believe me, my dear Garrick, I love and honour you, and have never, in my most petulant moments, gone beyond the *amantium iræ*. Take care of yourself; your dear good woman will, I know, take care of you. And if Heaven has years of life in store for me, one of the greatest blessings that can attend them, will be to see two valuable persons, whom I so truly love and esteem, continue in a state of comfort and happiness.

Yours, my dear Garrick, yours most affectionately,

G. COLMAN.

Endorsed,

"Colman about buying my share."

MR. C. DIBDIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Richmond, Tuesday Evening, 1775.

I HAVE taken the liberty to send you a piece which has employed my leisure time for these two years past. It has cost me indeed infinite pains, the music especially; and if I am fortunate enough to have your approbation of the design and dialogue, I do not despair of getting reputation by it.

I may properly call it "The Offspring of Gratitude;" for, as my debt in the office is very large, and as my circumstances lately have very much inconvenienced me, I was alarmed lest I should be longer obliged to abuse a generosity, which has laid me under such frequent and unmerited obligations. This motive gave me perseverance to put the finishing stroke to what I have often laid by, as an attempt infinitely beyond my abilities.

Mr. Hopkins informs me, Sir, that Mr. Lacy and you understand I have broken my article: I took the liberty of explaining that matter once before when there was a dispute about a piece of Mr. Cumberland's.

I know, if I considered myself obliged to abide by the letter of my article, that I cannot compose a note of music publicly or privately without your consent in writing. But when I objected to this as hard terms, at the time the article was drawn up, you yourself allowed it to be only matter of form, and gave me every reason to believe it would never be exacted from me. In consequence of this, I have composed several entire new pieces for Ranelagh, for Mr. King, for the Haymarket, &c.; and I must of course imagine, if it has all along been thought unnecessary to get permission for composing new music for these places, that it would have been highly absurd in me to trouble you about a piece where there is not a note of new music. I therefore brought out "The Waterman" without applying to you for your consent, because I thought it would be giving you a trouble there was no occasion for.

With regard to the piece I have now done myself the honour to send you, you will immediately see that the main design is taken from one of Marmontel's Tales.* I will take the liberty of paying my respects to you at Hampton, the beginning of the week, and in the mean time shall take it as a particular favour if you will look over it. A very little time, if I am so happy to find you approve it, will render it fit for representation. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

C. DIBDIN.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Dibdin's letter to me about his breach of articles."

OBSERVATIONS WITH REGARD TO THE MANAGERS OF DRURY-LANE RECEIVING MY PIECE.

I AGREE that it shall be brought out in October, or earlier, as it shall suit their convenience. I also agree to pay eighty guineas for the charges of the benefit night.

C. DIBDIN.

With regard to the fifty pounds draught which they will be so good to accept, it shall be paid out of the profits of my benefit for the piece; or if that should fail, by a stoppage of five pounds per week out of my salary.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR MR. GARRICK, Queen Street, Friday Morning.

TEN thousand thanks for the friendly gratulation in your note, and your apparent solicitude for the success of my night. I hope you believe me incapable of forgetting these or any of the many tokens of regard you have shown me. I purposed calling on you on Wednesday, but I was so fagged with the preceding night's fatigue, that I could not stir in the morning, and at one I had engaged to meet my troops at Islington, whither indeed I went, and afterwards found myself worse for gallanting it in the open air.

Mr. Sheridan Jun. is to be with me at twelve to-day by appointment. Have you beforehand any thing to communicate on the subject? To say the truth, I have no devotion to the deed; and am still rather inclined to be off than on, however willing the parties may be to gratify me. Could I dispose of my public property, without bustle, for its *real* value,† I would not for five thousand pounds be an hireling actor under any man but yourself, who have long been an object of my admira-

* I imagine it to be his comic opera of "The Seraglio." Garrick declined it, and it did nothing to serve Covent-Garden in 1776.—ED.

† Mr. King was proprietor of Sadler's Wells Theatre at this time.

tion and esteem, and will for ever be entitled to the warmest wishes and best services of,

Your devoted,

THOS. KING.

Pray be kind enough, Sir, to present my best and most friendly respects to Mrs Garrick.

Sure there never was such an infernal woman as Mrs. Abington—she has been endeavouring to breed a misunderstanding between Vaughan and me about his farce.

Endorsed,

"Mr. King's letter to me about his benefit."

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen Street, Monday.

MY servant informs me that you told him I put you all in confusion, and that I should have mentioned it to you last night: how could I mention it last night, when I did not know any thing of it myself till after I saw you at the house this morning, and read in the papers that the Pantheon was put off?

I beg you would not keep me in suspense. I cannot in my present circumstances afford to lose 100*l*. My poor family are all in tears on the occasion.

I am, Sir, yours in the greatest anxiety,

T. FRANCKLIN.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen Street, Tuesday Morning.

I RECEIVED your message, and prefer Tuesday to Thursday for my last benefit.

I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

THO. FRANCKLIN.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Wednesday Morning.

UNFORTUNATELY for you, a passage in your letter provokes a reply—I have seen but two plays in the course of this season: one of them was your "Alexander the Pig," when I was afraid the farthing candle would have burnt through the horn of the lantern; the other was "Zara," when I was only sorry that the catastrophe in the fifth act was not in earnest. Covent-Garden I have not entered; for being indebted to Mr. Harris's politeness for a place on the liberty-list, (without the slightest

pretensions of my own to an exemption from paying like other folks,) I should regard myself as having no longer a right to speak freely, and with that privilege the better part of my amusement would be lost. I should however add, that I suppose I owe this honourable exclusion to our friend Mr. Longman; and it is easier for me to stay away from any theatre, than refuse what is meant as an act of kindness by a man I love. You should know, therefore, I can only speak of what I can see without restraint. He who has earned the liberty of a playhouse, has not lost his own; but he who is so circumstanced as to be obliged to accept it as a favour, ties up his opinion, or runs the hazard of being called ungrateful by those whose oppressive civilities he could not avoid. That your new medicine may restore you to the stage and your friends, is one of the sincerest wishes of,

Your affectionate,

G. STEEVENS.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Tuesday Night.

I AM not sorry to be called out to give evidence in favour of old Cibber. The lines about which you inquire* are undoubtedly his own—at least, I can assure you they are not to be found in the most obscure corner of any of Shakspeare's plays, nor in those of any other author that I have read. Cibber was unsuccessful in seriously descriptive poetry, but yet he might have had a lucid interval.

As to King Richard the Second, it is surely the most uninteresting and flattest of all the number. A few splendid passages will not maintain a play on the stage. For my own part, I had rather see any of the parts of King Henry the Fourth. If you revive King Richard, I beg that proper regard may be paid to old *puss in boots*,† who arrives so hastily in the fifth act. Surely Troilus and Cressida would do more, if it were well clipped and doctored. Quin played Thersites with success; and what has once pleased may please again. Your Antony and Cleopatra was a splendid performance; but you were out of love with it because it afforded you few opportunities of showing those sharp turns, and that coachmanship in which you excel all others. Do not you long to hear the roarings of the old lion,‡ over the bleak mountains of the North?

Yours most sincerely,

G. STEEVENS.

* The fine soliloquy upon conscience in Cibber's "Richard the Third," which is, in fact, written *up* to Shakspeare himself. A *lucid* interval indeed!

† The old Duchess of York, who doubts not "to *ride* as fast as her husband" to save her son, and succeeds with Bolingbroke by earnest and very dramatic supplication.

‡ Dr. Johnson, then in Scotland.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, One o'clock.

YOUR letter being sent to me sealed up, prevented my receiving it till this moment; had your commands been sent open, or verbally, they would have reached me in three hours. It is now too late for me to appear as Benedick in the Procession, as I never undertook any thing of the kind, and am totally unacquainted with the business. I would do much to secure your friendship and esteem, but at the same time beg to assure you (and I hope you will not be offended at it) that there cannot be a situation in the world, either on or off the stage, that would be more irksome to me than what you request. You may perhaps think me impertinent in my objecting, as you yourself condescend to do it. You, Sir, are too considerable in every respect to suffer by it; I am not; and as Mr. King is already concerned in the "Jubilee," it can be of very little moment to him. If my feelings are absurd, I hope you will pardon them; but should you insist on my compliance, you will really render my situation miserable. I am, Sir, your much obliged and most sincere humble servant,

W. SMITH.

MR. W. WHITEHEAD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Mount-street, Jan. 5th, 1776.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for your letter: the only motive of mine was that we might end the affair explicitly and amicably. It would have given me very little satisfaction to have brought on a play under your direction, which you trembled for the success of. Your apprehensions would have awakened mine; and the whole time of the getting it up, and the representation, would have been an humiliating scene of anxiety which I should not wish to go through.

My obligations to you will certainly not admit of any coldness on my side, and I hope the regard you so obligingly express for me will still continue.

Whenever you determine to rob the world of your excellencies, I most heartily wish it may be with real pleasure and advantage to yourself.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

W. WHITEHEAD.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Whitehead about his tragedy."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, Jan. 14th, 1776.

I AM told you are very soon to bring out Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman." There are a few things, I think, worth dropping upon paper concerning the play, which I

submit to your consideration, if not too late. Do not slabber over the principal part, as has formerly been done. I hope Mr. King performs Old Morose. Though not the most brilliant, it requires, as your Kitely does, a judicious actor and a good speaker to support it, through so much *action*, or rather *passion, i. e.* suffering. I think, also, that the two knights are enough shamed before the ladies by the confession they make of having tasted the bride's favours. For that, and all other reasons in the world, I would by no means have Epicene acted by a woman. A young *smooth-face* certainly, if you have *one* in the company; the force is entirely lost by its being acted by a woman. *Sex* is so strong in every body's mind, especially of your more vulgar hearers, that it is impossible to be separated.

To resume. *Truewit* is flat, by being overdone with plot and mechanical wit. I would cut out the whole almost of his exploits with the knights to prove them *cowards*, which the audience know before; and, as I said, they are exposed enough to their ladies, and the ladies to the world on their account, by their confession of the bride's favours. What will you do with the two Doctors of law, which is now obsolete, but they make such fun, that I would let them stand, as well as Tom Otter's *bull, bear*, and *horse*. They are all good pictures of *the times*.

I have read the play lately, and with attention; and am astonished at the likeness to Congreve's writings, not only as to plot, but even the brilliancy of wit and conversation. The first act is as witty, as natural, nay, as *easy*, as any modern gentlemen upon the stage. The stiffness of Jonson so much complained of is almost entirely laid aside; and the introduction of the audience to the knowledge of his characters is admirable, and, what is more, natural. I am convinced Jonson was Congreve's great stage-master, and not his own observations on nature. I see a great number of his *characters modernized* in Congreve. *Bobadil* is his Noll Bluff—Lady Haughty and her (Coterie) College is Lady *Wishfort* and her club—*Fast. Brisk*,* is the original of his fops and wits, &c.

Bon Ton, I find, I remember: I think it was acted by *children, and shocked* people to hear such sentiments out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Sir John Trotley's servant, Davy, is too like *Spy*, in "The Rival Candidates." The prologue is too good, and anticipates the piece, which Colman was always against, and so are most of yours. Another theatrical letter—and so *I*, or rather *we*, are your humble cum-dumble-dums.

J. and E. HOADLY.†

* Fastidius Brisk. A character in "Every Man out of his Humour."—ED.

† Perhaps the best specimen of Doctor Hoadly's critical talents. Like Lord Camden, he had discovered the genius of Ben Jonson, and saw that he was perhaps the *only* faithful painter of the manners of his own times. In Ben Jonson you have local society. Shakspeare, to use Ben's own language—

"Was not of an age, but for all time."

[ED.]

THE RIGHT HON. R. RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR DAVID, Mistley, Jan. 17th, 1776.

You do me but justice in thinking that I have, and have long had, a very sincere regard for you: you shall have my plaudit, quit your theatrical life when you please, and my friendship as long as you preserve your natural one.

I do not know, nor you neither, till you have tried it, how you will relish an idle life, who have been always used to a most active one: if your quitting the stage will contribute to your health, that is the first consideration; amusement is the next, and that people do not always find as they grow older, especially those who have been used to much business.

Public applause, in your situation too, is something to part with, because it has been obtained by your own merit. But I have great faith in your's and Mrs. Garrick's judgment and discretion, and therefore shall believe, if you carry this project into execution, you have chose the proper time for doing it.

For my friend, the boroughmonger, if it should fall in my way to be of service to him, I shall have great pleasure in publicly marking the regard I privately profess to have for you.

I hope Pott's searches turned out to both your satisfactions: I have had the gout searching for me in my foot for some days past, but the pain is gone, and has only left weakness and swelling enough behind it to prevent my being a *beau garçon* at the birth-day to-morrow.

I beg my best compliments to Madame Garrick, who am, dear David,

Your very sincere friend and humble servant,

RICHARD RIGBY.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Rigby's most friendly letter
in answer to mine."

MR. GARRICK TO THE REV. MR. SMITH.*

MY DEAR JOSEY, Saturday Evening.

LEST Vaillant should mistake what I desired him to say to you and your better-half, take it, my dear friend, from myself.

If the weather continues fine, we are advised by our workmen to finish our house at once, which will oblige us to open one part of it and retire to London a week before our time. If this scheme is put in execution, we cannot possibly have the pleasure of giving you and Mrs. Smith a bed in the house, but we can give you hearty meals with a heartier welcome, and must put you over to the public-house for your nocturnal incubations.

Pray will you let Mr. Vaillant know that I have signed the papers he left for me, and that if he will call at Hampton to-morrow at breakfast, I will pay him the

* The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Stanmore, Middlesex.—ED.

money? It will not be much out of his way, and I shall be glad to see him. Let me tell you once more with the greatest sincerity, that I am, and ever shall be,

Your zealous friend and well-wisher,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. I write in the midst of company, and have not made myself intelligible.

MEMORANDUM, GARRICK TO SIR W. YOUNG.

Jan. 10th, 1776.

I HAVE ventured to produce "Hamlet," with alterations. It was the most imprudent thing I ever did in all my life; but I had sworn I would not leave the stage till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act. I have brought it forth without the Grave-digger's trick and the fencing-match. The alteration was received with general approbation, beyond my most warm expectations.

I shall play "Lear" next week, and "Macbeth" (perhaps) in the old dresses, with new scenes, the week after that, and then exit Roscius.

I wrote a farce, called "The Irish Widow," in less than a week.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bond-street, Jan. 18th, 1776.

I DID not hear till yesterday that you had been indisposed.

Allow me to make my inquiries for your health in this way; for, believe me, a common inquiry would do injustice to my sincere anxiety on this subject.

For God's sake, remember how short our acquaintance has been, and in justice to me live these fifty years.

Believe me, dear Sir, your sincere and faithful friend,

R. TICKELL.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Ann-street, Jan. 20th, 1776.

THE manner in which the public prints announce your having disposed of your patent, confirmed by what I hear, leaves me no room to doubt but that the theatre has lost its brightest ornament. The moment, therefore, which puts my sincerity beyond the reach of misconstruction conveys to you the grateful acknowledgments of a man, who fairly owes to your judgment a share of the little fame he has

gathered from the drama, and to your friendship many kind and obliging offices, which subsequent misunderstandings cannot obliterate. The Muse may have refinements which the man disclaims: while you continued in the administration of the theatre, I should have continued to have esteemed you without telling you so; now that you have quitted your vocation, I throw off my reserve, and seize the first opportunity of wishing you all possible happiness, and assuring you that I am, with real affection, dear Sir, Your most faithful and obliged servant,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

MR. J. CLUTTERBUCK TO MR. GARRICK.

Jan. 23rd. 1776.

JOY! much joy! to my dear Garrick for having wound up his bottom so wisely. You have made a retreat as glorious as that of Xenophon. (Baldwin, whom I believe you have seen at the Grove Coffee-house, would have written the Greek name Zenophun; because, as he would tell you, it implies being merry and wise); however, I most heartily congratulate you upon the event, and thank you for authenticating the news so much like a true friend. Only let me caution you during the march to beware of ambuscades; for though I see in the list of purchasers four names, yet such is my blindness, I do not perceive one Monsr. Argent-Comptant, whom I should prefer to all the rest; though, I beg Dr. Ford's pardon, perhaps he is the man, and not knowing him may argue myself unknown. I doubly rejoice, because *now* you may have time to pursue that inestimable treasure, health, and provide against that worst of evils, *old age*, which I am become thoroughly acquainted with. The vulgar have in many places a notion, that whenever, after the bite of a mad dog, the hydrophobia appears, the unhappy patient, by virtue of an act of parliament, is to be smothered between two feather beds; and if so, methinks it is pity that the act were not extended to paralytic cases, which generally leave the object in such a condition as makes it cruelty to endeavour at a prolongation of his life. But gadso', I forget I am writing a letter of felicitation, and that therefore the Book of Lamentations ought to be kept shut; yet I must on, and tell you that the severe weather hath embarrassed me with a cough of a long continuance, which mars my sleep and blunts my appetite. My dearest Molly, you may be sure, takes the lead of me in suffering, and the frosty weather almost kills her; however, she partakes in your success, and sends her kindest love to both of you.

We are much nearer to Bath than when at the place I last dated from, yet have not had any communication there since the third instant. Your letter of the 18th, which I did not by reason of the roads receive till yesterday, goes to Sharpe by the same messenger who brings this to the post-house. But whether he, his three daughters, Captain Porklington and his little girl Pop, and Dan. Bayne, with all of whom I dined this day three weeks, be alive or no, is to me quite problematical;

the return of my envoy will, I hope, bring some certainty to your and my dearest Madam's ever obliged and affectionate humble servant,

JAMES CLUTTERBUCK.

Love and wishes of many happy new years attend on ye all.

Endorsed,
" My friend Clutterbuck upon the sale of my patent."

MRS. C. CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 23rd, 1776.

Is it really true, that you have put an end to the glory of Drury-lane theatre? *if it is so*, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness: *I know* what it will be; you cannot yet have an idea of it; *but* if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that *unbounded*, uncommon degree of fame you have received as an actor, and which no other actor ever did receive—nor no other actor ever *can* receive;—I say, if you should still long to be dipping your fingers in their theatrical pudding (now without plums), you will be no Garrick for the Pivy.

In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring every thing you did, and every thing you scribbled,—at this very time, *I, the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you, with your magical hammer in your hand, *endeavouring* to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own—I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done—I have seen your lamb turned into a lion: by this your great labour and pains the public was entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine,—they did not see you pull the wires.

There are people *now* on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is; I have always said this to every body, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud: besides, I thought you did not like me then; but *now* I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.

What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers of the patent! I thought I should have died with laughing when I saw a man-midwife amongst them: I suppose they have taken him in to prevent *miscarriages!* I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan, as I hear every body say he is very sensible;

then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly. Pray give my love to my dear Mrs. Garrick; we all join in that. Your Jemmy is out of his wits with joy and grief; he rejoices at your escape, and cries from wanting to make his own to London; it is dreadful here, but I believe it is much worse there. Pray send me a line to let me know how you do, and how the world goes, for we are rather dull, though my neighbours do pick their way to come and see me. I have since the snow been once out in my carriage; did you not hear me scream?

Now let me say one word about my poor unfortunate friend Miss Pope: I know how much she disobliged you; and if I had been in your place, I believe I should have acted just as you did. But, by this time, I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her late behaviour as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which for that time took her senses from her, and having been tutored by an affected beast, who helped to turn her head; but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend, certainly a good actress, amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman, and very good to her family; and, to my certain knowledge, has the greatest regard for you. Now, my dear Mr. Garrick, I hope it is not yet too late to reinstate her before you quit your affairs there; I beg it, I entreat it; I shall look upon it as the greatest favour you can confer on your

Ever obliged friend,

C. CLIVE.

Endorsed,
" My Pivy, excellent!"*

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 26th, 1776.

" Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor," as Shakspeare says, and I am sure I shall not try to express the same thought in better language.

Since I wrote to you last, I discovered within the case of your catalogue the enclosed testimonies to Mr. Hawkins's having borrowed the book. I have returned them, lest you should want evidence to justify your claim to it whenever it is found. I assure you, the volume in question is invaluable to a literary antiquarian.

Mr. Bryant's book has deprived me of a great part of my rest for these two nights past. The mass of learning which he has wrested to his purpose is truly astonishing; but I hope he will never meddle with Shakspeare; for the man who can prove a dragon to have been no more than an enclosed garden, and a Cyclop only a watch-tower, could with equal ease convert King Lear into a cross old shock-dog, or turn Macbeth into a roll of brimstone. If such a writer, in a future age, should undertake

* It is, in truth, every way excellent. I may be allowed, however, to admire *most* her steady friendship for Miss Pope, whom she thus aided from first to last. That excellent actress was *replaced* in her situation at Drury-lane, and continued there, zealous, useful, respected, and admired, to the close of her labours, on the 26th of May, 1808.—ED.

your history, God knows what he might prove you to have been, or whether he would allow that you ever existed at all. I should not wonder, were he to assert you to have been the very Serpent conquered by Cadmus, and that from your teeth (when they were sown) the present crop of actors was raised; a fact which none of us are likely to support by any concurrent testimonies we may chance to leave behind us. Mr. Bryant's, however, is a most truly respectable performance, both on account of its [learning and its] audacity; and though I cannot consent to forget Polyphemus as a giant, or give up my belief in the Argonautic expedition, he is justly entitled to every commendation that can be bestowed on his undertaking.

Can you wonder that *Tom** should prove your enemy, after you had afforded him so gross a provocation? A proud man, who has a heart averse to honest obligations, will generally hate the person who has had it in his power to serve him. I once lent an intimate friend 500*l.*; the consequence was, that from that instant I lost my friend; a very fit prologue to the loss of half my money, which has happened since.

I beg I may see his letters, for it is not impossible but I may be able to assist your future discoveries. Your favour, which is dated on Friday last, did not reach me till this morning. Your servant never puts your letters into the General Penny Post, but leaves them at some chandler's shop, or other receiving house.

I got the poor girl off at Hicks's Hall on the Saturday before last. Mr. Lucas, the counsel, discovered such an irregularity in Sir John Fielding's proceeding, that she was acquitted without trial, and was above threescore miles distant from this place before night.

If Anti-mendax is Tom D. I hope you will give him a trimming. The first time I am in town, I will have recourse to a file of newspapers for a sight of his performances. I am most truly, your much obliged,

G. STEEVENS.

P. S. I am much obliged to you for your repeated remarks in favour of our late publication; but, to say the truth, the errors of Warburton and Johnson are often more meritorious than such corrections of them as the obscure industry of Mr. Farmer and myself can furnish. Disdaining crutches, they have sometimes had a fall; but it is my duty to remember, that I, for my own part, could not have kept on my legs at all without them.

When do you expect an attack from Lincoln's Inn?

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dublin, Jan. 28, 1776.

As every interested view is at an end between us, from your having relinquished the theatre, what I shall say cannot be deemed flattery, but you will permit me with the rest of your admirers to lament that event exceedingly, and to think with the

* Thomas Davies, the Bookseller.—ED.

lovers of the stage that you have been the father of it, the protector, and have brought it to that perfection in which we now see it, and of which you alone was capable. I am not sorry this was my year of banishment, since it would have given me much greater pain to have been present; and though small was the fault which caused our separation, and severe the penalty, yet believe me you never had a sincerer votary.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. POPE.

MR. T. LINLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Jan. 29th, 1776.

MY heart tells me I ought not to defer acknowledging, and thanking you most sincerely for the friendship you have shown to me and Sheridan, in permitting us to purchase a part of your share in the patent of Drury-lane Theatre.

The loss to be sustained by the public, by your quitting the stage, will be truly felt, but cannot justly be described; no person, I may boldly say, will ever appear after you, but with diminished lustre. You are a centre star of glory on this stage of the world; and that you may long shine a light to us that walk in darkness, and then retire but to "new trick your beams and flame in the forehead of the morning sky" of the next, is the sincere wish and prayer of

Your ever obedient and most devoted humble servant,

THOMAS LINLEY.

I shall be in town in about ten days, and you may depend upon my punctuality in fulfilling my part of the engagement betwixt us. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick and your brother.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Linley's letter to me upon the purchase of my share in Drury-lane."

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Half-past one o'clock, Jan. 29, 1776.

I AM in haste to thank you for your very obliging note: I shall be very happy to see you on Wednesday or Thursday morning between nine and ten o'clock: half-an-hour's conversation with you, as often as you can afford to give me that pleasure, will be as cheering and refreshing to my mind, after the many melancholy and dreary memorials and reports it passes through, as a fall of water, or a grove of trees must be to a caravan passing over the Great Desert to Bussorah. I honour you much for your idea of establishing and securing the fund for your invalids of the stage. I feel with all the world much regret that you must leave it. But that you may leave it with every possible satisfaction, and that your retreat may be as

graceful as all the exits and entrances which you have ever made since you trod it, is my very sincere wish; and I shall be happy to contribute my assistance to the execution of the plan you propose, if, upon farther consideration, we think it can be brought to bear. Lord North will be much inclined to promote whatever you desire to be done. Lady Cooper is much mortified that her festive engagement prevents her from visiting "Sir Anthony" to-night. But if you play either that or any other part, she begs to have a box for Friday night. We join in our best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. Ever yours most faithfully,

GREY COOPER.*

Endorsed,
"Sir Grey Cooper about the Act of Parliament, Jan. 1776."

MR. T. GRIST TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, Norwich, Jan. 29, 1776.

THIS post brought me your kind favour, and permit me, Sir, with a heart full of gratitude, to return you my most sincere thanks for your great and unmerited goodness to me. Every body here is under real concern on having the disagreeable news of your quitting the theatre confirmed. How much more, then, must I feel who thought myself so interested in your continuance in it; but I experienced enough to convince me I shall meet with your protection, as long as I continue to deserve it. Your kind letter, Sir, has encouraged me to solicit your interest with the gentlemen who have purchased your share in my favour; as a situation in Drury-lane house is far more eligible, and would be more satisfactory to me and my friends, than in any part of the kingdom. If by your interest, Sir, I could procure an engagement in Drury-lane on such terms as you think I deserve, it would make me happy. I think, Sir, as I am now at Norwich, it would be best to remain here for this season; as by that means I shall be better studied at my return to town. You will be pleased, good Sir, to consider this matter for me; and if any thing can be done, I humbly hope for the favour of another letter from you when convenient. Mr. Griffiths pays his respects to you, Sir. As my poor wishes are all I have to offer in return for your great goodness to me, it is my sincere and constant prayer that it will please Almighty God to continue you and your good lady in health and happiness for many years to come in this world, and crown you with everlasting felicity in the next. I am, honoured Sir, your most humble

(Though at present sorrowful) servant,

THO. GRIST.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Grist, actor."

* Sir Grey Cooper seems to have been one of the most elegant writers and most accomplished gentlemen of his time. There is a mild, unaffected beauty in the comparison of the great desert with the melancholy and dreary memorials before the treasury, which will strike every reader of taste, and feeling, and memory.—ED.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. HOPKINS.

SIR, Tuesday, three o'clock, January 30th, 1776.

YOU will be pleased to let the manager know that I am ill (though I thank God I have not lost the use of my limbs as he has been pleased to tell the public); but I am too ill to attempt to perform to-morrow night. My friends will take an opportunity of thanking Mr. Garrick for his humanity and civility to me, which you will have the goodness to tell him, and that I am his Most humble servant,

F. ABINGTON.

Endorsed by Hopkins,
" Received this letter ten minutes before 5."

MR. HOPKINS TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Tuesday Night, January 30th, 1776.

I SENT your letter to Mr. Garrick, who ordered me to inform you that he told no more than your servant delivered; and that he will both answer your letter and your friends at a proper time.

As to the part of Lady Fanciful, both Mr. Garrick and myself have been informed that you said you never intended to perform it again.

I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

MR. R. Y. WALSINGHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 1776.

THE receipt of yours has relieved me from a state of great anxiety, for many reasons, and I am much obliged to you for it.

I got a cut in my hand last night, by wrenching a knife from a fellow, who, I believe, was pursuing one of your people; and whilst I was wrapping it up, the door-keeper said he hoped I would intercede with Mr. Garrick, for he was threatened to be turned out, for admitting *me* (emphatically); on which I asked him if he meant me in *particular*, he said *yes*. I own I felt hurt at this to a great degree, which occasioned the trouble I gave you this morning. I am sure the man meant me no offence, for what he said was spoke with *great civility*, and he seemed greatly alarmed at his own situation. It is very possible your brother might have reproved him, but he said Mr. Garrick, which I concluded was you.

I really shall be very *unhappy* if the man is discharged; therefore you will oblige me greatly by forgiving him.

I enclose you a letter I received just now, which, as a well-wisher of his, I am sure will give you pleasure.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and am,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

R. Y. WALSINGHAM.

Excuse haste.

MR. R. Y. WALSINGHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Twelve o'clock, Feb. 1776.

IF you call on me before we have a four o'clock appointment in Portugal-street, I shall not take it friendly, as such I claim and wish to improve your acquaintance; I had an idea of calling last night, but I was apprehensive I might have interrupted you, and declined it.—He was a most ill-looking and determined scoundrel; he attempted drawing it through my hand, but I seized his elbow first and prevented him, and paid him the compliment he intended for me, which my ruffles can testify: in the scuffle I got a cut in my finger, which will be well in a day or two: God knows what mischief he might have done, for the expression of "I will cut his liver out," first drew my attention—the lights were putting out at this time, and in the dark and confusion he got away from me. I will call on you some morning about ten, which I think is your breakfast hour, or perhaps this evening.

I lament your gout, and wish most sincerely you could (for the benefit of your friends) transmit it, and *whatever else* you please, to *whoever else* you please.

Yours very sincerely,

R. Y. WALSINGHAM.

MR. R. Y. WALSINGHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Portugal-street, Feb. 6th, 1776.

I FIND myself under the disagreeable necessity of doing *two* things I should wish to avoid; asking you a *favour*, and making you an *apology*. The first is, that you will be so good as to pardon the stage-door keeper for admitting *me* last night. The next is to assure you, my motive was founded on *friendship*, for, as I saw the riot was greatly extending, I thought the appearance of gentlemen in that part of the house might have prevented mischief, (which I fortunately did;) but when your servant delivered your commands to *me*, I left it as an *intruder*, which I might sooner have discovered, had I not imputed it to your anxiety.

As this requires neither *answer* nor *apology*, I must request you to *destroy* it as *soon* as you have read it; for I am as unwilling to be the topic of theatrical conversation, as I shall be ever to interfere on a similar occasion.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. Y. WALSINGHAM.

MR. W. WOODFALL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, February, 1776.

I HAVE heard from more than one quarter, that you think I have showed something nearer to rancour than necessary impartiality respecting "The Blackamoor," which has given you so much unnecessary trouble. Were it not now well known that you will soon quit the theatre, I should be the last man in the world to attempt an explanation; but I am ever eager to clear up the doubts of the private gentleman as I am resolute in disdaining the least resemblance of submission to the manager. You cannot, Mr. Garrick, but know that, as the printer of the Morning Chronicle, I am the servant of the public—their message carrier—their mouth-piece. As far as concerned myself, (although on that head I should surely stand excused if I were silent,) I was most cold and cautious respecting the piece. The first day after its appearance, I stood aloof, as my friends tell me, to a fault; the second day, I was under the necessity of coming nearer the point, and even then I spoke an unwilling language, although I was forced either to lose my character for impartiality, or to confess that it was obvious the piece was recited before a packed jury. On the Saturday evening, the party of the author did not content themselves with ill-language and hard words, but fell to hard blows. I myself narrowly escaped being murdered, and some persons, as you are by this time doubtless well acquainted, rue to this hour the conflict of that evening. As a person who dares insolently profess himself a kind of self-created guardian of the theatres, it was official in me, not only to notice, but loudly to reprobate, a conduct which was neither consonant with the necessary decorum of a school of morality, nor likely to encrease either the entertainment or the safety of the public. But even here, restrained by my partiality for you, I wrote a half serious and half jesting description of what passed. After that description was sent into the printing-house, I received what appeared last Monday under the title of "Theatrical Intelligence Extraordinary," from a very old and a very valuable correspondent of my paper;—to have refused it admittance where the subject so fairly warranted the manner and matter, would have been at once a personal insult, and a direct violation of my repeatedly boasted impartiality. I gave it place in compliance with the rule of conduct I had long since established as the *etiquette* of the Morning Chronicle, and it was not, by many, the first occasion on which I had sacrificed my private feelings to my professional integrity. What followed afterwards? There was a disturbance at the theatre on Monday evening; I gave an account of it on Tuesday. Did I exaggerate a tittle of what passed? On the contrary—did I not rather take the side of the manager and author? Tuesday brought me loads of letters reprobating you and the author in the severest terms. If I had been rancorously inclined to either, could I not have put you both to daily torture? But was this my conduct? I selected one letter from the many, and rejected all the rest. Perhaps it may be said, the mode of

rejection was severe. I own it; I meant that it should appear so. It was necessary, for the preservation of my own character, that it should not seem as if the rejection arose from partiality—it was clearly incumbent upon me to show no favour; and it was, I presume, for that reason, justifiable to give one cut myself, rather than suffer you to run the gauntlet through a long range of envenomed-whipped scribblers.

That such displeased correspondents were not confined merely to my paper, is evident from my brother's answer to several writers, who took up the subject in the same manner. You are, without doubt, a man of great genius and ability; but, like all other triumphant heroes, you are surrounded with interested flatterers, and serious truth so rarely meets your ear, that it comes with an unwelcome sound. No man admires, no man reveres you more than I do: be it my post, like the person placed behind the victor in a Roman triumph, to cry out "Remember thou art but a man." I love sincerity, and perhaps I sacrifice too much at its shrine. Be that as it may, I shall still speak the honest truth, and, in spite of every opposing cause, shall continue, like the flappers of Laputa, to remind great men of their foibles.

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM WOODFALL.*

Endorsed,
"Mr. Woodfall's two letters to me."

MR. W. WOODFALL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dorset-street, Salisbury-court, Feb. 13th, 1776.

You and I stand nearly on the same ground with regard to hurry and business. I believe you to be much engaged, and I trust you will take it for granted I am not a man of leisure. If I mistake, we are both involved in error; and to a man who thinks me worth his confidence, I will at least endeavour to remove the cloud. I neither did heretofore, nor do now, arraign your conduct respecting "The Blackamoor." Knowing something of the wood and wire-work, I certainly felt the principle (and the justification of the principle) on which you acted; but my experience could not be imparted to my correspondents. I acted against you, not as Mr. Woodfall, who honours and respects you, but as the printer of the Morning Chronicle, who ought to know, to hear, to see—not through his own organs, but those of his correspondents. I have already, clearly, as I conceive, pointed out the line I took myself as a scribbler; there partiality might operate unobserved, and there it had its force. As the conductor of a public paper, a very different mode was necessary to be followed—it was not the object, what Mr. Woodfall would wish to print against his friend Mr. Garrick, but how far the editor of the Morning Chronicle found

* A very sufficient reply to the hint of *subserviency* in Goldsmith's poem of Retaliation. Woodfall had much greater talent than was generally supposed; but he steadily devoted himself to the unparalleled drudgery of the daily press, having written considerably more than any man of his time; and, as a reporter, been at all events the *clear* amber, in which the more splendid characters of the age were enshrined.—ED.

it absolutely necessary to go to save his character for theatrical impartiality—a character, by the by, which is the very basis of the paper.

A man of your perception will surely see that this distinction is by no means sophistical; but that it is proper, that it is warrantable, and, what is more, that it is indispensable. Give me leave to say you were deceived, egregiously deceived, when you heard "The Blackamoor" went off with applause on the Saturday evening, till Roper and his friends grew turbulent.* In defiance of every informant who spoke to you on the subject, in defiance of the whole green-room, I assert, positively assert, that it was much hissed throughout the first act. I was myself in the gallery, and as I make it an invariable rule either to applaud or be silent, I listened attentively, and can rely on the evidences of my senses on the occasion. Again you are wrong in saying there were many cards or letters in Monday's paper, to exasperate the audience against you. There was only *one* letter (beside the "Theatrical Intelligence Extraordinary,") which at all tended to criminate you; and although I solemnly declare I am the author of neither the letter nor the intelligence, I confess that from the face of matters in the theatre, I even now, in a moment of coolness and consideration, think that both were justifiable.

I thank you, most heartily thank you, for the openness and candour with which your letter is written; and in perfect unison of mind I declare, that I am the last man in the world who would, at hap-hazard, print an accusation merely because I knew I had it in my power to wipe it off by a next day's reply. I act, or at least endeavour to act, on a much more liberal principle. I think I see a strong necessity for my appearing to be unbiassed as the Morning Chronicle printer: in conformity to that vision, I frequently (as I said in my last letter) sacrifice my private feelings; but, for God's sake! while I am doing an act of necessary insensibility, do not suppose I am governed by so mean a motive as personal enmity. For what should I be your enemy? I held you at a distance, if I may use the phrase, till I found my endeavours to raise myself on the ground-work of universal but not illiberal censure successful. I have not since even whispered a word of ill-nature. You have lately loaded me with favours; as an ill-return, you certainly merit my resentment; but I flatter myself, such seeds give rise to very different fruit when sown in my soil.

The observation about flattery, with which I ended my last, was perhaps trite; but I know myself to be a downright Jack Roast-beef. I dare swear you have often thought me very rude—be assured, though my manner may be unpleasant, you shall never find me insincere.

Your most obedient servant,

W. WOODFALL.

* "The Blackamoor" was written by Henry Bate, and excited the utmost confusion for four nights. The partisans of the author made a furious attack upon the censurers of the piece, and the theatre was a bear-garden, until Mr. Garrick, coming a second time upon the stage, closed the contention by withdrawing the sable intruder. Bate was conductor of the Morning Post, which alone was sufficient to take away all chance of an impartial sentence.—ED.

From the very little time *I* have to spare, I can easily account for *your* hurry. I therefore desire no answer till we have a *viva voce* explanation.

Endorsed,
" W. Woodfall's letter to me about
'The Blackamoor.'"

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 15th, 1776.

I AM always happy when matters are set right with men of talent and worth—such I esteem the Chevalier D'Eon. I never in thought, word, or deed, meant him the least slight: it would have been impertinent, which I hope I never am. I grieve you had not the Doctor yesterday. I should have written to you before, had I not been troubled with the gout in my hand, and played so last Saturday; this morning I could not meet the excellent Lord Camden for a sore throat, which distresses me upon many accounts this moment. I hope you will be entertained to-night with Aristophanes: he is a genius and ought to be encouraged. He means me no harm, I am sure; and I hope and trust that you and your friends go to support the cause, the cause of wit, humour, and genius; you cannot have a better. I wish him success from my soul.

Yours ever,
D. GARRICK.

Gout, stone, and sore throat! yet I am in spirits.

MISS POPE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Feb. 20th, 1776.

THE last instance of your friendship, wherewith you have honoured me, requires infinitely more gratitude than I have power to say: when the heart is full, words faintly express its meaning; but I do not know whether I have not felt more pleasure at being something established in your good graces, than I do in the prospect of (I trust) a permanent situation in the theatre. That you had entirely discarded me has been a source of the greatest concern; and the renewal of our friendship (if you will permit me to call it so) will never end, I hope, but with our lives; and if I should once more have the happiness of seeing you, you will receive me again as a prodigal daughter.

You have added still more to your kind intention, by desiring me to name what terms I would wish to be reinstated on. Perhaps I am mistaken, and those already determined for me. If so, I shall acquiesce, because it has been your advice; but, on the contrary, if an addition can be obtained to my former income, without any impropriety, you will, I hope, perfect the work you have begun, and say something

more in my favour upon that head.* I am somewhat shy of new acquaintance; and though from the general cast of my temper I may be tolerably happy with my new masters, I had rather not treat with them, but suppose that every thing at Drury remains just where I left it, and you still the director.

Pardon my detaining you so long, but I am made so happy, and in such good spirits, I had quite forgot myself.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

J. Pope.†

I met your old acquaintance Mr. Wilks, and delivered your letter to him: he is coming to England on purpose, I believe, to see you act once more, before you end your theatrical reign.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, Feb. 22, 1776.

As you cannot yet feel yourself *emptied* of any theatrical stuff, I must give you another theatrical letter. I have uncommon curiosity to see this lost sheep of Fielding's.‡ Can it easily be gratified, without a chance of losing it again? Yet, it is not worth the risque. He never composed a single play, that has kept its footing on the stage. His muse was a bunter—he never knew what even a decent woman was. I began to think he never had written such a comedy, any more than Miller had three acts of "Sir Roger de Coverley," as he asserted; or than brother Ben had "The Absent Man," which the whole town believed and expected.

I hear the Poet Laureat has lately offered you a comedy, which you have refused. I suppose, duller as he grows older. I hear it had great merit, but you did not care to hazard it; particularly objecting to a character as unnatural, of a man who marries for love, and afterwards wants to get rid of his wife. I take for granted his management had made it unnatural; for there cannot be a character more in nature nor more frequent. It is seldom that men who marry for love have much more in their eye than the *person* of the lady, which is not foundation strong enough for a very lasting superstructure—or the opposition he meets with commonly from parents, &c. makes him more obstinate and resolved to carry on the siege—or, &c. You will say I write this with no very good grace when I tell you, yesterday (Ashwednesday, poor Ben's birth-day too) we two poor souls had been married forty years, and agreed we would do the same the next morning. And yet I think I married for love, as I never heard of fortune's being concerned in the matter. I hear too that *John Home* has a tragedy for Covent-Garden and Mrs. Barry, which was to wait till next season, to make room

* Her former income had been 8*l.* per week.—Ed.

† We now see the advantage of the Privy's generous patronage of Miss Pope, whom she had encouraged from a child, and who, it has been said, was an excellent pupil of that great actress Catherine Clive.—Ed.

‡ "The Fathers, or the Good-natured Man."

for an excellent comedy—I hope, not "The Man of Reason,*" which, it seems, will be no hindrance. I think the *papers* must play booty; for nothing sure could be worse than they represent it. Wrote by one of the *managers*, I suppose, and so not to be refused. They make amends by the account given of a Mrs. Cowley's comedy of "The Runaway," which has too much the appearance of a *puff*. Give me your assurance *not*, and I will draw in my horns with great pleasure. Who is she?

Now for self. I have been this fortnight past confined to bed and bed-chamber, with ugly spasms of gout and pains of weakness in my loins. Volatile frictions and cordials of that sort have set me up again; and yesterday was the first of my dining below—on *water souchy* (old Nick knows how to spell the Dutch word) and apple dumpling. I grieve that I cannot take my airings: I write now in a storm of wind, hail, snow, and rain; and a monstrous high tide, which is now overflowing my garden. My second self has held it amazingly well till last night, when she had no sleep at all. It seems, I *thawed* first.†

CASE.—DRURY-LANE.

Lincoln's-Inn, March 1st, 1776.

MRS. ABINGTON is engaged as a performer for the season at a salary and a benefit night. Benefits are generally fixed according to the rank of the performer, and that rank is determined by the rate of salary. The highest salary has the first choice of the day, and so on: Mrs. Abington stands in the fourth degree of eminence; Miss Younge, the next.

About a fortnight ago, when the benefits were fixing, Mrs. Abington had the choice of Saturday the 16th of March, or Monday the 18th, for her benefit. She had objections to both: Saturday was Opera-night; Monday degraded her, for she then must give precedence to Miss Younge. After duly weighing these important points, rank and precedence prevailed over interest; *she chose Saturday the 16th*, and Monday was given to Miss Younge. The next day, interest seemed to preponderate, and she rather wished for Monday; but this night being engaged, and not to be had, she gave out that the managers refused to give her any night for a benefit, and she has hitherto declined to advertise or make any preparations for the 16th of March.

The managers are somewhat distressed by this untoward conduct, though they are not concerned in point of interest; but should she not prepare for that night, there will be no performance; the consequence.

They have thought of giving her a notice to the following purport:—

"I am directed by the managers to acquaint you that, conformable to your choice of Saturday the 16th of March for your benefit, that day was immediately allotted, and is kept for the purpose; and you will consequently name your play, that it may be got ready, and other matters prepared in proper time.

* An unsuccessful comedy by Hugh Kelly. † Alas! he *died* on the 16th of the following month.—ED.

"It may be right to inform you that, in consequence of your choice of that day, all others have been settled and fixed for the other subsequent performers, and that there is no other day vacant till Easter."

And if she persists in her stubbornness till a few days before the 16th of March, then to give her notice, that a play will be performed in which she has a part, and which will be appropriated for her benefit. Or, ought the managers to let the house be shut up, and no play be performed? Or, will this conduct of her's be deemed a waiver of her benefit at night?

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

"I think the managers should send a person not interested in the house to inform her, that the managers, observing she has made no preparations for her benefit, are desirous to know whether she intends to take that night or not, as they wish to prevent a disappointment to the town, by giving a play that night if she declines her benefit. This will produce an immediate answer; whereas a notice may keep the managers in suspense. If she declines a benefit that night, the managers may give a play on their own account, without any danger of being responsible to her for the profits. It may be thought candid on the part of the managers to make her an offer of any unappointed night; declaring they do it not from any obligation they conceive themselves under, but to convince her they have no design to take advantage of her refusal to accept of her benefit as a waiver of her right to one, which they apprehend it to be: if she refuses this offer, which is probable, then I think she will have no colour to claim a benefit."

J^A. WALLACE.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Leicester-fields, March 4, 1776.

As it has been for some time my fixed determination to quit the stage at the conclusion of the present season and not return to it again, I thankfully accept your very obliging intention to play for my benefit in May; you will therefore please to dispose of Saturday the 16th inst. in any manner most agreeable to yourself.

I am, Sir, your very much obliged and most humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

"The above is a true copy of the letter, examined word by word, of that worst of bad women Mrs. Abington, to ask my playing for her benefit, and why?"—

Endorsed,

"A copy of Mother Abington's letter about leaving the stage."

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, March 7th, 1776.

AT my return from the country, I found your letter upon my table. I read it with great surprise, and can yet scarce believe that you are in earnest. It would perhaps be as vain as impertinent in me to caution you against being too rash in determining upon so serious a matter. My reasons for quitting the stage are many, and too strong to be withstood; you can have none but will be easily conquered by your inclinations. It will therefore be worth your while to consider seriously; and if you have the least reason to repent of your late determination, the best night for a benefit, which is the last night of acting before the holidays, and which the proprietors have purchased, is at your service. If you are still absolutely resolved to quit the stage for ever, I will certainly in May do for Mrs. Abington what I have done for others who have made the same resolution.

I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"Mrs. Abington's letter, dated March 4th,
and my answer to it, sent by Ralph, 7th do. 1776."

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Leicester-square, April 7th, 1776

UPON reading the paragraph which you were pleased to send me yesterday, two objections immediately started to me. I thought it might carry an air of arfogance, and be liable to expose me to censure, as making myself of too much importance with the public: and next, the style might be thought rather abrupt and impertinent. I wish for nothing more than to retire in peace, without any pretensions to that *éclat* which must necessarily attend *your* retreat.

Mr. Lodge assures me that you were perfectly satisfied with the written declaration I sent you; and that you were so far from requiring any farther condition, as to declare you were ready to play for my benefit, even though my name should not be announced in the bills.

Mr. Lodge waited on you a second time, to acquaint you that I thankfully accepted of your offer to play for me:—and I confidently concluded, from the unfettered generosity of the above declaration, that this business would not be farther embarrassed by advertisements, or any other unnecessary conditions.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

FRANCES ABINGTON.

Endorsed,
"A fal-lal from Mrs. Abington."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LODGE.

SIR, Hampton, Easter Monday, 1776.

IF I am not mistaken, I have received a letter written by you, and signed by Mrs. Abington. Though this a little carries an air of ill-will to correspond with me by her solicitor; yet, as you are a gentleman, I shall rather think she does me a favour than an incivility. Upon my word, I cannot conceive what fetters I have put on my generosity by any advertisement I have sent her; and if you will be pleased to unchain the lady (though she is apt to behave a little unruly to me,) I shall be much obliged to you: indeed, Sir, without a figure, I most sincerely am at a loss to guess her meaning. If she does not choose to advertise as Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive did, pray let us have no more trouble about the matter, but let her please herself; if she has any more to say, or to unsay, about this business, I shall be in town on Wednesday morning, and a note from you shall settle it with me at least.

"Varium et mutabile semper."

Be assured that I am quite satisfied with the declaration she has given me of her quitting the stage, and I am ready to fulfil my part of the agreement on the 7th of May; therefore I hope that it will be impossible for the most refined and active imagination to raise more doubts: though, if they should give me an opportunity of seeing you, I shall certainly be a gainer, for I feel myself at this moment better for your recommendation of Dr. Miersbach. I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I have the gout in my hand, and must send you this scrawl.

MR. BATES AFFIDAVIT.

8th March, 1776.

I HENRY BATE do most solemnly and voluntarily swear, that David Garrick, Esq. never furnished a single article of the matter contained in a letter signed *A Mermaid*, respecting a certain gentleman, in answer to one which that gentleman had written in the London Packet, signed *The Elephant of Drury-lane Theatre*—but on the contrary, that he was so far ignorant of the contents thereof, that he never knew such letter was written, or intended for publication, till it appeared in the Morning Post of Friday, March 1st, 1776.

I also most solemnly swear, that all the passages contained in the said letter respecting money matters, were advanced by me (in imitation of many of the *Elephant's* fictions, which gave rise to them) on mere speculation, without any real information, as I never heard Mr. Garrick say he had given or lent any sums or sum of money to the aforesaid gentleman. And as for that part of the letter which mentions that

gentleman's getting rank in the Navy, through the friendship or interest of Mr. Garrick, I likewise most solemnly swear, I have for years past heard it spoken of by this officer's friends; and therefore I conceive it had been publicly mentioned by the said officer, as a testimony of his gratitude.

And lastly, I solemnly swear, that Mr. Garrick, the first time he saw the author of the letter signed *The Mermaid*, after its appearance in print, expressed great concern and surprise at the publication thereof; wondering how he could have procured some particulars therein mentioned; adding, "the satire must be ill-founded, as he was firmly persuaded the gentleman could not be the author of the letter in the London Packet signed *The Elephant of Drury-lane Theatre*," or words to that effect.

Sworn before me, this eighth day of March, 1766.

T. TRESLOVE.

CAPT. E. THOMPSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Drury-lane Theatre, past nine, Saturday, March, 1776.

FOR such you will ever be to me, in spite of all the mistakes and random hits made in "The Mermaid." I have just seen your brother, who has shown me Mr. Bate's affidavit. There needed no oath to the circumstance, Mr. Bate having declared to me before, on his honour, that they were random shots, and not anecdotes supplied by any person. When a gentleman calls his honour forth on such occasion, I have nothing farther to say. The expression of preferring the Muses to Neptune was the strongest circumstance that alarmed me; for I had so written you in a letter from Scotland: when I mentioned this to Mr. B. he confessed the whimsicality of the hit. I am extremely sorry, on my part, for any pain I may have given you. I never directly accused you of the business; but I confessed myself hurt, alarmed, and stabbed. To the last period of my life I will own my gratitude to you; and if you think upon the matter now as I do, there is *not* a circumstance of my life which will be more grateful to me, than ever acknowledging myself your friend,

And much obliged humble servant,

E. THOMPSON.

Give me leave to mend it: we sent to you by Mr. Bate, that Mr. Crawford and I would wait on you the Tuesday noon. Mr. Crawford was prevented till two, and I enclosed his card with one from myself to Mr. B——; we came to his rooms at two, and he said it was not convenient for you to see us, but he would inform us when it was. I never heard of you farther till this day by your brother. As I have said before, I still repeat—that whatever these crudities produced on my part, in regard to you I am very sorry, and unhappy they should be ever mentioned to give you any uneasiness. I am, &c. E. THOMPSON.

Endorsed,

"The last letter I shall ever (I hope) receive from my good friend Capt. Thompson."

MR. J. DUNNING TO MR. GARRICK.

Lincoln's Inn, Tuesday Morning, 8th March.

MR. DUNNING returns his compliments to Mr. Garrick for his very obliging note.

If he fails to find relief from an experiment he is just making of a long journey, he will give Mr. Garrick a chance of proving himself as skilful in curing the disorders of the body as in those of the mind.

The obstinacy of his patient's complaint is such as, he fears, will not yield to the art of a less extraordinary physician.

MR. E. GIBBON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bentinck-street, March 11th, 1776.

I KNOW not whether I ought to think myself the most obliged to you or to Lord Camden: to him for so flattering an encomium, or to you for so friendly a communication. With regard to the wish which his Lordship so politely expresses of my being made known to him, you must give me leave to say, that if he were still a chancellor or a minister, I might perhaps be inclined to meet his advances with some degree of coldness and reserve; but as he is now reduced to be nothing more than a great man, I shall eagerly embrace the first proper occasion of paying my respects to him, and shall consider the honour of his acquaintance, as the most satisfactory reward of my labour. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

E. GIBBON.*

MR. GARRICK TO CAPT. E. THOMPSON.

SIR, Adelphi, March . . . 1776.

As I never satirized my friend, so I can never forget any unprovoked satire from one I once called my friend. It is impossible that Captain Thompson and I can ever look upon each other but with pain, though for different reasons; and therefore the less we see each other the better. I can never forget the very adverse manner with which you came to the Adelphi with a friend, whose gentleman-like behaviour too I can never forget. You have owned yourself the author of a paper which was published some days before "The Mermaid:" in that paper I am represented by the

* No man supplied one of these complimentary tributes to a powerful mind, with more grace than Edward Gibbon. The same turn of thought, as to Camden's no longer holding office, occurs in the great historian's dedication of his work to Lord North.—ED.

author as consulting about and abetting a design to destroy the force of the Syrens at the other house: I cannot conceive a more severe attack upon me as a man, a manager, and a gentleman.

You are pleased to say that there was something in a letter of yours written to me years ago from Scotland which was mentioned in "The Mermaid!" Can Mr. Thompson imagine that the man whom he has known and tried so long could be guilty of so much baseness as to give up private letters for public ridicule?—Be assured, Sir, that I have as totally forgotten whatever you may have written to me from every part of the world, as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer and his unkindness ever existed, and was once connected with, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

MY LORD, Adelphi, April 2nd, 1776.

I HAVE been wholly engaged for these three days in comforting an almost distracted friend, whose son, a most hopeful youth at Westminster-school, was drowned last Friday.* The distress of the father so affected me that I forgot my duty in not returning your Lordship my most respectful acknowledgments for what you were pleased to say to Mr. Townly. Your great kindness to my nephew, and your confidence in me, demand our warmest expressions of gratitude: but I have more instances in my mind of your Lordship's partiality to me; and my heart feels that in particular which was given this winter so publicly, and which did so much honour to, My Lord, your Lordship's

Most obliged, most humble and obedient servant,

D. G.

Endorsed,
"Copy of a letter to the Lord Bishop of London."†

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Saturday Night, April 13th, 1776.

BECKET brought me your note this morning, with the proposed alternative concerning the benefit. An alternative includes a dilemma. Be not surprised, therefore, at my endeavouring to get rid of it, in the best manner I am able.

In consideration of the very disadvantageous time of the season in which "The

* The son of Mr. Garrick's excellent friend and solicitor, Albany Wallis, Esq.—ED.

† This was the admired Dr. ROBERT LOWTH, whose "Hebrew Prelections" are without a rival among our *academical lectures*. When I say this, I do not forget those of Judge Blackstone, or the chemical elements of Dr. Watson. I yield the palm on their behalf to the fascination of the sublimest poetry, displayed by the most elegant criticism in existence.—ED.

Spleen"* was produced, is it too unreasonable in the author to request, and impossible for you to grant, the aid of your own performance on his night? Without that powerful assistance, stuck in edgeways between the benefits, and overlaid by Ranelagh, Sadlers Wells, the interest of the performers, &c. I see little or no probability of his deriving from his piece half that emolument that he has hitherto reaped from his labours in the service of the theatre.

I will certainly attend you to-morrow evening. In the mean time, "Oh, ponder well! be not severe" With your very faithful and affectionate,

G. COLMAN.

Endorsed,
"A particular letter from Mr. Colman."

MR. T. GRIST TO MR. GARRICK.

MOST HONOURED SIR, Norwich, April 15th, 1776.

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your great goodness? It shall be my constant study to deserve the good opinion you have of me, which I doubt not of ever preserving by a strict adherence to those principles that distinguished the real honest man from the pretender. Sir, your taking notice of me to the Earl of Pembroke is a favour that claims my warmest thanks. I have attempted the character of Iachimo twice, and had the happiness to succeed before a crowded audience. "The Runaway" has been performed here to very good houses with success. Cato I shall play (by desire) for one of the benefits.

I have nothing worthy your attention to communicate at present, therefore conclude with my sincere prayers for your health and felicity, and believe me, Sir,

I am most assuredly your very grateful,
And much obliged humble servant,
THOS. GRIST.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, April 29th, 1776.

LORD and Lady North desire to be placed in the list of subscribers to your friend's book, and Mr. Charles Townshend and your humble servant wish to be of the party. Our conversation to-day at dinner rested on no subject for any time but the delight of seeing you on Saturday night. Lord and Lady North command me to thank you in the most particular manner for that high entertainment, and their appetite is so much increased by it that they wish for a box to laugh with Sir John† *to-morrow night.*

* "The Spleen," or "Islington Spa," not the most successful of Mr. Colman's farces.—ED.

† Sir John Brute.

I observed you on Saturday with the " very comment of my soul ;" every word look, and gesture. My hypercriticism could not discover the least trip or disallowance in any of them, and in my mind you never did so well. You were as Quintilian says of Cicero, in the great cause of Verres, that he excelled himself *non solum in concitatis sed in remissis affectibus*. The last shows the master most. There were two or three passages which you played *con sordina*, which gave great expression and pathos to them.

By the by, did you ever consider seriously and conscientiously that, when you leave the stage, Shakspeare will probably leave it with you ; and it is far from improbable that this just pride of the English nation may relapse into the condition in which he was, when Otway's play of " Caius Marius" was exhibited, in which many whole scenes are taken word for word from " Romeo and Juliet," if I remember right. Reflect on this, or rather do not trouble yourself with such speculations,— you will be remembered as long as there is any taste in this country. My wife is far from well : she hopes to have one more " longing lingering look" of you, and desires a box for any night in which you play in the course of next week. Is it impossible for you to give us " Macbeth ?" I had somewhat of a sort of a ministerial promise* from you, with a gentle squeeze of the hand, and a measured smile of consent, about two months ago.

I am ever yours, most faithfully and affectionately,

GREY COOPER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS HANNAH MORE, OF BRISTOL, TO THE REV. DR. STONEHOUSE.

May, 1776.

" I HAVE at last had the entire satisfaction to see Garrick in ' Hamlet.' I would not wrong him and myself so much, as to tell you what I think of it; it is sufficient that you have seen him : I pity those who have not. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I wonder and admire : whenever he does any thing capital, they are so kind as to get me into the pit, which increases the pleasure tenfold. He has acted almost all his comic characters *for the last time*. I have seen him within these three weeks *take leave* of Benedict, Sir John Brute, Kitely, Abel Drugger, Archer and Leon. It seems to me, on these occasions, as if I was assisting at the funeral obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure. He is quite happy at the prospect of his release."

I AM glad you have kept her to see Hamlet. Had you not in a manner compelled her to stay, such is her fear of intruding, that she would have left London

* A portrait by an able master. Let the ministerial promise be henceforth defined " a gentle squeeze of the hand, and a measured smile of consent."—ED.

without seeing what she had so ardently desired. The day after you have done acting, she will set out, I presume, for Bristol, ever mindful, I am very sure, of your great favours, and ever grateful for them.

Mrs. Stonehouse and my daughter join with me in compliments to Mrs. Garrick; and I am, dear Sir, with very great regard, much yours.

J. STONEHOUSE.

MR. GARRICK TO REV. MR. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, May 8th, 1776.

I SHALL be very happy to meet you at any time or place, and shall expect and have the satisfaction which ever attends the meeting of old friends. The present situation of my affairs—the last hours of my theatrical life, and my preparing for another, not to mention the shifting of so great a property as my patent, scenes, &c. into other hands, will require my attendance in town till the middle of next month, when I shall be glad to fix the *where* and *when* as soon as you please. A Greek play raises indeed my curiosity! but as I deal in raising curiosity myself, and have not yet left off trade, I cannot, till I make my transfer, be absent from the shop one night. I am sorry that you have a fellow-feeling with me, and are troubled with the worst of all disorders—but yours will be easily cured with a proper attention and perseverance; such an old friend and schoolfellow as you are, shall command my best advice and experience. If you will take Adams's Solvent, which is now known to be Perry's, and be a little careful of your food and drink, I will answer for your cure.

I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

Just going to perform Benedict for the last time.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Burlington House, Monday, May 13th, 1776.

THE Duke of Portland presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick. He is much ashamed of having so long delayed his thanks to Mr. Garrick for the very obliging attention he showed him on Thursday last, which Miss Pelham's civility made it unnecessary for him to take advantage of. But if the report of Mr. Garrick's intention to appear in the character of Macbeth should be founded in truth, and that it was to be fulfilled either before Friday next or after Thursday se'nnight (in which interval unavoidable business will occasion the Duke of Portland to be absent in the country,) he should think himself very particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick for indulging him with a box below-stairs; for which he is the more anxious, as he never had the good fortune to see Mr. Garrick in that wonderful effort of human genius.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR J. CALDWELL.

SIR, Adelphi, May 14th, 1776.

HAVING been in the country for a few days, your letter was sent after me, and upon my returning to town a day sooner than my servant expected, I did not receive the great honour you have done me till the day before yesterday. I really want words to thank you for the kind and hospitable invitation you have made me, and most sincerely wish that it may be in my power, as it is in my heart, to show my gratitude for your favours. It has been long my wish to visit a kingdom where I was honoured with every mark of regard and kindness. As I have not left Mrs. Garrick one day since we were married, near twenty-eight years, I cannot now leave her; and she is so sick and distressed by the sea, that I have not had the resolution to follow my inclinations on account of her fears.

Our poor friend Wallis has been most miserable indeed, and has imparted his distress to all his friends. I have felt more on his account than I ever did in my life. He is rather better, but still in a very melancholy way. I hope some few jaunts into the country and taking him from the sight of the Thames, which was the cause of his misery, will reinstate him in health and spirits, which at present are much impaired. Whenever I can settle my affairs, which at this time are in some confusion, (as I am to quit the direction in June,) and can prevail on a fearful wife to cross so small a branch of the sea, I shall most certainly pay my respects at Castle Caldwell; in the mean time, if you have any commands which my care and gratitude can execute, I shall most willingly obey them. I long to talk over Count Firmian and my pleasures with him at Milan. Mrs. Garrick begs that her respects may be joined with mine, and bids me say that your temptations are so strong that they have almost conquered her fears.

I am, Sir, with the most grateful sense of your politeness,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

MISS F. CADOGAN TO MR. GARRICK.

May 18th, 1776.

EVER since I have had the happiness of being acquainted with you, my dear Sir, I have made it a rule never to trouble you about places for my friends, and numberless are the entreaties to which I have been deaf on this subject, very well knowing how much you are teazed every time you act, and how impossible it is that you can oblige half those friends who have a much better right to ask favours of you than I, whose obligations to you are such as ought to silence me for ever. Yet, in spite of these reflections, can I not resist sending you the following extract of a letter which I last night received from my friend Mrs. Pine; thus she writes:—

"I am very sorry to find that my daughter (whose chief inducement to visit London this year was to see the *man you* adore) is likely to return, without having once had the happiness; for she tells me, she has tried in vain to get a place in any part of the house, and that you have not courage to plead in her behalf with Mr. Garrick: but I cannot help thinking, that if the dear charming man were reminded of the promise he made to the Pines, when he was last at Bath, he would be as good in *deed* as in *word*. If, however, you think it too great a favour to ask him for any obscure corner in box, pit, or gallery, where she might *only once* behold him in safety, she must give it up; for I will not venture her in the crowd."

Thus far my letter, to which I will not add a word; for I know your benevolent heart will induce you (more than any arguments) to make this poor girl happy if you can. At all events, I hope you will excuse this liberty, which, as it is the first I have taken of this kind, so it shall be the last; and it is with the utmost reluctance I now have taken up my pen on a subject so unpleasing to you. Pray forgive me, my dear Sir, and let me not sink in your esteem, which I prize above all earthly treasures. Adieu! believe me when I assure you that my gratitude, veneration, and affection for you and Mrs. Garrick can never end but with my life.

F. CADOGAN.*

My father fears the young person you sent to him is in a consumption; but you may depend on his best endeavours to restore her health.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, May 25th, 1776.

FROM your never mentioning "The Silent Woman," I am really in doubt whether it has slipped your memory, or whether I am to conclude from your silence, that you do not think the piece deserves that indulgence from the theatre, usually extended to other altered plays. If the first is the case, I must beg you to excuse my now reminding you of it; if the latter, I have only to regret having given you the trouble, and myself the mortification, of getting it up at your theatre,—and to remain, dear Garrick, Yours most entirely and most heartily,

G. COLMAN.

LADY COLEBROOKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Soho-square, Saturday May 25th, 1776.

LADY COLEBROOKE presents her compliments to Mr. Garrick: she would not have presumed to have troubled him, had she not been informed at the theatre, that application must be made to the Committee for places for the night of the Theatrical

* The daughter of Mr. Garrick's friendly physician, Dr. Cadogan.—ED.

Fund; not knowing the Committee, she conceives she cannot err when she applies to Mr. Garrick, as their best friend, for a box for that night. She acknowledges that though she considers it a very laudable charity, and worthy of encouragement, yet she has a selfish wish to gratify, when she is to see Mr. Garrick for the last time in her life, and is desirous that her children may be present at such representation, that they may talk of it fifty years after she is departed. If unfortunately the house is engaged by those who have been more early and knowing in their applications, Lady Colebrooke has only to express a hope that Mr. Garrick will enjoy, in his retreat from the stage, all the happiness which this world can give him.

If a side-box cannot be granted, Lady Colebrooke wishes for eight places in the front-boxes, as near the stage as possible; and she is ready to contribute an extra sum as a present, if Mr. Garrick thinks that would be the means of insuring her success.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, May, 1776.

We accept the very kind offer *of the row*, and have not a complaint to make to you after the fatigue of writing so many notes this morning.

But if I remember right, you promised me some particular attention for moving your Fund Bill at the beginning of the Session. I have heard that a certain Mons. Necker, and a certain Dean of Derry, have boxes every night you play. There is not one of all the foreigners, and not of all the native, that can have a higher pleasure and a truer relish of you and your excellencies, or, what is much better, a more affectionate regard for the man, than I have, and I am ever most faithfully yours,

Grey Cooper.

I make it a point of having a box for the next night of your playing after Monday.

Endorsed,
"Sir Grey Cooper's letter and my answer about Boxes, Fund Bill, &c."

MR. GARRICK TO SIR G. COOPER.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampton, Sunday, May 26th, 1776.

Your letter this morning has hurt me greatly. When have I been inattentive to your and Lady Cooper's commands? I appeal to her ladyship if I ever was remiss in showing my regard to both. Her health indeed for some time rendered her attendance at the theatre uncertain; but my regard was as constant and regular as the sun. What you tell me of the Dean of Derry was quite a secret to me; by my honour, he never yet got a single place through me. If bribery and corruption have

crept behind the scenes, I am sorry for it; and though my hands are clean, the box-keepers may plead the example of their betters. The last box I procured for you has caused much mischief to your humble servant; and, my life on it, you never till your last note mentioned a desire to see "King Lear." My likings and attachments to my friends will I hope be remembered, when my fool's-cap and bells will be forgotten.

What you said about the conditions of your moving for the Fund Bill had escaped me. I declare to you, and I back my word with my honour, that my readiness to oblige Sir Grey Cooper was ever independent of my interest, and I have found that his kindness was always exerted without conditions towards

His most obliged and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I plead guilty to Madam Necker: I received many favours from her in France: she came over on purpose to see me act, and I thought myself bound in duty and gratitude to be attentive to her.

GOVERNOR JOHNSTONE TO MR. GARRICK.

Shooter's-hill, May 27th, 1776.

ON my way to Gravesend I hear of your charitable disposition on Thursday next: I shall return on that day. If amongst so many friends and admirers you can find room to oblige me, I wish to observe the setting sun before he hides his head in the west. Do not take any trouble in writing or sending to my house; I shall send my servant at *five*. If there are any places, it is joyful; if they are full, I shall think more of what I have lost and be contented. I am, with infinite respect and esteem, Dear Sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. COLMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, May 27th, 1776.

YOUR letter, which has astonished me, came to my hands at the most unlucky time, as I have so much already upon my mind. Was I in a dream when I imagined that you *gave* us the alteration of "The Silent Woman?" Did you not *say* so, and *write* so? I think no trouble too much for a performance with a friend's name to it, nor do I ever spare any expense to set it off.

"The Silent Woman," with all our care, did not succeed, and was left off under charges at the fourth night, though we added "The Jubilee" to it: the impossibility of giving it a fashion was felt by you as well as myself. If you intended to be con-

sidered as the *alterer*, not as the *donor*, why would you delay to this time to let me know your expectations? You must be sensible that I would not that *you* of all persons should have a bad bargain.

Pray let me know what I must do, for I cannot have such a burden upon my mind at this very distressing time, when my theatrical life is so near its end. It is the trouble of an evil conscience upon my death-bed.

I am, my dear Sir, &c.

D. G.

If I am confused or unintelligible, impute it to Richard—what an operation!

Endorsed,
" Colman's letter about his 'Silent Woman,'
and my answer, May 26th, 1776.
Est-il possible?"

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Soho Square, May 28th, 1776.

I AM very sorry my letter came so *mal-a-propos*, and still more sorry that you should be disturbed for a single moment about such a trifle.

God knows, I had no thoughts of profit, or *a bargain*, about "The Silent Woman;" yet I really did not pretend to make a gift of it—for to say the truth, at the time I offered it to your theatre, I did not think we were quite on good terms enough to warrant my taking the liberty of making you a present; but I am much pleased and flattered to find that you were of a different opinion. As to the popularity of the piece, you can witness for me that it was what I never expected from it. Like Swift's Mrs. Harris, *all I stood upon was the credit of the house;* and I must confess myself so jealous for the honour of the old school, that I think "Epicene" (for the honour of the managers also) ought to keep the stage.* All I endeavoured was to remove the objections that deprived it of a place there, held by pieces every way inferior. And this labour, trifling as it was, I thought might deserve the same consideration allowed to other altered plays.

I would not have wrote to you, but from my utter aversion to the smallest idea of reserve with a friend; and when friends, true friends, once understand each other, there never can subsist any difference.

I am, dear Garrick, most affectionately yours,

G. COLMAN.

* Mrs. Siddons was then one of the College Ladies, "unknown and like-esteemed," to use the language of her favourite Milton.—ED.

LORD WALPOLE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bruton-street, May 28th, 1776.

You may possibly be rather surprised at being troubled with a letter from me, and your astonishment will not be less when, upon perusal, you find the purport and tenor of this epistle is a modest demand of an annuity arising from the profits of your estate at Drury-lane for some years to come, and farther, a demand of some arrears already due: all this may perhaps have slipped your memory; it would have escaped my recollection, had not the additional tax of one shilling in the pound upon land, and of twenty shillings upon every four-wheel carriage, which my wife says must be paid, (as she pretends old age, and for that reason cannot, or rather will not, walk a-foot,) made it necessary for me to think a little how I might scrape together every penny I could find, without incurring the danger of being hanged, or, what is still worse, the penalty inflicted by the new act, to be forced to dig ballast in the river Thames.

Be it known, therefore, to you and your associate Mr. Lacy, that my brother Robert Walpole having, in Nov. 1761, entered into certain articles of agreement with you both for the annual payment of 315*l.* in lieu of certain advantages arising to him by virtue of certain letters patent granted to yourself and Mr. Lacy under the great Seal in the month of Oct. 1761, hath signed a declaration reciting that he entered into the above-mentioned agreement for the sole proper use and benefit of myself, my executors, administrators, and assigns, which declaration I have in my possession, together with the assignments relative to this matter. It appears by the agreement, that the first payment commenced on the 25th day of December 1774, consequently one annual payment was due in December last; you will therefore be so good as to inform me at your leisure, when you would wish to peruse the declaration of trust made by my brother, which I suppose you may think proper, previous to the farther adjusting this matter. I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

WALPOLE.

P. S. Lady Walpole desires her compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, May 28th, 1776.

I AM much, very much, concerned to find that my letter of Saturday night has hurt you: I very sincerely assure you, that I had no such intention when I wrote it; and if, in the eagerness and anxiety to enjoy the pleasure of hearing and seeing you as often as possible, any impatient or petulant word has escaped me, I beg your pardon, and I assure you that I am Yours very faithfully and affectionately,

GREY COOPER.

SIR J. ELIOT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, May 31st, 1776.

You astonished me last night. In your life you never was greater; I think never so great.

You must strain a point to do me a kindness. I must see you on Saturday. One place you will give me surely: I depend on you. If you could do more, if you could give me other three places, which I know is practicable, it would do infinite good to my health, and enable me to exert more helps to restore that of others, particularly of those who have so often entertained and instructed me from the theatre.

I am yours most truly,

JOHN ELIOT.

GOVERNOR JOHNSTONE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Old Bond-street, 31st May, 1776.

I THANK you with the utmost gratitude for the most perfect entertainment I ever received during my life. It was a struggle last night between the head and the heels, and I suppose both parties retired to their different standards. I never was better satisfied than with the part I embraced, and shall think of it during my existence.

Trespassing on your goodness so often may lessen me in your opinion, but I regret so much having ever lost a pleasure I cannot soon overtake, that I am again a suppliant for three places on Saturday. I am, with the warmest friendship,

Your sincere admirer and obedient servant,

GEO. JOHNSTONE.

P. S. I send my tribute to the fund.

Endorsed,

"Gov. Johnstone's very friendly letter to me about 'Hamlet,' May 29th, 1776."

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* * * * TO MR. GARRICK.

Saturday afternoon.

MR. GARRICK'S excuse is requested for the present liberty, but, as it is essential, entreats his pardoning it.

Certain theatrical men wish to know if his property in Drury-lane is positively disposed of. If not, they can and will immediately lay down the whole sum publicly said to be demanded.

The reason their names are concealed is, it might prejudice their present situations if this were known and the application should prove too late.

As this is a serious and consequential business, and really comes from the principals, hope Mr. Garrick will look on it as such, and take the trouble of sending a single line in answer, directed for Mr. Theos. Jewel, Piazza Coffee-House, any time before three to-morrow.

Endorsed,

" A letter among many, about purchasing the Patent."

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tuesday.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your very kind attention, to which I owe Lady Bathurst's politeness in mentioning me to Mr. Thurlow.

I have been directed by your advice in writing to the Chancellor-elect, relating merely the removal from mistake, and the promise Lord Bathurst gave me of reinstatement. I added, that in submitting these particulars to his consideration, I was sensible they could form no claim for his patronage—they appeal only to his good-nature; and that it would be a sufficient happiness for me if they prevented my being prejudiced in his good opinion.

As to Lord North, I wrote to his secretary, who is very much my friend, and told him how kindly Mr. Garrick had exerted himself with Lord Bathurst in my favour, and that too without solicitation—*Hoc juvat et melli est;*—in consequence of which I had been mentioned to Mr. Thurlow, but that Lord North's speaking for me would still be necessary, and add to my happiness in being served; and Mr. Brummel, in his answer, assures me of Lord North's readiness to assist me. " Thus far we run before the wind;" but my good mother still lives and reigns; yet I must drop the parallel,—I would rather not ever *count my golden spoils* than owe them to her loss.

Once more let me acknowledge your so flattering attention. Believe me, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR GEORGE HAY.

Adelphi, June 2, 1776.

MR. GARRICK presents his respects to Sir George Hay; he could not withstand the solicitations of his old friend Beard to send him the enclosed letter; at the same time he feels himself very awkward, without the least right, to give Sir George this trouble; but if some of the happiest hours of his life, passed with him heretofore, may be some claim to his favour, he begs to plead it on the present occasion.

SIR GEORGE HAY TO MR. GARRICK.

Doctors'-commons, June 2, 1776.

You are grown formal in your old age, my dear friend.

Johnny Beard had no occasion to interpose so great a power in so slight a business. Kiss the blooming wrinkles of my ancient love for my sake, and believe me always yours and hers,

G. Hay.

Endorsed,
"Sir George Hay, June 4, 1776, upon my asking a favour for ard."

SIR W. YOUNG TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bond-street, June 6th, 1776.

I thank you for your kind note of yesterday, and the very high entertainment it admitted me to. Your sun will set without declining, and the memory of its splendour continue to warm and animate us, even when it is seen no more.* That the evening of your day may be sweet and composed, and no cloud interrupt the enjoyment of it, is the sincere wish of your old and affectionate friend,

W. Young.

P. S. My best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

LADY SIMPSON TO MR. GARRICK.

June 9th, 1776.

Lady Simpson presents compliments to Mr. Garrick, should esteem it a favour to procure her two places, or a single one for herself, for the play to-morrow, to have the honour of seeing him perform, by report, for the last time. She sincerely condoles with the public loss of parting with so capital a character from the stage. If Lady S. has made an improper request, hopes Mr. Garrick will excuse her, she having sent almost every day of his performance in her own name, but never could get a place but by friends that are out of town;—and to know in what box where her man may keep places, if there are any to be had.

* The famous figure of Junius a little injured by one term:—The sun cannot set without "*declining*."—Ed.

MRS. H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, June 10th, 1776.

I HAVE devoured the newspapers for the last week with the appetite of a famished politician, to learn if my General had yet laid down arms; but I find you go on with a true American spirit, destroying thousands of his Majesty's liege subjects, breaking the limbs of many, and the hearts of all.

When I promised I would not plague you with any of my nonsense till you were disengaged, could I possibly divine you would be so very good as to honour me with a letter?—ay, and a charming letter too, albeit a little one—it made me so proud and so happy!—but you are so used to make folks proud and happy, that it is nothing to you; and what would be a violent effort to other people, slides naturally into your ordinary course of action.

I think by the time this reaches you I may congratulate you on the end of your labours, and the completion of your fame—a fame which has had no parallel, and will have no end. Yet, whatever reputation the world may ascribe to you, I, who have had the happy privilege of knowing you intimately, shall always think you derived your greatest glory from the temperance with which you enjoyed it, and the true greatness of mind with which you lay it down. Surely to have suppressed your talents in the moment of your highest capacity for exerting them, does as much honour to your heart, as the exertion itself did to your dramatic character: but I cannot trust myself on this subject, because, as Sterne says, I am writing to the man himself; yet I ought to be indulged,—for, is not the recollection of my pleasures all that is left me of them? Have I not seen in one season that *man* act *seven* and *twenty* times, and rise each time in excellence, and shall I be silent? Have I not spent three months under the roof of that man and his dear charming lady, and received from them favours that would take me another three months to tell over, and shall I be silent?

But highly as I enjoy your glory (for I do enjoy it most heartily, and seem to partake it too, as I think a ray of it falls on all your friends), yet I tremble for your health. It is impossible you can do so much mischief to the nerves of other people, without hurting your own—in Richard especially, where your murders are by no means confined to the Tower, but you assassinate your whole audience who have hearts;—I say, I tremble lest you should suffer for all this; but it is over now, as I hope are the bad effects of it to yourself. You may break your *wand* at the end of your trial, when you lay down the office of *haut intendant* of the passions; but the enchantment it raised you can never break, while the memories and feelings remain of those who were ever admitted into the magic circle.

This letter is already of a good impudent length, and to the person of all others who has the least time to read nonsense. I will not prolong my impertinence but to beg and conjure that I may hear a little bit about your finishing night. The least

scrap, printed or manuscript, paragraph or advertisement, merry or serious, verse or prose, will be thankfully received and hung up in the temple of reliques.

Pray tell my sweet Mrs. Garrick I live in the hope of hearing from her; and tell her farther that she and you have performed a miracle, for you have loaded one person with obligations, and have not made an ingrate.

Viva V. M. Mille Años!

H. More.

And has "The Nine" really been called for? What a comfort was that piece of flattery!

I send the Bristol play-bill "by the King's servants." Do not you think the King has a great many servants that neither he nor any body else ever heard of?

MR. MRS. AND MISS POTTS TO MR. GARRICK.

Lincoln's-inn-fields, June 11th, 1776.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Potts present their love to Mr. Garrick, and return him a thousand thanks for his very polite and friendly attention to them. He has afforded them opportunities of passing many delightful evenings, and not only made them extremely happy at the time, but the remembrance will always afford them the greatest satisfaction, though it will preclude them from the very possibility of ever being again entertained at any theatre. Mr. Garrick's friends begin to flatter themselves with the hopes that his future leisure will engage him to indulge them with more frequent visits. He cannot pay them to any where they will give more real joy than to the family of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Potts join in best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and design themselves the pleasure of waiting on her very soon.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Mrs. and Miss Potts to me upon leaving the stage."

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Beaufort-buildings, June 10th, 1776.

As a visit at this time might probably interrupt your attention to more material affairs, I beg leave in this manner to offer my farewell.

I am desirous that the little theatrical disagreements we have had, may be attributed to a (perhaps) false delicacy in my temper, rather than any other cause, and therefore hope they may be forgotten. As a *private* man, I am under obligations to you which I shall ever remember gratefully. The only returns I have to make are my best wishes for your long enjoyment of health and happiness: to

these permit me to add my respects to Mrs. Garrick, and my hopes that you will do me the favour to believe me,

Sir, your sincere and obliged humble servant,

W. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith desires to offer her respects to Mrs. Garrick and you, with her thanks for your politeness to her.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Smith's farewell note upon
my leaving the stage."

MR. P. POTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, June 14th, 1776.

I LOVE and esteem you more than most other people, and therefore feel all your obligations more powerfully. This morning I gave away my dear Bessy (a very sincere admirer of you): the whole family are gone to Mr. Pott's uncle, Mr. Hindley, at Twickenham; I follow to dinner, and the *pair* will stay there a few days.

You are sure in your retirement to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, and I hope to God it will also be *cum salute*. Believe me always and truly yours,

P. POTT.

MR. GARRICK TO MADAME NECKER.

MADAM, Hampton, June 18th, 1776.

I CANNOT say whether I am most happy or distressed by your very elegant and affectionate letter: such a sincerity of praise from such a lady has added a cubit to my stature; but the self-conviction I have, that I cannot answer it as such a letter ought to be answered, makes me miserable. I defy the whole French Academy, with my most critical and worthy friend Sicard at their head, to give such power to words as you have done; nor is it in their power to lower the joy of my mind, or the pride of my heart, from the present exalted state you have raised them to. Though every poet was a Voltaire, and every proseman a Rousseau, I now defy the devil of criticism and all his works. I can say with our Waller,

" She smiled, and from her smiles were sped
Such darts as struck the monster dead."

I flatter myself that you will not be displeased to know, that I departed my theatrical life on Monday the 10th of June—it was indeed a sight very well worth seeing! Though I performed my part with as much, if not more spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too: it was indeed, as I said, *a most awful moment*. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if you had then seen and heard

them. After I had left the stage, and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite piece* to go on; nor would the actors perform, they were so affected: in short, the public was very generous, and I am most grateful.

Mrs. Garrick, who has taken your letter from me by force and keeps it locked up, begs to join her most affectionate respects with mine to you and Mr. Necker. If my multiplicity of business would permit, I should be at your feet almost as soon as this reaches your hands: but we have made a vow to be happy as soon as our worldly cares will permit us; till when, we beg that our warmest and best wishes may be presented to your fellow-traveller, the Chevalier Chatteleux, and all our friends: we never can forget them or your most flattering kindness.

I am, with the greatest truth, Madam, your most obedient and devoted,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. T. KING.

DEAR KING, Adelphi, June 25th, 1776.

ACCEPT a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other.

I flatter myself that this sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us; and that it will not be less valuable to you for having dangled at my side some part of the last winter.

May health, success, and reputation still continue to attend you!

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

D. GARRICK.

"*Farewell, remember me!*"

MR. GARRICK TO LORD SANDWICH.

MY GOOD LORD, Monday.

EVER since your Lordship's invitation to dine with you to-morrow, I have been really unhappy that I could not attend you. The person I was engaged to has given me leave to follow my inclinations, and therefore they naturally point to the Admiralty. Will it not appear impertinent to desire to be asked again? It is not (I know) *selon les règles du bon ton;* but when I consider that I am near sixty, and that many such holidays will not fall to my share, may I be permitted to hope for a remission of my sins, and an admission to your table to-morrow. I am, &c.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Islington, June 28th, 1776.

YOUR retiring from the stage being justly considered as a severe stroke to every performer on it, and regretted by every admirer of the drama, how must I feel, who not only suffer in each of those capacities, but lament at the same time the absence of a worthy patron and most affectionate friend?

Please to accept my warmest thanks for the token sent me, which I look on with pleasing pain—happy, however, in the reflection, that my endeavours have not passed unnoticed by you, to whom they were devoted, though conscious they have been very unequal to the favours repeatedly bestowed on,

Dear Sir, your constant admirer, ardent well-wisher,

And much obliged humble servant,

THO^{s}. KING.

Accumulated blessings attend you and your family!

Endorsed,

"Tom King's answer to my note with my foil."

MR. B. VICTOR TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Charles Street, Friday Morning.

YOU have sent me almost to death with this instance of your goodness to me. I cannot answer it properly at present. I am just going to the office to stay all day, and thank you for sending me amusement if I should have a moment's leisure—your commands shall be obeyed before ten o'clock this evening, when the papers and the proposals shall wait on you with thanks from Your obedient servant,

B. VICTOR.

Endorsed,

"Victor's note of thanks for my subscription to his Works."

N. B. I gave him up his note of 70*l.* which with interest came to above 100*l.*

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, July 1, 1776.

I TAKE the liberty to intrude on you with my two first acts, according to your kind permission. I have made some alteration in my story and my personages. I remember I once heard you say that English names and an English story lapped round the very hearts of an English audience. On this hint it occurred to me to contrive, if possible, to make my story interesting, by supposing it to happen among

persons with whose names, at least, every one is acquainted. I hope you will not disapprove of my placing the interest in the Douglas and Percy families. I have supposed it to happen some time after the battle of Chevy Chace—no offence to history if I have been guilty of a few anachronisms; for, luckily for me, I believe the whole story of Chevy Chace to be purely legendary, as I cannot find the date, or even the event, in any history. If you please to look into the first volume of "Percy's Reliques," page 253, you will see on what I have founded the quarrel between Earl Raby and Percy. I have called the father Earl Raby less because it was a favourite name at that period, than because of placing the scene at Raby Castle, the ruins of which I believe still exist somewhere near Northumberland.

I feel it cruel to disturb your newly-tasted repose with my nonsense; but I have learnt, like the rest of the world, to take advantage of your goodness, and your great disposition to oblige and serve.

Do not spare the rod, dear Sir; you know the consequences with which the proverb threatens those who do.

I imagine this will find you in the inspiring and inspired shades of Hampton, enjoying "a poet's dignity and ease." May the most uninterrupted health be added to your leisure, your muse, your friendships, your fame, and your wife! This votive line includes, I apprehend, all this world has to give; that you may long enjoy that all, is the most hearty and constant wish of, dear Sir,

Your ever grateful, most obliged, and faithful servant,

HAN. MORE.

My most respectful regards attend my ever dear Mrs. Garrick. I had an opportunity of sending this parcel to Mr. Cadell, or should have made it a little more correct.

Endorsed,
"July 1, 1776, from Miss More,
with two acts of a tragedy."

SIR JAMES MARRIOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, College of Advocates, Doctors'-Commons, July 6, 1776.

WHEN I met you a few days ago it was with singular pleasure I saw a man who had just departed this stage look so wonderfully well. You have had the philosophy to resign thrones and diadems in good time and with good grace; a great exit is every thing; and I hope now you will have philosophy enough never to repent it as the few kings and emperors in history, who have resigned, I fear always have done. Your epitaph may be almost as short as Ben Jonson's; it may be said of you, "He followed Nature and he died." You must have one great satisfaction in reflecting that you will always live in the minds and memories of your countrymen and in their history, while the world of arts and letters shall exist; and that, till you really quit for the true last time the scene, the respect you will meet with from all orders

of men will alleviate many a pain and many a chagrin. Your countrymen have been too long inspired by you with exalted sentiments, and been relieved by your vivacity and fire from the weight of their blood and atmosphere, ever to forget the obligations they owe to you. Although you lay aside the dagger and the sceptre, the sock and the buskin, you still hold your pen; if you use it, it will contribute to keep you in health and spirits, and to give life to others. Continue then to adorn the scene with your wit, which you have filled so greatly with your action. You cannot leave the world, nor will it leave you. Upon the conversation turning some time ago in company upon your then intended retirement, it was proposed to try some short verses upon this subject. The following are in this sentiment, composed *sur le champ*—but I fear they will hardly make you amends for the heavy ecclesiastical law which I sent you.

Garrick retires—whence?—from the world—and whither?
Not from the world, for they have lived together.
In Fame, in Nature, and the Muses' eye,
Who live together must together die.

I am, Sir, with very great truth and respect,
Your most obedient humble servant,
JAMES MARRIOTT.

* * * * TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, July 6, 1776.

HITHERTO have I waited in hope that your heart would be affected with the distress of an old and most valuable friend; and, consequently, that your purse would have been opened for his relief; but so long a time having elapsed since your receipt of my last letter, without any notice being taken of him, forbids my longer indulging this pleasing expectation. On this occasion I cannot reject the impulse I feel to expostulate with you. Persons in your situation being accustomed to a variety of applications that cannot be complied with, are too apt to contract a habit of throwing them unregarded by, without considering the merits of the cause; and this I would gladly suppose to have been here the case, as the only apology that with any face of reason can be made for your taking no notice of the information given you in my last letter.

That you have done many generous things I know to be true; but then it has been to some members of that society of which you have been many years the head; and if your generosity is confined to that circle, it no longer deserves this name, but must be resolved into a principle of self-interest, as those people were as necessary to you, in their several departments, as you were to them; consequently the assistance was mutual, and equally for the service of each other. The heaven-born principle of generosity is above all interested views, and actuated by a uniform desire of commu-

nicating good and happiness to the utmost extent of its ability, to objects which have no other recommendation but their distress. The case I mentioned to you had a more peculiar recommendation,—it was the case of a man with whom you have had a long and intimate acquaintance, and whose uncommon merit is perfectly known to you; and yet you have not been able to prevail with yourself to deliver him out of his present distress, and give ease and comfort to the whole of his remaining life by advancing a sum not exceeding that of your diurnal income for many years. Putting religion out of the question, is there a reason that can be urged in justification of, or even in excuse for a conduct so repugnant to the principles of common humanity? Consider, Sir, by what means you have amassed a very large fortune: the best light it can be placed in is, that no person was ever in the smallest degree improved by theatrical entertainments, whatever sound morality might be contained in some parts of the pieces represented. In this fairest light there is evidently nothing that can be reflected on with approbation; but when we take into the account all that may, perhaps with too much truth, be said on the other side, will there not arise the strongest motive for making the best use of wealth that has been acquired by such means; that the proper employment of it may in some measure compensate for the method by which it was obtained? for that, whatever we may persuade ourselves to think of it during our passage through this world, can never afford any pleasing reflection when going out of it. You have passed your whole life, Sir, in a mimic scene; realities therefore, on which you have been unaccustomed to think, do not yet perhaps strongly strike your mind; but the time is hastening wherein they must be felt with all the force that is due to them; and what will it avail you to have always gone off the little theatre with peals of loud applause, if at the end of the great Drama, when the curtain of Mortality drops, the dreaded hiss should grate your ear? I hope this will not be the case, for there is yet time to escape so fatal a catastrophe; and I wish you may have retired from the stage with a design of retiring more fully into yourself, by a close examination of your heart, in which alone can be found all that must constitute the happiness or misery of your eternal duration. Old age is coming swiftly on, and points at death in the rear, which, however distant it may now be thought, cannot be out of view; for but a few intervening years can in the course of Nature possibly intercept the prospect, through which the eye may with certainty discern his daily nearer approach. When this visitor arrives, who will not be denied admittance, and gives his awful irreversible summons, will any satisfaction arise from the idea of having collected together a mountainous heap of useless wealth, that can be no longer retained, no more enjoyed? Your heart, if asked, must answer in the negative. To that heart I appeal, if in the awful moment of dissolution it would not be glad to enjoy the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that it had given so full and perfect a relief to the distress of this worthy man, as to impart lasting comfort to the remainder of his life. This, and this only, is the way wherein money can be laid out in a purchase which may be carried with us into eternity, accompanied by the prayers of all good men, a blessing of much more value than is generally

supposed, which all tacitly acknowledge in the closing scene of life by their desiring to receive it.

The papers say you have received 51,000*l.* for your share of the house; it was but the moiety of the odd thousand that I asked for your distressed friend, and that only as a loan, which he would be able to pay with interest in a few years; though I confess I had hopes that, in remembrance of your former amity, you would have generously made him a present of a sum which could never have been wanted, or even missed by yourself; and would not only have delivered him from the great perplexity he has for many years laboured under, but would have put him in possession of his utmost wishes on this side the grave. I could not have thought it possible that the information I gave you of his unhappy situation could have been thus long passed by unregarded; and wish, for your own sake as well as his, that this remembrance may have its due weight on your mind, and then I am sure you will certainly remove the present load of sorrow from his oppressed heart. He knows nothing either of this or my former letter to you, as I chose not to raise an expectation without being certain that it would not be disappointed.

I shall trouble you no more on this or any other subject, and conclude with ardently wishing that it may please the Great Disposer of all events to soften your heart in behalf of your old and most worthy acquaintance, and make you a blessed instrument of imparting all the assistance he so well deserves to receive, which in the end would most assuredly prove a more advantageous acquisition to you than it can be to him, as the pleasure arising from good actions is much higher and more durable than money can bestow.

As you know me not, there would be no use in subscribing the name of, Sir,

Your real friend and humble servant.

I hope this remonstrance will have its due weight with you, and produce an immediate generous resolution worthy of a good man; be convinced that, should it prove otherwise, a time will most assuredly come, when the neglect of it will give an incurable wound to the peace of your mind, and be reflected upon, too late, with inexpressible misery.

Endorsed,

"Letter about Payne the bookseller."

MRS. F. BROOKE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Glanville-street, July 13th, 1776.

I SHOULD last year have asked your protection for an opera begun in the autumn, had I not been told you had engagements which rendered your receiving any thing more impossible. As it is now earlier in the season, you will exceedingly oblige me by favouring it with a perusal, after I have made a few alterations, which will be finished in a week or ten days.

If this little piece appears to you fit for the stage, I will flatter myself you will give it a trial; if otherwise, that you will return me as early an answer as is consistent with your avocations. I am influenced to expect this by my firm belief, that unless when obliged to a different behaviour by the too general duplicity of mankind, plainness of conduct in business is inseparable from great superiority of understanding and talents. Of that superiority and those talents, I had rather speak to any other person than Mr. Garrick, and to him on any occasion rather than this. Even modest praise appears flattery at the moment of soliciting a favour, and the variety of applications made to you by writers of the first merit makes this a very unimportant one. I am, Sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient servant,

FR. BROOKE.*

Endorsed,
" A letter from Mrs. Brooke about an Opera,
Dated July 13th. Answered d° 15th."

ON MR. GARRICK'S LEAVING THE STAGE.

Alas! poor old Drury, thy life 's near its end,
To lose thy old master, and patron, and friend!
The day he departs is thy own dying day;
What body can live when the soul flies away?

MR. GARRICK TO LADY SPENCER.

MY VERY FIRST OF LADIES, Hampton, Tuesday, July 23, 1776.

YOU will perceive the ill consequences of smiling upon an impudent fellow. As our intended jaunt into Wiltshire is put off for some days, may not your humble

* I incline to think " Rosina" the opera thus introduced to Mr. Garrick's notice. His answer does not appear; but the nature of it may be confidently presumed. He thought that Boaz and Ruth, or their modern representatives Palemon and Lavinia, were little furnished with dramatic interest. He may be pardoned for not foreseeing the exquisite charm with which the genius of our lamented Shield invested " Rosina" in the year 1783. The music of that opera, as a series of natural and rural strains, has not yet been equalled, and cannot be excelled.

But Mrs. Brooke had higher merits than she ever dramatically displayed. As a writer of romance, she occupies a very high place indeed; for her pathos has dimmed the bright eyes of her sex to a better purpose than has been either conceived, or perhaps wished, by her almost countless successors. A writer in the assumed character of the virtuous owner of Hagley Park thus expresses himself as to her Emily Montague:—

" Yes, I have read *Emily Montague*, and with a great deal of pleasure. Mrs. Brooke is a most ingenious woman. Her works are disgraced by the common appellation of novels. They are amiable and interesting pictures of life and manners, not absolutely perfect in resemblance, but sketched by the pencil of benevolence, and tinged with the delicate colouring of refined sentiment. Her descriptions of Canada in this work would do honour to an historian. She transports our imagination thither. We listen enraptured to the Falls of *Montmorenci*."—ED.

servants at Hampton hope that Saturday, Sunday, or Monday next be appointed a day of mortification? We entreat you to make yourself, and to persuade my Lord to be, miserable upon one of those days. Whatever companions in affliction you would choose, we will endeavour to procure: we should rejoice that the name of Howe (ever partial to my follies) should be of the chosen wretched. Your Ladyship and Lord Spencer have long promised, and we could wish that Lady Harriet, Miss Lloyd, Lord Altrop, General Kock, and Mr. Crawfurd, would attend upon the melancholy occasion with whomsoever else your Ladyship pleases: whatever the company suffer, we shall be most happy, and most grateful for the honour conferred upon us. I am, ever was, and ever shall be, your Ladyship's most devoted,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
" My letter of invitation to charming
Lady Spencer and her Ladyship's answer."

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Wimbledon Park, July 23, 1776.

THE resignation with which every individual here submits to their fate is quite edifying—in plain English, we shall all be charmed to attend your summons on Monday next. Miss Lloyd is gone, and General Kock is absent at present, but may possibly return before Monday; Mrs. Howe has put off her journey on purpose to be of the party; my brother and Mrs. Poyntz, the Duke of Roxburgh and Mr. Crawfurd, will probably be with us, and will, I am sure, be happy to partake of the pleasure we propose ourselves in passing a few hours with you and Mrs. Garrick in your delightful habitation.

We will be with you about half an hour after four, and I will let you know on Sunday how many our caravan consists of.

SIR JOHN FIELDING TO MR. GARRICK.

July 23, 1776.

SIR JOHN FIELDING presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick, and does most sincerely congratulate him on his retirement from the theatre whilst in the full possession of his extraordinary talents, and whilst riches and fame, with united charms, invited his longer stay on the stage. From this manly resolution there is every reason to hope that this retirement will be adorned by elegance, hospitality, and cheerfulness, to the great benefit of his select friends. And though it has fallen to his lot to be the object of a very premature resentment, who ought to be that of his esteem and respect, he shall always take delight to say (as he can do it with justice)

that the chastity of Mr. Garrick, as a manager of a public theatre, and his exemplary life as a man, have been of great service to the morals of a dissipated age; and whilst posterity shall behold him as an inimitable actor, they will no less admire him as a good man. These, Sir, are the sentiments of

Your sincere friend, and obedient humble servant.

J. FIELDING.

P. S. This, Sir, is a tribute which I have already paid to the distinguished merit of many whose retirement like yours has been the effect of wisdom and prudence.

Endorsed,
"Sir John Fielding's letter of reconciliation, and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO SIR JOHN FIELDING.

July 23, 1776.

MR. GARRICK presents his best compliments to Sir John Fielding, and is very happy in receiving so flattering a mark of the approbation of one, whom he always esteemed and respected. No man is more sensible of Sir John Fielding's merit and probity than Mr. Garrick, nor has more publicly declared it: if Mr. G. appeared hurt and jealous that an old family connexion of love and regard was given up to a later acquaintance, he will bring old Montaigne, a most natural writer, to justify him; he says that friendship, in minds of great sensibility, almost equals the warmth and weaknesses of love, and jealousy is as sure a mark of one as the other. Mr. G. is much obliged to Sir John for his very friendly wishes, and shall be much more cheerful in his retirement, if Sir John will now and then partake of his hospitality with those select friends he mentions in his note.

Endorsed,
"A letter of reconciliation with Sir John Fielding."

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Soho, Wednesday, Aug. 28th, 1776.

As the devil would have it, King went to Hampton but this morning, not to return till Friday, so till Friday nothing can be done; yet if he refuses, it will be just time enough P. to you on Saturday. Many many thanks for the prologue, which I believe will be the first that ever was spoken at the *end* of a piece.

Yours, my dear Garrick, yours most truly,

G. COLMAN.

Endorsed,
"Colman's letter about prologue to his prelude."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR, July 31st, 1776.

You may depend upon my calling upon you the next time I take a broil in London. The winding-up of my theatrical matters has taken up almost all my time; the little I had to spare was spent in a visit or two to some friends in Suffolk and Essex.

The little favours I conferred upon you were not worth the thanks you have given; besides, I pleased myself more than I could you in bestowing them; so let that matter rest. I have heard of Sir Thomas's remarkable room; I have not yet seen it; it was mentioned to me as a most ridiculous affair, but I will take your word. We do not quite set our horses together, though I have done a piece of service lately he knows nothing of, nor ever shall.

What you mean by *the black but fair defect*, except that most worthless creature A——, I do not know; she is below the thought of an honest man or woman; she is as silly as she is false and treacherous. When I see you I shall be glad to see the ring you speak of; I have very little faith in such matters, nor can I yet believe that the gallant chevalier is a female. *C'est un peu trop fort pour moi, mon ami.* As to Mr. Rayner, I will meddle no more in that business; the moment I can lay my hand upon my letter and his father's answer, you shall have them: his letter is a bitter one indeed. I really think the son to blame. If he is what you say, and all say in his profession, the discredit falls upon him that he cannot take care of his own subsistence and fame. I have my objections to some part of his conduct, though I did my best endeavours to serve him. His father and I are at present almost unknown to each other; he is very ailing, and, I am told, cannot last long. I beg I may hear no more of that business. The letters you shall have when I look over my papers. We must take care of ourselves and our own credit, and let Mr. Rayner sen. have his own feelings—nay he will have them;—and he has so much sense and resolution, that all we can say would only prejudice the object of our wishes. He is very clear and strong in his accusations, and some fathers would think that he had been very ill-used. I am going into Wiltshire for some time. Yours, dear Sir, most truly,

D. GARRICK.

I write upon the gallop, and have not time to read it over;—so, yours.

MR. T. WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, 7th September, 1776.

I SHOULD have answered yours before, but have been three weeks in the country, where we have had most dismal weather. It gives me great pleasure that the picture

is agreeable to you: the only account I can give you of it is, that in the summer of 1751, I was at Bromesgrove in Worcestershire, with an uncle (Mr. Thomas Wilkes); he gave me two pictures, which were a present to him from our relation Mr. Robert Wilkes, in return for some cider and perry which he used to send him almost every summer. Mr. Wilkes told him they were a present to him from Mr. Congreve with some others: one was the picture I sent you; the other, a head of Milton, with his name and age on it (forty), the painter not known, which picture I gave to the late Alderman Faulkner, and is now in nephew Todd's collection. I brought them up to London, and showed them to the late Mr. Ellys, the painter, who lived in Somerset House; he knew them, and told me that he heard from Mr. Robert Wilkes that Sir Peter Lely made a present of four pictures of his painting to Mrs. Bracegirdle, who gave them to Mr. Congreve; and he gave yours, Milton's, a head of Dryden, Sir G. Kneller, &c. to Mr. Wilkes; the latter Mr. Ellys purchased from his widow. Mr. Ellys advised me to let a mezzotinto print be taken from yours, and sent a man (I think his name was Faber) to me, who wanted me to leave it for three months with him, which I declined: this is all I can tell you, dear Sir, relative to it. Mr. Faulkner desires his compliments to you; hopes you have found benefit from the whisky; if you should want any more it is at your service: I make no doubt it will be of service to you. Our Lord Lieutenant and several of our nobility dined with Mr. Faulkner the day of our franchises, but the morning before our Lord Lieutenant sent his secretary to know if Mr. Faulkner would accept of being *knighted*, which he declined. I suppose you heard of Macklin's behaviour to poor Ellis. After I left London, Macklin made an offer to Ellis *of* a piece of his writing for his puppet-show, provided he would let him be a *partner*, which he refused, and in a few days after, Mr. Harris returned Ellis's plan of the pantomime, &c. and has, I am told, refused to pay him a shilling of what he agreed with him for. As Ellis has his letters, &c. and as he brought him over to London, sure equity will relieve him: however, Macklin was most certainly the occasion of this. According to promise, I drew up an account of your two theatrical campaigns in Ireland in order to send you, and gave it to a man to copy; but when I was in the country the man went to London, but left a letter for me that he would finish it there, and leave it at your house; pray have you got it? If you should have any commands for Captain Heard, he lives at No. 2, Bury Court, St. Mary Axe. I request you will present my respects to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, most sincerely your obedient humble servant,

THOS. WILKES.

My compliments to your brother, &c.

Not any theatrical news here, only that Ryder opens his theatre 21st of next month, and pays upwards of 1600*l*. a-year for our three theatres.

Endorsed,
"From Dublin, Wilkes's letter about the picture he gave us."

LORD SANDWICH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Admiralty, Saturday Evening, 1776.

I FEAR the attending in London upon a literary business and the duty of a sea chaplain are incompatible, especially as he can receive no pay but in consequence of his attending musters regularly on board his ship: if a fortnight's leave of absence would enable Mr. Stockdale to finish his pamphlet, I could strain a point to make it easy to him; but I could not go any farther without subjecting you who recommend him, and myself who have appointed him, to a good deal of well-founded abuse. I shall be at home every morning between this and Friday; and if you have any farther commands for me, I shall be very happy to see you whenever it suits you best, between ten and eleven o'clock.

I am your most humble, obedient servant,

SANDWICH.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD SANDWICH.

MY LORD, September 9th, 1776.

YOU have bestowed a great favour upon a man of letters and talents when he most wanted it. Though the sons of the church in general are not remarkable for their gratitude, I trust as Mr. Stockdale has nothing of the hypocritical part of his profession, that he has more of the moral.* For myself, my Lord, as Benedick says, I myself will bear witness that your Lordship has not a more grateful, more obliged, and more obedient humble servant than

D. GARRICK.

MR. H. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Robert-street, Adelphi, Sept. 13th, 1776.

As I know no man who ever showed so hearty a desire of serving me as yourself, I have taken the liberty of applying to you for your interest with your successors relative to the playbills: the object would be considerable to me, and I think their end would be fully answered in advertising with us. You hinted some time ago, that Linley spoke something of the playbills being given in common to the four papers; if you cannot serve the Morning Post in particular, favour that plan as much as possible, and you will much oblige me.

* Mr. Garrick appears to have *particularly* remembered to whom he was writing, in this disrespect to the clerical order. May we presume to ask what that order thought of the *moral* part of the noble Lord?—ED.

I am going to Hagley with Lyttelton. You have heard, no doubt, of his giving me the reversion of a good living in Worcestershire, the incumbent of which is near ninety. Wonders will never cease. You fought me a good fight there! What a happy man are you, roving from pleasure to pleasure, delighting and delighted. I will not take up more of your time with my nonsense, but to make my warmest respects to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me,

My dear friend, yours most sincerely,

H. BATE.

P. S. If I have the pleasure of hearing from you in answer, let it be addressed to me under cover to Lord L——, at Hagley, as I shall remain there three weeks.

Endorsed,
"Bate's letter about the Post."

CAPT. L. GALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Fort William, Sept. 20th, 1776.

I AM favoured with your letter of the 20th of July, in answer to mine dated in February, 1775, through the means of Mr. Patterson, and I am flattered in your having introduced to me a gentleman for whom you express an esteem, particularly as he arrives at a time that from my station and local connexions I may make my little services useful to him as a young and inexperienced traveller: and I beg to assure you, Sir, that no introduction will more seriously challenge my attentions than one from Mr. Garrick.

I have been most happily situated for a twelvemonth past in the Governor-General's family: in September last I was appointed his aid-de-camp, and the necessary closeness of connexion arising from that station induces him to flatter me by exacting my farther services as a private secretary; and I can with truth and with pleasure boast the intimacy and friendship of, in my poor opinion, one of the first characters in the world. His private virtues are in my serious and decided judgment unparalleled. He is esteemed by many a reserved man—a great mistake that: he is naturally open and unsuspecting, and is in select companies what you are, for the most part, in all companies—cheerful, witty, and intelligent. His public virtue and political principles I shall avoid speaking of: you have doubtless heard the *pour et contre* too frequently and too ably discussed, to admit any thing I can say upon the subject to be either entertaining or interesting; besides, I am partial.

Our intestine disputes you must also have been well informed of: concluding you acquainted with them too, I forbear; for, from your familiar intercourse with managers (I mean ministers), you are possibly better acquainted with the springs and hinges which our present *impolitic* systems turn upon, and are set a-going by, than we are who are in a measure the ostensible agents. We are here in a state of agitation and suspense; the attempt made by the directors in May last and the spirited opposition of the proprietors, have alarmed and posed both parties, (of which

strange business Mr. Hastings had intelligence by the way of Suez in less than three months after it happened.) You know perhaps the ultimate result of that affair; I most heartily wish I did! it may be sport to the minister and matter of indifference to some of the principals engaged in it, but I shudder whenever a doubt arises: I am now, my dear Sir, playing for a deeper stake than ever I did in my life before. Mr. Hastings victorious, I cannot fail of fortune. I have a plan laid down to me, the success of which cannot miss to ensure me a fortune, and eventually it may procure me fame. I shall however count upon nothing that is to be governed by such remote combinations, but wait with christian patience the issue of an event, on which my future good or ill so essentially depends. I am in a very fit frame of mind to philosophize, having just heard of the death of my poor dear mother; it has broke in upon my most flattering prospect of happiness—the pleasure of making the best of parents happy in her latter days, which, I call God to witness, was my strongest stimulus to every enterprise I ever engaged in. I attributed my successes to her interest in Heaven, and the fruits I always looked upon as her own. Ah, my dear Mr. Garrick, my feelings were never violently affected before—just at a time when my self-cultivated fortunes had taken root, were rising above the earth, and promising a little harvest, then—but I shall become troublesome. I have a sister left, and upon her will I bestow all my cares. God help her! I am afraid she needs them too much: she is gentle, good, and inherently virtuous; my father's fugitive life has left her without a protector or a friend. She is a Roman Catholic, and I believe she is very strenuously attached to the tenets of her religion. Excuse, Sir, the liberty I am about to take; let nature and necessity plead my cause. Will you introduce her to Mrs. Garrick, and obtain that lady's influence and instructions for my dear, dear deserted girl? I can at all events allow her fifty pounds a-year, which I shall take care to have paid in advance—one day I may do more. I do not want to make a fine lady of her; my wish is to have her upon genteel terms in a worthy family: or that she become a pensioner in a reputable convent in France; or, if more advisable, in England, though I think the convent preferable, as there she might either pass the remainder of her life in peace, or, coming out, be in a condition to partake with me of the more cheerful world. She is, thank God! too ordinary and too good for me ever to wish to see her here: though I may hereafter wish to tempt my brother out, that is by no means my present wish, yet he must be removed from the line he is now in; he is not my immediate concern,—my dear girl is. If your leisure will allow you to assist me in the affair, I shall to the latest hour of my life acknowledge the obligation. I shall make no apology for this particular trouble, as I am convinced that, if you cannot comply with my request, you have strong reasons for a refusal; and if you do comply, you have in your own breast a fund of feeling sufficient to repay any pain you may be at in so good a cause. You see, my dear Sir, I treat you without reserve as mine, and as the friend of mankind.

I did not neglect to make your most friendly remembrances to Mr. Justice Chambers, and I shall either enclose a letter from him to you, or his note to me, showing

what right I had to expect such a letter. I derive great pleasure from the agreeable footing on which I am with the gentlemen of the long robe, though on a less intimate one with Mr. Chambers than with any other judge: he is too domestic himself to make any one else wish to be domesticated *chez lui;* his book and his wife are almost his only companions,—the good lady, his mother, I beg her pardon, I had forgot her. Mr. Chambers is, as you observe, an honour to his country; he is a learned and an upright judge, though he is the only avowed adherent to the majority; he is connected with and attached to them and their cause; nevertheless, when Mr. Hastings' plan for the new mode of governing this country was completed and revised by the Chief Justice, previous to its being submitted to parliament, Sir Elijah Impey and his brethren annexed separate letters to the work, to be transmitted home with it. Mr. Chambers wrote a sensible and a spirited one in his judicial capacity, recommending in the strongest terms, that the power to decide in many particular cases, relative to the revenue branch, "should rest solely with the Governor-General, without appeal to either court or council." This necessary (strange as it may strike you) proviso his brethren had overlooked; they were jealous; they squabbled upon the subject; the majority were displeased; they frowned: Mr. Chambers smiled; he was in the right, his conscience told him so, and he insisted upon the insertion of his letter—it was inserted.

I wish you were prime minister, or that I could have the same confidence that I have in you, in the premier: from my local knowledge in all the intricate parts of this complicated government, and my unrestrained access to the interior of the cabinet, I think that my informations with your judgment would serve the company and serve the kingdom.

Your friend Dow hath relinquished the office of Commissary-General; he has got a separate command, the garrison of Chunar. I heartily lament your abdication, but am reconciled to it for two reasons. I had probably never seen you again though you should have extended your reign a few years longer; and I do not know a person in the world who hath a better right "to rest in fortune's shade reclined."

There is strange work carrying on at Madras, which, lest you may not have heard, I will give you a very brief account of. Lord Pigot, at high variance with his council, finds a majority against him, to break the neck of which he commands two members of the Board (while it was sitting) out of the room (Messrs. Stratton and Brooke); they foolishly obeyed, and in their absence my Lord and his party (then a majority) voted them *suspended the service*, and they were suspended. Matters continued thus but for a short time. Stratton and Brooke, by the advice of their friends, disavowed the legality of the suspension, assumed their seats in council, have suspended Lord Pigot and his friend Claude Russell, second in council. They then seized on the person of Pigot, clapped him into close confinement, and Stratton is proclaimed Governor of Madras! There is a revolution for you! match it if you can in all the annals of all the world. No troops in disguise—no concealed army at Knightsbridge! all done above-board in the face of open day, and without a single

blow! The parties have appealed for redress and for support to our supremacy, and our council have been deliberating upon the unprecedented acts committed on both sides for these three days past; we can but enjoin conciliatory measures; our honourable masters (or *their right honourable masters*) must finally determine, and I hope with severity in a matter of so apparently dangerous a tendency: one party must be made a striking example of. I think the Madras folks are playing at schoolboys, "King, King I am!"

I never had the pleasure of learning from you that Mrs. Garrick received a piece of muslin and a small bottle of otta that I took the liberty to send her by a Mr. Brasier, and I fear it has miscarried. I send by Mr. Dickey, a purser (of the Shrewsbury) in this service, a small parcel, which I hope Mrs. Garrick will receive, and I entreat your good offices to make its contents acceptable. Adieu, my dear Sir; let me beg that you write me by the first occasion, and that you will honour me by esteeming me on all occasions with respect and affection,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

LAWRENCE GALE.*

P. S. Our theatrical committee return you many thanks for your polite attentions, and purpose to solicit your future countenance.

MR. L. GALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 26th September, 1776.

SINCE I closed my long letter to you per this packet, the face of affairs here has taken a new complexion. Yesterday evening, at half-past nine, the Honourable Colonel Monson gave up the ghost. We have now a dead majority; but I am afraid that the spirit of moderation, which hath governed Mr. Hastings' conduct through life will operate in the present instance to the prejudice of his friends. Adieu, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

LAWRENCE GALE.

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wynnstay, September 27th, 1776.

I AM ashamed not to have thanked you before this time for your very obliging letter with the names of several plays fit for our performance, but I deferred answering it till after the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, when you might be better able to know your own engagements, and whether we might flatter ourselves with the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. Garrick, and your nephew, at Wynnstay this year. I intend

* I can add nothing to the real information of Mr. Gale's own letter—there is *heart* in every line of it.—ED.

being in London for the meeting of the Parliament, and coming back here for the Christmas holidays; and if I could tempt you to return with us, nothing would make us more happy. I must own I do not know a better companion at that sociable season than old Falstaff. I will not now press it farther, but hope when we meet in London to have more conversation on the subject. My wife desires her compliments to you, and joins me in the same to Mrs. Garrick, and

I am, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

WAT. WMS. WYNN.

SEASON 1775 AND 1776.

Cash to David Garrick, Esq.	Dr. £	s.	d.
To Salary	800	0	0
To Management	500	0	0
	£1300	0	0

Per Contra	Cr. £	s.	d.
By 187 days paid at the Office at £34. 3s. 0d. per week	1064	6	10
Balance due	235	13	2
	£1300	0	0
To balance	235	13	2
Due on dividend	400	0	0
	£635	13	2

Endorsed,

"My account at the Theatre, June 30th, 1776."

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK,

IT was begun and concluded, perhaps too precipitately, during your last excursion; I am somewhat frighted, but have chose two consolations. Without very great ill-fortune I cannot lose, and I could even now dispose of it to advantage. Besides, I have hopes—but I'll tell you all my hopes and fears, and schemes, when I see you next. When it is too late to give a man advice, it is most charity to assist him; nobody can assist me so much and so well as yourself. I do not wish to clash with others, or pretend to overcome your partiality for the *old spot*; but our line is different; mine is but a little *gig*, and must be all alive and merry; theirs is a great *town-top*, and may *hum* and *sleep* in security.

Farewell, REMEMBER ME!

I am waiting for a gentleman, or would have been with you. Adieu, adieu! It is at his desire the matter is not avowed.

Health and happiness to you and Mrs. G.

Endorsed,

"Colman's letter about his purchase of the Haymarket Theatre."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. COLMAN.

DEAR COLMAN, October 8, 1776.

I AM this moment setting off for Hampton. I wish you most sincerely success and every pleasure from your new engagement. I am truly partial to the *old* spot, from an old habitual liking, but likewise from a principle of honesty that makes me attached to people who have bought my property and behave so well to me. Were you manager at the other house I should have been much distressed, for then *honour would say, do this, and tender love say, nay.* I am sorry the place is let to a puppet-show, and I rejoice you have not (as I hope) made a bad bargain—but more when I see you. I could wish that there were a proper gentleman-like agreement about matters between you all. More when I see you; in the mean time, God bless you, my dear friend! Yours ever, &c. D. G.

I was very near losing 20*l.* as my vanity conceived I should have heard of your engagement before it had been in the papers—no friendly miff, I assure you.

Endorsed,
" My answer to Colman's letter upon his purchase of the Haymarket Theatre."

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Althorpe, October 6th, 1776.

YOU must acknowledge you are shabby to have put us off from the sixth, which was the day you originally fixed, to the twelfth; but you will have your own way, and therefore we must acquiesce. Our coach shall certainly attend you at Newport Pagnell; and if you set out from thence about one o'clock, you will be here full time enough to dress for dinner.

I shall likewise send directions to have Holywell House at St. Alban's ready for you, in case you should like to lie there on Friday night; the beds and rooms are well aired, and more comfortable than at an inn, and that would make the journey to Newport Pagnell very easy for your own horses. We have no servants there, so that you must have your dinner or supper sent from the inn, which you will have no difficulty in, as they are used to it.

You must allow me to add that our servants are not allowed to take any thing.

Pray make my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me, Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

Endorsed, by Garrick himself,
" Lady Spencer's letter from Althorp. Nature for ever!"

THE RIGHT HON. R. RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Pay-office, Oct. 11th, 1776.

I SHOULD have been very glad to have seen you, had you called this morning; as I shall be still, if you can call before one o'clock. I would show you Grant's letter to me, which is worth reading.

Poor George! I did not know he had occasion for an operation, and am sorry for him. I intended this very morning to have proposed to him to go with me to Mistley next Tuesday; a dull shooting party for a week.

My best respects to Madame Garrick.

You are going to the first woman in the world.* The only rub in my political life has been, that it has frequently set me at a distance from more acquaintance with her.

The victory is complete.

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD RIGBY.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Rigby about Lady Spencer. All gospel."

MR. R. B. SHERIDAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Oct. 15th, 1776.

I SHOULD have written to you yesterday, but as I found Mr. Wallis had sent you an account of our situation, I thought I might as well defer it till I could give you some more decisive intelligence. I have never been to the theatre nor interfered with the business of it since I saw you, a resolution which at first appeared precipitate even to our own party, and particularly to our friend Wallis. However, they are now convinced that it was positively the only step which could have prevented Lacy's signing with the parties, or have put us on the footing which I hope we shall be on after a meeting we are to have to-morrow.

I was convinced that every thing had passed between Lacy, Thompson, and Langford, on Friday, except the actually having executed the deeds, and I had reason to think that the next day was appointed for this to be done. It was not to be supposed that argument, or indeed any consideration whatever, would prevail with Captain T. to quit his hotel (when he had so much at stake) if he could by any means maintain it: the only method, therefore, which the exigence admitted of, was to convince those who were to find the money, that they were going to embark their property on a vessel that was on flames, and at the same time to let Lacy see that,

* Such, by the uniform consent of opposite parties in the state, was the Countess Spencer.—ED.

by thus dividing his share, he would ruin the whole of it. Accordingly, after I left you, I wrote a long letter to Langford and Thompson, stating the injustice and illegality of the business, and informing them of my determination if they persisted in it. This Mr. W. delivered to Langford before five o'clock. At eight, I sent Hopkins to Lacy with a more formal and written notice to provide for the business and management by himself. He scarcely believed till then that I would actually do this, and sent Hopkins back to me, &c., but as I would not talk even relative to the theatre, he returned to L. who was in great confusion. Mrs. A. having refused to play, and "The Christmas Tale" (not being ready from the evening rehearsal, which had waited for my coming) being stopped, at twelve "Richard" and the Pantomime were fixed, the performers not having heard any thing of our change. The next day (which I am convinced was the day they would otherwise have signed and sealed on) Hopkins found them all three in great confusion and perturbation; Mr. Langford particularly, on hearing from H. that he did not think he could keep the house open a week. However, T. spirited them as much as possible to stand to the business; but (as I suppose Langford began to have qualms about advancing the money) it was determined to try what a civil letter to me would do, which they sent hoping to be friendly, with a compliment to my abilities and so forth; and at night, and again on Sunday morning, Lacy sent by Hopkins to entreat I would return to the management, and that he would do every thing in his power to procure matters to be settled to my satisfaction, and would give up the point if he could prevail on them. As I was aware of this, and felt on what secure ground I stood, I still declined hearing any thing on the subject, so that they soon found that the whole of their stock, after changing their play several times, was reduced to the *Committee*, and that after Tuesday they had not one play which they could perform. This appeared to have a great effect in settling the matter, and in consequence (though our meeting yesterday ended in nothing) we were to-day very friendly together, and received a positive promise that the point should be given up, and Mr. Lacy's word that he would never part with his share, or any part of it, but to us. We are to meet at night at Mr. Wallis's, where we are to receive a letter from Captain T. and Mr. L. renouncing the business, though I do not expect we shall come to the point till to-morrow. I have seen none of the performers (purposely) except Mr. Smith and Mr. King, who called on me in Orchard-street, since the affair happened. King has acted particularly well. However, from one motive or other, almost all the principal performers declined playing, on various pretences; even one or two, who I believe he thought would stand forward, have been taken ill: indeed there never was known such an uncommonly epidemic disorder as has raged among our unfortunate company; it differs from the plague by attacking the better sort first; the manner too in which they are seized, I am told, is very extraordinary; many who were in perfect health at one moment, on receiving a billet from the prompter to summon them to their business, are seized with sudden qualms, and, before they can get through the contents, are absolutely unfit to leave their rooms;

so that Hopkins's notes seem to operate like what we hear of Italian poisoned letters, which strike with sickness those to whom they are addressed: in short, if a successful author had given the company a dinner at Salt-hill, the effects could not be more injurious to our dramatic representations. And what has been still more alarming is, that those who being indisposed sent for our Doctor, found themselves on the first visit (an effect which Doctors often produce) worse than they were before, with this difference only in the process, that instead of learning his patient's case, he related his own. However, I hope we shall be able to procure a *bill of health* very soon; and as their confinement stands entirely on the ground of their dislike of playing under they know not whose management, I shall be particularly cautious that there shall be no precedent for sickness, as I have been from giving any authority for it; and indeed I believe they were most of them actuated by the same considerations and obvious foresight of the event, which had influenced me to desist from any part in the direction.

I shall not seal this letter till we have met to-night, when it is possible I may have the pleasure to tell you that matters are firmly accommodated.

October 16th, Wednesday Morning

I HAD not an opportunity last night to get at my letter, and indeed what I could have said was not decisive enough to have made me anxious for it. The business of the house is all stopped, by Lacy's desire, sooner than let it be known to his proposed partners (which another play, the effect of my interfering, must have informed them of) that we were already agreed on our old terms! We dine together to-day at Wallis's, when the affair *must* be decided; but I will not keep this, as Mr. Wallis will have time more fully to inform you of the event, as I speculate on rehearsing "The Christmas Tale" at ten o'clock for Friday. I have run this vile scrawl (which I beg you will excuse being written in haste) to such a length, I have scarcely room to say how much we feel your friendship in this business, and how sincerely I am your obliged friend and humble servant,

R. B. SHERIDAN.*

I beg mine and Mrs. S.'s best compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

* This is probably the longest letter that Sheridan ever wrote; it is really very pleasant, and with his usual fine temper *witty* even in perilous circumstances. The allusion to the Doctor (Ford) is like the pointed dialogue of his "School for Scandal," or "Critic."—ED.

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF PORTLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bullstrode, October 20th, 1776.

My indifferent state of health has prevented me till now acknowledging the receipt of your letter. I should always be glad to oblige you, but in this case I do not think myself a competent judge, without consulting a friend, whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Prior's intentions to have his manuscripts published, and when I come to town I will let you know the result of it.

I hope you and Mrs. Garrick (to whom I beg my compliments) are in perfect health. Mr. Burke gave me hopes he would bring you and Mrs. Garrick to Bullstrode. I hope you will never be in my neighbourhood without letting me have that pleasure. I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

M. E. Portland.

MRS. MONTAGUE TO MR. AND MRS. GARRICK.

Hill-street, October 20th, 1776.

Mrs. Montague presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and desires to know how they do. She has the pleasure of conveying to Mrs. Garrick a packet which she received from Madame Neckar; and which, lest the Philistines at the Custom-house should have seized, she brought in her pocket; by which means she has torn Mr. Garrick's letter, but hopes he will pardon the accident. Mrs. M. cannot help intimating that she never felt such pity and terror, which it is the business of tragedy to excite, as at the French theatre, where Mr. Le Kain roars like a mad bull, and Molé rolls his eyes, and has all the appearance of a man in a phrensy. Every one at Paris talks as they ought to do of Mr. Garrick, and the persons of real taste seem convinced of the false taste prevalent in their tragedies. Certainly, Punch in a puppet-show is more like a grave magistrate, than their dramatic characters are like heroes. Mrs. M. has sent Mr. and Mrs. Garrick Voltaire's paper, which was read at the Academy.

SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Calcutta, 28th October, 1776.

Like an Oxford muse upon the death of one king and the accession of another, I approach you with tears on *this* side of my face for the loss the public has sustained, and smiles on *that* for the ease that you have acquired. I congratulate you on your wisdom in knowing when to retire, and your fortitude in retiring even in spite of the allurements of power and praise.

The first account I received of your resolution to become a private man was contained in a letter of yours to Mr. Gale, wherein you do me very great honour, and, what is better, give me a very great proof of your friendship; the sweets of which I hope I shall yet live to enjoy, at my return to England, without either the impediments of business or the bitterness of absence.

Whether that return shall be in four or five years, or be delayed for double that time, will probably depend on the success of an application that I am now making to the Court of Directors of the East India Company. The death of Colonel Monson has made vacant an office (that of a member of the Supreme Council here) to which I have been encouraged to look forward, from the time of my accepting my present employment. The right of filling up this vacancy is by an Act of Parliament vested in the Court of Directors, who are empowered to nominate with the consent of the King, signified under his sign manual, the person that shall succeed; and I have reason to hope that, on this occasion, the interest of his Majesty's ministers with that Board will be exerted in my favour. But how powerful soever their recommendation may be, I apprehend that, to ensure its efficacy, familiar applications to the Directors by their private friends and acquaintance are absolutely necessary. If, therefore, you are known to any of those gentlemen, you may probably, by the influence and ascendant power that you have throughout your sphere, do me very important service; though it be only by fixing the choice of a doubter, or softening into neutrality the asperity of a stern anti-courtier.

This letter will be delivered to you by Mr. Smoult, a young gentleman who is a kinsman of mine, and whom I have thought it worth while to send express to England by way of Suez and Grand Cairo upon this occasion.

My mother and wife join with me in compliments and good wishes to yourself and Mrs. Garrick. Pray remember me to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Beauclerk, and to all our friends at the Club, if you go thither, as I hope you do. I write to Dr. Johnson by this conveyance, and hope also that I shall be able to write to Dr. Percy and Mr. Jones; but if I should not, I trust they will grant me some indulgence on account of my present hurry.

I have the honour to be, with sincere attachment and regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

ROBT. CHAMBERS.*

* Dr. Johnson's friend the Judge, Sir Robert Chambers.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Althorpe, October 30th, 1776.

THE perverseness that guides most people in most things, inclines me to leave many necessary letters unwritten to write an unnecessary one to you; but I cannot resist thanking for your two letters, especially the last. Your reception at —— is just what I should have supposed. There never was any body had the talent of making other people feel ill at ease so supremely as that person: I sincerely pity her connexions, who deserved a happier lot. I am afraid I am wicked enough to enjoy the thoughts of hearing Mrs. Garrick's account of all her distresses. Pray give my affectionate compliments to her. I shall send this letter by my Lord, who is just going; so that I have only time to add that I am detained here by a slight indisposition; that it is possible I may be kept till it will not be worth while to go to town at all; and that, if you are charitably disposed, you will let me hear often all the sense or nonsense, news, chit-chat, or scandal, that comes in your way.

If your charade to Miss Lloyd means Rayshill, it is a vile one; and your "is or is not" to Harriet we cannot make out. Adieu!

Endorsed,
"Heavenly Lady Spencer to me."

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Richmond, November, 1776.

MY dear boy, who is just recovered from a sore throat and fever, is going to take a ride, and I have sent this scrawl by him. Indeed, my friend, I deserve no miffs, unless perhaps I ought to be angry with myself for not waiting for your return and good advice. The matter was scarce in embrio just as you were going to Lord Spencer's, and I went three or four times to the Adelphi and the house on purpose to consult you, but you were so lost in the dust made by the *new brooms*, that I could not seize a favourable moment, and indeed I did not then believe *him* in earnest. As to the accommodation with the parties you mention, your influence will always be very powerful with me, and I am sure it ought with them. I wish to avoid all hostilities, and I know you will not advise me to submit to any oppression; for that, *coute qu'il coute*, I shall most certainly resist. But I will not quarrel for *three pence*. About the middle of the week I hope to see you in town, till when and ever I remain, with every good wish for you and Mrs. Garrick, Most affectionately yours,

G. COLMAN.

Endorsed,
"Colman about his Haymarket purchase."

DAVY PAVY TO HALY PALY.

Adelphi, Friday.

Most unfortunately, my dear Haly Paly, the Hamptonians are engaged to go on Thursday next to Farnborough Place, and stay there five or six days. But why may not that *other party* take place at our return. We shall expect you and Lady Glyn *Monday* or *Tuesday*, or what say you to *Sunday* next? Cadogan and his very amiable daughter, with the celebrated *Hannah More*, will be with us; and if you can take any pleasure in a roasted Doctor, and have no aversion to roasted venison, we will treat you with both. Open your mind to me, I beseech you, my dearest Haly, in all naked simplicity! hearken with joy and gladness to tidings I shall *declare* unto you. On or about the 7th or 8th of the next month, the royalty of Mistley will honour Hampton with his presence; and as I would choose to have him in all his glory, I would wish to have him attended by his satellites; therefore let the *Halys*, the *Wrotsleys*, the *Mollys*, the *Dimples*, and the *Cupids*, be kept for that high festival! To which let the *Reynolds*, the *Chamier*, and the *Adam*, the first of men, be called by the sound of trumpet; and let the Loves and Graces, with the Iniquities, attend, like the first of women, Eve, without the fig-leaf, that his Highness may regale, *en Turc*, not with that unexpected ablution you were pleased once to direct him to, but with the most refined spiritual sensuality in the Temple of Shakspeare. I am writing this half asleep at the hour of seven, but the subject has roused miraculously *(en astronome) le pauvre inspecteur de Pavé*, and I shall wait for your answer by the return of my courier. Choose Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday next for the *private* conference—the *public* rejoicings must be established by royal authority.

Yours, my dearest Paly, in all truth, naked truth, and most affectionate warmth of mysterious conjunction, DAVY PAVY.

Pray, if possible, an explicit answer by the bearer.

Endorsed,
"A ridiculous letter to Haly Paly about meeting Mr. Rigby at Hampton."

MR. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Portsmouth, Nov. 1, 1776.

I am extremely obliged to you for your letter from Althorp. I have many circumstances here to make my situation disagreeable and melancholy; so many, and so galling, that if you knew them all, you would think that my late literary exertion proved me, if not a *scholar*, a man of spirit.

Your very obliging letter I intended some time hence to answer with that deliberate respect which it deserved. But I am obliged to write to you *now*, however inaccurately; for time, and my evil destiny, press hard upon me. The Resolution is

ordered immediately for sea; and it is my resolution rather to die than to sail in her. How cruel soever my necessities may be, I am determined not to sacrifice to this horrible life (as it relates to me) my constitution of mind and my natural pretensions. When you were so good as to apply for me for this Chaplainship, neither you nor I thought that in consequence of obtaining it I should be obliged to be near the ship or on board. I have now had this Chaplainship three years; and my heart is yet warmly grateful to you for the interest which procured it. But I flatter myself that your humanity will not desert me at a critical juncture; that you will still think, what you said you once thought, that my present situation was (in some degree, I suppose) unworthy of me; that you will sink in oblivion my past obliquities of conduct, and espouse my cause *once* more as if they had never existed. This will be to verify my *sincere* eulogium of you that you are "as great in Garrick as in Lear;" it will give great pleasure to your own moral sentiments, and it shall be demonstrated to you that I deserve your attention by my future life and writings.

Soyons amis, Cinna; c'est moi qui t'en convie. Pardon my apparent vanity; but *mon cœur s'epanouit*—I feel within me what in some measure warrants the quotation. It is impossible for me exactly to point out what I would wish you to do for me: you know my cast of mind; you know what I am qualified for; you know the range I formerly gave you, when you were generously active to serve me. As I am determined at this time, for a thousand reasons, to resign rather than to go to sea, a determination which may be of ugly consequence to me, I will lay two or three objects before you. The Sandwich, a ninety-gun ship, is put into commission here; she must have a Chaplain. A ninety-gun ship is now, or immediately will be, put into commission at Chatham. If I cannot obtain one of *them*, as my health is, in truth, very indifferent, Lord Sandwich might dispense with my being kicked about in the Channel this winter. But pray be so good as fix me on *terra firma* if you can; I am sea-sick to death already. On the naval objects I have mentioned I would neither wish to waste my interest with you, nor that you should waste your interest for me; for if in one of them you should succeed for me, you will only raise me from the fire to the frying-pan; therefore I only propose *them*, if nothing better can be done for me. Trust me, to whatever you recommend me, I shall fill my sphere with diligence and honour. Pray excuse all inaccuracies; time is precious, and the post is going.

I am, dear Sir, very gratefully and respectfully,

Your most faithful obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Pray write to me soon. The Resolution is at Spithead; she is ordered to be in immediate readiness for sea.

Respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I hope yet to deserve her friendship.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sandleford, November 3rd, 1776.

As the grave and the sage love retirement, and the idle and the foolish love variety, you would not be surprised to find that for some reason or other I stole into the country as soon as I could after my arrival from Paris. When the action is good, I do not love people should too curiously enquire into the motive; but, as we live in a prying world, somebody may tell you, if I do not, that I came hither to enjoy a scene and mode of life the most different that was possible from what I had been at Paris. Mine is the fable of Dame Baucis reversed. I am metamorphosed into the rural cottager; sunk into a cultivator of potatoes, and feeder of pigs: all this wonderful change was wrought without any operation of Jupiter or Mercury, but merely by mortal postilions, who brought me through the turnpike-road to Sandleford; where, with all the fine visions of theory, and all the energies of action, I am the most delighted and most prosperous farmer that is possible; and while the rural objects and amusements were new, I did not imagine I should revert to what I had seen at Paris, or regret what I might have enjoyed in London, till I had the favour of your letter, which told me you had intended to call upon me, and give me an hour of your conversation, which I prefer to every thing either town or country could offer. I have not yet fixed my day for leaving this place. If I loved to give myself airs of importance, I should tell you I had not yet done all the business I came to do; but, to confess the honest truth, I came to do idleness, and it is not all done. I know verbal critics would condemn the phrase, and say no one can do idleness—the very essence of idleness is not doing; but there is an idleness to be done as much as a darkness that may be visible, and is, like the other, a state and a condition, and a very pleasant and gentle one, when the working-day of bustle and hurry is over; but, seriously speaking, I found it necessary for my health and spirits to get a little quiet and tranquillity here, and not to pass from the flutter of Paris to the racket of London.

I am rejoiced that you tell me Shakspeare shall be revenged on the base attack made on him at the Academy. I felt the same indignation and scorn at the reading Voltaire's paper as I should have done if I had seen Harlequin cutting capers, and striking his wooden sword on the monument of a Cæsar or an Alexander the Great. I would give you an account of all that passed on the occasion, but that I have already written it to two or three of my correspondents, and it is tedious to tell as well as to listen to the twice-told tale. I told it indeed with *variations:* to the Greek scholar I complained at the same time of the indignities offered to Homer; to the wit, of the absurdities and inconsistencies so apparent as that, while the study and imitation of great and original genius was recommended, our bard, the greatest and most original of geniuses, was abused and ridiculed for errors to which the most sublime writers are most liable. Now, my dear Sir, as in you are united all the tastes

and all the excellencies of the scholar, the wit, the critic. &c., to provoke the full and utmost of your indignation and contempt, I must repeat to you every offence which genius, wit, and sense received; therefore I will reserve the history of this affair till I have the happiness of seeing you. I must do due justice to the Academy by saying, that it was much against the inclination of all but three or four that this paper was read. I must say I felt for Shakspeare the anxiety one does for a dead friend, who can no longer speak for himself. When Mr. Garrick was on the stage, I should have defied the utmost malice, as he was then alive, and consequently invincible. Indeed, my dear Sir, you must, from filial piety and paternal duty (for I reckon you both the son and the father of Shakspeare in many respects), defend him against this pert Frenchman. There are many of the French who greatly admire Shakspeare; but, except those who have had the good fortune to see his spirit walk the stage, few I fear that have felt him.

I assure you I am more alarmed for Mrs. Garrick's interests than ever; Madle. Gregory at Paris was more desperately in love with you than Miss Gregory at London. The naughty girl laughed most heartily at the tragedies when she should have cried; conscious at last how she exposed herself, she declined going to the spectacle.

I have not yet absolutely fixed the day for my return to Hill-street; but as soon as I arrive there, I will send a petition to the Adelphi to obtain the promised visit. My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. Miss Gregory is much her humble servant; I am ashamed to say whose humble servant she is most. With the most perfect esteem, I am, dear Sir, your much obliged,

And most affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

MR. GARRICK TO MADAM NECKER.

MADAM, Hampton, Nov. 10th, 1776.

BY the gracious permission of the gout, which has prevented my doing my duty till now, I take up my pen, with fear and trembling, to thank you from my heart of hearts (as Shakspeare calls it) for the most flattering, charming, bewitching letter that ever came to my hand: I shall keep it as the most precious monument of your unbounded partiality to me, and of my own vanity: it shall be left by my will to be kept in the famous mulberry-box with Shakspeare's own handwriting, to be read by my children's children for ever and ever, and

"Exegi Monumentum!" &c.

Will you pardon me for a fault for the sincerity of confessing it? Mr. Gibbon, our learned friend and excellent writer, happened to be with me when I received the bewitching letter: in the pride, and grateful overflowings of my heart, I could not resist the temptation of showing it to him;—he read—stared at me—was silent—then

gave it me with these emphatical words emphatically spoken—"This is the very best letter that ever was written:"* upon which, *à-la-mode d'Angleterre*, the writer was remembered with true devotion, and in full libations. An old English ballad says—

"Let your heart and your wine overflow
To all that is matchless *below!*"

And so they shall, as long as they can overflow with me. I am so bewitched to this subject, that I had almost forgot my wife—who is so full of her warm acknowledgments for the honour and pleasure she received with your most elegant present, that her great sensibility upon the occasion requires a more powerful pen than mine to describe it. She begs me in particular to present her respects to Mrs. Necker, and that were she able to tell her feelings, neither Shakspeare nor his interpreter, her husband, should outdo her in the true sentiments of the heart.

It would be thought, in general, very strange that I should not before felicitate you, Madam, and Mr. Necker, upon his late, as it is called, promotion. I have a very particular way of thinking upon these matters; and as I have the honour of knowing Mr. Necker, I sincerely think that no change of situation can be any promotion to such a mind and such abilities. I must beg leave to apply to you and him a stanza in a little Ode which I wrote upon being asked if I had been to visit Lord Camden, and give him joy of his appointment to the Great Seal.

"Wish him joy, and for what? I beseech you, declare,
No changes new honours can bring:
To Necker the place will be labour and care,—
Wish joy to his *country and king*."

These are my real sentiments in prose as well as rhyme; and, to be a little selfish, what shall *I* get by the matter? Instead of seeing (should I go to Paris) the warm, benevolent, smiling, social, communicative, open-hearted Mr. Necker, I shall behold the thoughtful, absent, deep, wise, grave politician; scheming every kind of good for France; and perhaps in the moment that I am enjoying every hospitable pleasure under his roof, he may be planning mischief for poor Old England. I cannot bear it. No; I will stay for his return to social and private happiness, and then I will be the first to felicitate my best and much honoured friends. If I can finish a little thought that I have, I will send it: the only merit will be its sincerity. I have left no room for Voltaire and Shakspeare. There are rods preparing for the old gentleman by several English wits: his letter to the French Academy is no addition to his genius or his generosity, and his errors are without end. I pity his ill-placed anger.

I am your most faithfully affectionate and devoted servant,

D. GARRICK.

I have the gout in my hand.

* It will be found in the *foreign* part of "The Correspondence."—ED.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Althorp, November 11th, 1776.

I MUST own you have made thorough amends for your silence at first by the two letters you have sent me, which, besides their own personal merit, had every possible advantage; for things told any way are interesting to people deserted as we are, and you may easily imagine how much more so when they are told your way. I am ashamed of having mistaken opposite extremes in your last charade; it is certainly better cold than hot, but is but a moderate business at best. The Duchess of Devonshire and Mr. Isted (whom you met some time ago at Mr. Thursby's) have, I think, outdone you all; they have each of them written three or four, of which I shall give you the two following, by way of specimen:

MR. ISTED.

Quand le héros triomphe après la victoire,
Mon premier le reçoit, il fait briller sa gloire;
Quand la mer est troublée par l'orage et le vent,
Mon second sait sauver le vaisseau périssant;
Mon tout est à-la-mode, on l'écrit, on le lit,
Et les gens hébétés le brûlent par dépit.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

My first no life or feeling blesses,
My second every sense possesses;
And nothing more affronts my second,
Than when it like my first is reckon'd.
United they a being show,
The greatest nuisance that we know.

The first is Charade; the next, Blockhead.

The Duke of Devonshire has likewise made some very good ones; but as you are probably as much tired of them as we are, I shall not worry you with any more.

Many thanks for your epilogue: I like it much, and have taken a copy of it; but I will not show it to any body, except Miss Lloyd and Mrs. Thursby, till you tell me I may. By the by, as you have a good amanuensis, you might, I think, from time to time send me a few of the contents of *the book*—the Dialogue between the two Buildings, &c. as well as all your new productions, for which I shall be very thankful.

I am sorry for what you say of public affairs; it is a subject I hate to think upon, as the general good that can be attained, even by the most justifiable war, is so inadequate to the innumerable ills and heart-breaking miseries it occasions.

Your arrangement of the illuminations for people's heads is not ill-adapted;

though we, who are approaching towards old, shall think it hard to be allowed less light merely because we have occasion for more.

I have at last wrote to Mrs. M.; but I do not believe I shall ever make you my secretary again, for it is inconceivable how much trouble I had to lower your letter, till it was dull and common enough to pass for my own.

Pray tell Mrs. Garrick—no, you shall not, for I will tell her myself.

I wish both you and she had the talent of travelling with a house on your back; for I should delight in having you here during the Christmas party, if I thought I could any way ensure you a room; but as it stands at present, I have no idea how to cram in the persons who are to come.

Pray continue to write, and be assured I am always thankful for your letters whether I answer them or not.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday, 1776.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Duke of Devonshire.	Lady Spencer.
Duchess of Devonshire.	Lord Althorp.
Lord Spencer.	

You know we are all your toad-eaters, at least I answer for myself.

Many thanks to Mrs. Garrick for indulging me with a place the night I so much wish for one.

May I expect a box on Monday, and what will it be?

I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

Endorsed,
"Lady Spencer's sweet note about Victor's subscription."

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Nov. 27th, 1776.

I WOULD have returned you the letters sooner, but in attempting to cut a cheese my hand slipped from the handle all down the blade of the knife, and is horribly cut in five different places; however, there is no essential mischief done, and the wounds heal very fast, as you may suppose, from my being already able to write *so well* with it. I have no great partiality for studied letters, nor do I much admire those you have sent, except one expression which I like in Madame Necker's:—*Vous n'avez aperçu que son cadavre; mais je l'ai vu, moi, quand son âme animait son corps.*

Pray let me hear from you soon, and tell me what you mean to do with yourself

from this time till the middle of January, because my Lord says he should be very happy to see you and Mrs. G.; every body else says the same, and I am not singular upon this occasion. The only difficulty is about room, which we think we can manage very well; therefore pray inform me what part of the time will suit you best; and do not shake your head and invent any excuses, for I shall not be in a humour to receive them.

Endorsed,
"Lady Spencer, always natural!"

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Althorp, Dec. 10th, 1770.

AND so you will not come, after all the pains I have been taking to make room for you. I am sorry for it; there are ten or twelve red-coats here already, and yours would have looked very smart among them.

My fingers and hand are got quite well; and as to any other vile reports, do not believe them, for *I am not* in the wicked way you suppose, I do assure you; so, beware not to cast such a slur upon a woman of my years and discretion.

The Duchess begs you will believe that she never knew of your being at D. House, or she would not have refused herself the pleasure of seeing you: she acknowledges that she got up unreasonably late the whole time she was in town, and was probably in bed when you called upon her.

It is said at Paris that after the meeting at the Academy broke up, one of the members expressed his concern to Mrs. M. lest Voltaire's letter should have shocked or displeased her; to which she answered, "Not at all, Sir; for I never professed myself to be the friend of Monsieur Voltaire." She does not mention this in her letter either to you or to me, but they reckon it an excellent answer.

You promised some time ago to write often to me, and to send me from time to time some little things; which, I assure you, is no bad scheme, for I am quite like Moliere's old woman, I know nothing of rules or science; but where I laugh or cry, like or dislike, you may depend upon it, the generality of the world will: as a proof of it, I liked your epilogue for Mrs. Hobart exceedingly; and I have since had the pleasure of hearing it commended by all who have seen it, though I have been so faithful to my trust as never to show it to any body myself. Give my affectionate compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and tell her I will not yet despair of seeing you here, if she will undertake the cause, and bring you hither *bon gré, mal gré.* Adieu!

G. SPENCER.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

MY LORD, Adelphi, Dec. 12th, 1776.

THOUGH I have for near forty years faced the most formidable critics, yet I could not till this moment have resolution enough to write and send this letter to your Lordship; nothing indeed ought to distress a man of sensibility more than giving trouble without the least right or pretence for it; thus, my Lord, having no excuse for my presumption, I must necessarily appeal to your goodness for my pardon. I have a nephew, my namesake, whose dangerous state of health obliged him some time ago to sell out of Lord Pembroke's Dragoons. We never expected that he would have got the better of his disorder—he is now quite recovered, is a young man with a tolerable person, and his character a good one. Lord Pembroke and the officers of the regiment speak of him with great partiality; his situation at present is very disagreeable to him, and if your Lordship would take pity on him, and honour him with your commands to attend your suite in any capacity you should think proper, he would think himself most particularly happy, and I, my Lord, should never forget the obligation. I might have procured a more powerful interest for this solicitation, but I was resolved to owe any favour I might receive to Lord Buckingham alone, or that he might have no difficulty in refusing

His Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

LORD BUCKINGHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 13th, 1776.

MR. GARRICK would have had some difficulty in finding a deputy solicitor whose wishes would have been more readily complied with than his own, and it is with real concern that I feel myself obliged to enter into the reasons of my refusal.

My taking the young gentleman with me, without a prospect of making a permanent provision for him in Ireland, would be only leading him and his friends into an unavailing expense. There are many things undoubtedly in the gift of the Lord Lieutenant, but there are ten times more solicitors; some of the Irish must be obliged, and certainly in general have a better right to the emoluments of their own country, than those who only occasionally come there in the suite of a new governor. This reasoning will necessarily lessen the number of my family: I shall unavoidably displease many; but it is surely better to incur the displeasure of twenty, than essentially to injure and disappoint one. Believe me, Sir,

With real regard, your most obedient servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

LORD SANDWICH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Admiralty, December 17th, 1776.

I AM exceedingly happy to hear we are to have the pleasure of your company to dinner to-morrow. You do not put me to trial whether I am of a forgiving disposition, as you have never yet sinned against me to my knowledge; therefore, when I write to or speak of you, I have no choice but panegyric. I am, with great truth,

Your most obedient and most faithful servant,

SANDWICH.

A man-of-war is just arrived at Plymouth that left New York on the 13th of November; but Lord Howe's principal dispatches are on board another ship, which is not yet arrived, though she sailed with the other: from circumstances, however, I do not believe that when these ships sailed any thing material had happened between the two armies.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

December 19th, 1776.

MANY thanks for your letter: we all like Sheridan's epilogue, and I am much obliged to you for sending it; but I could not hear it so much commended, and know I had so excellent a one in my possession as yours for Mrs. Hobart, without producing it; and it was, as it deserves to be, universally approved.

I did not show the prologue, because I do not like it: there is wit in it; but remember Whitehead's advice, which, though written upon another occasion, is always suitable:—

"A nation's taste depends on you,—
Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

I am not sure I quote right, but you will know what I mean.

The anecdote from Mr. Rigby's and the epigram must have occasioned a fine jolly scene. I should like to have been among you.

Pray let me hear, without loss of time, how Mrs. Garrick does; she must not ail any thing;—you, I am sure, can neither see, hear, nor understand, without her. After all, it is comfortable to find that a few people can live a good many years together without wishing one another at the d—. It will to-morrow be one-and-twenty years since Lord Spencer married me, and I verily believe we have neither of us repented of our lot from that time to this.

Pray convey this letter (not the one I am writing; do not mistake me) to Mr. Beard. I do not know his direction, and probably you do.

I did not intend writing three lines, and I am already in the third page. You will

think me a very troublesome correspondent; but, instead of increasing the evil by excuses, I will have done.

Every body desire their compliments, particularly my Lord, the Duke, and Duchess.

Endorsed,

"Lady Spencer, delightful and natural."

REV. H. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Buckingham-street, Saturday.

I HAVE availed myself of all your masterly hints and emendations, having only to regret that I cannot make use of the enclosed fine scene, which would be totally destroyed by *Brett's* insipidity, though in proper hands its effect would be capital. Thank you for "Every Hero has his day;" it fills up the vacuum charmingly. All the cuttings that you have made are so judicious that they were ratified by me the moment I saw them. I have now only to thank you most cordially for your friendly attention to it, and to assure you that this is enrolled with me among the numberless other obligations you have conferred upon me. If towards the last rehearsal you could take a peep at them, I should feel myself more at ease about the propriety of the representation; for, to tell you the truth, I have no reason yet to place any great confidence in other people's abilities or sincerity; *verb. sat.* Adieu! and believe me Yours most sincerely,

H. BATE.*

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

December 22nd, 1776.

NEVER send me such a Jeremiade again, as long as you live. I doat upon all your nonsense, but I shall never dare make any more saucy observations upon it, if you take what I say in such sober sadness. I was in hopes you would either have acknowledged the truth of my lesson, and have kissed the rod, or that you would have been as pert as I was, and have called me prude, or any thing else your passion suggested; instead of which you send me a serious justification, which I will not forgive you for, till you have found out some method of proving that you have forgiven me.

I wanted much to know how you and Mrs. Garrick did, but not a word of the health of either of you could I find from the beginning to the end of the letter;—in short, there is but one sensible thing in it, which is where you bid me not write to you so often; and yet you see that is of no use—but I could not help it this once, and if you will send me a pretty answer to this, I will promise not to worry you any more, at least for the present.

* Relates to his unlucky *Black-a-moor washed white.*—ED.

I wish you and Mrs. Garrick could still contrive to give us a few days any time between this and the 10th of January. You cannot imagine how happy it would make us all, especially me, as it would give me an opportunity of scolding you for your letter, which you really deserve. Adieu!

My affectionate compliments attend Mrs. Garrick.

LORD SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Chiswick, Tuesday, 11 o'clock.

I THANK God I am enabled to give a much more comfortable account of my dear Georgiana than I have yet been; she has had a very quiet night, and is waked much refreshed: the throat is almost well, the fever much abated, and the eruption going gradually off; but great care must be taken, as this horrible disorder is liable to returns upon the slightest cold, and Doctor Warren will not look upon it as over till the fourteenth day, and to-day is only the seventh.

I am sorry you have not been well. Adieu!

MR. H. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Adelphi, 25th December, 1776.

I HAVE this instant received your entertaining and most kind favour. This is an instance of friendship beyond what I could possibly have expected even from so warm a friend as I have ever found you. As to the salary for your labours, we must defer entering upon that subject till your wants require it or my fortune will enable me to do justice to your merit and services, neither of which seems very likely at present; and therefore you must content yourself, as is your custom, with doing good to others —for the very sake of doing good alone! I admire the intelligence exceedingly; it abounds with that singular spirit of narration that interests while it entertains the readers. But, my dear friend, do not let your friendship for me, or your zeal for the poor Morning Post, betray you into a situation that is likely to endanger your health. Did you read my foolish *religious* Ode on this day to take the unwary in, who cannot fail, after this, I think, to set me down among the long list of the truly *pious* professors of the g——l? When you sit in judgment on it as a critic, remember that I wrote it yesterday while my hair was dressing. I will take particular care of all the copy; and give it to you when next I have the pleasure of seeing you. It has struck me that Madame Ab——n would have smoked something if I had so instantaneously popped upon her after her refusal to play, as she would naturally ask herself how the devil came this prompter to hear so soon of this circumstance unless he is leagued with the managers, or that arch manager of all managers, D—— G——? Am I not at least a prudent politician? We are going to dine with our friend Wallis, to

meet the Linleys, Sheridans, and Vaughans. I expect some sour looks from Dapper! My respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick. The compliments of the season I most sincerely greet you with; and may you, my dear friend, meet with many a happy return of this festival, is the hearty prayer of Yours for ever and most truly,

H. BATE.

Endorsed,
" Letter of thanks from Bate, Dec. 25th, 1776."

GENERAL FITZROY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, December 26th, 1776.

I AM much obliged to you for the receipt you was so good as to send to me, and flatter myself that you will not again have occasion to use that or any other. The world is so much indebted to you for pleasure, that if they could guide the hand of Fortune, no pain should approach you; at least you have the comfort of knowing that they must partake of every thing that can affect your happiness.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

C. FITZROY.

Endorsed,
" General Fitzroy in answer to mine,
Dec. 26th, 1776."

MR. G. GARRICK TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR BROTHER, 27th December, 1776.

THE great agitation of mind I have been in will, I hope, plead my excuse for not returning you sooner my most affectionate thanks for your very kind and brotherly answer to my letter. Indeed, my dear brother, you have affected me much with your great kindness, and I could now dash out my brains that I should either have neglected or offended you; for I can assure you that the pangs I have felt from your withdrawing your love and affection from me for a long time had, at times, not only deprived me of my senses, but almost of my life; for indeed it has been the cause of my many and very long as well as very expensive illnesses. But I hope you will not imagine that I have been totally without expense as to my children. I have paid large sums (and happy I was that I had it for them) for their schooling and other necessaries, and that too at a time when I could least afford it, which consequently threw me very back, as I was at a very low salary at the theatre for many years. This I hope will, among others, in some measure account for my application to you; but you will wrong me much should you in the least think that I have not the warmest sense of gratitude and affection to my sister and you for your unbounded goodness to my children. Give me leave to assure you both that I shall ever feel it, and that I shall never forget it. And I am sure I can answer for them that *they* never will. And I hope that during the term of eight-and-twenty years and upwards

that I have attended you in bustling through the great fatigues and management of so great a theatre, even the insinuation of ingratitude or disaffection could never justly be produced against me,—I am sure, not intentionally. My very bad state of mind and health for two or three years past will, I hope, plead very much for me in mitigation of my neglect in Formignac's affairs. I do not mean to infer that I have not been neglectful: but you may be assured that I will as soon as possible make out the accounts and bring them for your inspection; and that I will do every thing else that can restore your love and affection, for without it I shall ever remain the most miserable, and unhappiest of brothers.

GEO. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"A letter from brother George, Dec. 27th, 1776."

LORD VILLIERS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Phillis-Court, December 28th, 1776.

I AM so much ashamed of troubling you again with a letter, that I do not know how to begin; but as you have certainly often found that those to whom you have shown the greatest indulgence only encroach the more, so I fear you will think I merit to be put among that number;—in short, the whole troop is met, and all wished me much to speak eight or ten lines as introductory to it. What could I do, dear Sir, in this case? I dared not refuse it; you have experienced how difficult they are to manage, but whom to apply to you will easily imagine, who I knew could do it the best, but shame to trouble you again almost prevented me; but as I have received so much kindness from you on this occasion, might I beg literally ten or twelve lines *à-propos* to the occasion, I would not think or wish for any more. If this is not too unreasonable, it will add a fresh obligation to those you have already conferred.

I shall say nothing of our play till you see it, nor can indeed much be said of it till we have seen you again; I am sure Lord Townley for one would never think of turning his Lady out of doors, unless you raise his spirits to it. We are all very happy to see you here on the 3rd by one o'clock; my horses shall be at the castle at Salt Hill the night before. I hope Mrs. Garrick continues well; I beg my best compliments to her: all here desire to join with me in thanks to you and Mrs. Garrick for giving us the pleasure of your company. Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

VILLIERS.

Endorsed,
"Lord Villiers about his play."

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I AM informed by Mr. Garrick that you have been so obliging as to express a readiness to receive a tragedy of my writing, and to give it a representation if you find it deserving. This unfortunate production is under such peculiar circumstances, that I cannot omit expressing to you in the most earnest manner my sensibility on this occasion; at the same time, though I believe it is not unknown to you, that I am tendering a piece rejected at the other theatre, yet I think myself bound to remind you of this particular in its disfavour; and so absolute were the terms of its dismission, that I ought and should have despaired of its merits, if I had not had a pretty long and intimate acquaintance with the stage, and what produces stage effect,—if I had not given infinite pains and attention to this composition for very many years, and, above all, if I had not been supported by the unanimous suffrages of every person to whose judgment I have committed it. I really say this to you, not for the sake of parade, but in the way of excuse for persisting in any degree of self-opinion, after I had received judgment against me: I beseech you, therefore, Sir, to read it with as much malice as you are capable of, considering that an author is an ill judge in his own cause. Before I conclude, I shall do justice to the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, so far as to say, that the piece hath undergone corrections and amendments since it passed through their hands, though to no considerable extent. I beg leave to add, that as this piece ought always to be considered as standing in a doubtful predicament, I shall consider myself in honour engaged not to draw any profits from your treasury till I am convinced your treasury is profited by it.*

COLMAN, AS WARBURTON, TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR OLD GO-BY-THE-WALL, Jan. 3rd, 1777.

I REJOICED yesterday at hearing, by fat Harry, that you was better; but I do not approve of your living too low in the gout. Gout is an excrement, and all nature is in an uproar to expel him; you should therefore encourage the militia, and ask General Fever to your table. The general, I warrant you, with a few kind words, and a glass or two of good wine, (which to a man of your fortune costs absolutely nothing, as a man may say,) will drive the dog into Calabria, which you know is the

* This tragedy might be "The Battle of Hastings," which was acted at Drury-lane Theatre in 1778. Cumberland was not fashioned for the heroic; yet it would be hard to refuse him praise, even as a tragic writer, and remember his "Carmelite." However, the bent of his genius was to *moral* comedy, impassioned and characteristic.—Ed.

foot of Italy. But to what purpose have you read Shakspeare not to find out that he describes the gout in the following lines?—

"As the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontis and the Hellespont."

The *Pontick sea* is neither more nor less than the gout, *morbus arthriticus*, or ἀρθρῖτις, because the joints serve as a bridge for the inflammable matter to pass over: *icy current*, because the gout is a cold humour (mistaken by Moorfields' quacks for an hot one) and *compulsive course*, because it drives every thing before it. Then the sweet-eyed poet couches his advice (perhaps prophetically to you who are his eldest son) by saying, it *ne'er knows* or feels (that is, never should know or feel) *retiring ebb:* in other words, it should be still drove on to the *Propontis (i. e.)* the *os pubis*, and the *Hellespont;* which, by the by, is a false reading, for the author certainly wrote it Heel's Point.

WARBURTON.*

P. S. Love to Mrs. Garrick: roundabout compliments *que vous expliquerez en François* to your niece. We will drink your health to-morrow; and if you have any spare game in your larder, lend me some.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, January 7th, 1777.

FOR fear of a relapse, (a thing not uncommon in the gout,) I send once more to ask how you do, notwithstanding the implied veto in the card you sent me. I have been prevented coming to see you by family accidents, otherwise you would have been thanked in person for your noble pheasant, and the hearty benedictions you sprinkled over me and my guests. I may truly say we were *excepto quod non simul esses, cætera læti.* The truest indication of your recovery was the spirit and humour

* This letter, signed *Warburton*, is a pleasantry of Colman's. The signature must not mislead the reader. The learned Bishop was still living; but *dead* to every thing sportive, and plunged in the deepest dejection by the loss of his only son; he lingered in melancholy abstraction from the world, until 1779. His friend Hurd saw him during that interval—

"The brilliant sun of genius then was set,
And shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

I hope Garrick read this pleasantry of Colman's with a sigh that went beyond the gout, for Warburton appears to have been sincerely attached to Garrick—certainly not the least of the honours which attended his course.—ED.

with which you describe Major Jennings: when you are ill again, I will endeavour to send you the pendant to that portrait. Perhaps I may call on you in a day or two, if you let in the *monde*; till then adieu. Yours most affectionately,

J. RUST.*

MR. T. B. TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday Night.

I RECEIVED your packet by the coachman, and am just returned from Woodfall, who will take great care of it, and is greatly obliged to you indeed; we like it much, and as this affair is carried on between him and I [me] only, we are safe. I have got the *copy* of the former one locked up. I explained the matter about the *commissioners*, and he will take care of it; he says Anacreon can never be old; so say I: this gig will be of great service to him. I never saw such show and nothingness as Bell's is in my life. You will not find there the great and noble Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Sidney, Harington, Ludlow, &c. &c. &c. but you may find Jack the Giant-killer, the Seven Champions, Guy Earl of Warwick, and such stuff; he will puff himself till he bursts, and, as you say, overdo the business, as Henderson's foolish friends have done his. This brings you four letters, and another packet in a frank, "The Morning Post" and "Public Advertiser." I will take care of covers for you. I am sorry to hear you was not well, but your next packet *must* bring me better news. I am sorry to tell you that news arrived at the India House this morning, that the London East Indiaman, Captain Webb, is lost, by the Russell man-of-war running her down in a storm. She was outward-bound, with stores and provisions for St. Helena. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged,

[THOMAS BECKETT.]

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. TIGHE.

DEAR TIGHE, Lincoln's-inn, Jan. 11th, 1777.

I KNOW your good nature will forgive me, especially when you consider how I am tossed from pillar to post. I came to town this day, and am going to-morrow morning into Suffolk with Sir P. Blake for a week or ten days. My hurry will not allow me to wait on you, to thank you for your negotiation. I do sincerely thank you, for I really wish for some *signal of peace* between Mr. Garrick and me. I hate the recollection of former quarrels. Whatever may have been my jealousies, suspicions, or whatever you please to call them, Mr. Garrick's public merit was always so bright, that every thing else ought to be forgotten. I wage no war with genius. When I come to town I will wait on you to thank you, and on him also for obliging me with

* The *Rust* of the venerable commentator, whose name Mr. Colman used in the preceding letter."—ED.

an epilogue. If he wants the play he shall have it. The subject I think will prove fertile under his pen. The title of the play, I believe, will be, "Know your own mind." Audiences do not always know their own mind; the ladies do not; critics do not; authors do not. The author of the present comedy has not known his mind: he would bring out the play, and he would not; he coquetted about it. He now is *leaving off trade*:—will he know his mind? At present he is resolved: he thanks the public for all favours, and takes his leave.

It is free and easy in me to throw out these hints: better will occur, and I shall be proud of the epilogue. I am, dear Sir, most seriously yours,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Pray present my best compliments to Mrs. Tighe.

MRS. H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Jan. 14th, 1777.

IT is impossible to tell you how much your kind letter yesterday relieved my mind, which had suffered greatly for three or four days on the report of your illness, which we heard of, in so alarming a way as to make us very unhappy. As I heard Dr. Cadogan attended you I took the liberty to write a line to Miss Cadogan, to know how you were, not daring to trouble my dear Mrs. Garrick.

Thank you, dear Sir, for your kind hints respecting Dragon, written too when you were so weak! As I value myself on my truth, which I really have, and not on my wit, which I have not, I would sooner burn the whole, than lower what you unjustly call the compliments. Do you know it is in the press, and almost printed off? Do not think, however, that I am like the woman who asked her friend's opinion of a match she pretended to have in view, when she had been privately married three weeks to the man.

I waited for your answer till the last moment, not dreaming you were ill but out of town. It is printed in quarto, like "The Ode to Pinchbeck." I have bid Cadell put as low a price on it as can be *afforded*, to speak in the trading way.*

Mr. Cambridge, Dean of Derry, Sir Joshua Jerningham, and my female critics, all voted the expulsion of the last stanza, and agreed that the "Setting Sun" was the best ending it could possibly have;—so that stands. Your idea of "The Dragon," "Dome," "Moonshine," "Thames," &c. is a fine picture,—but quere, whether it would do for the *ending*? Would not the moon after the sun be an "Anticlimax?" I am, however, so struck with it, that I shall try to work it up, and cram it in among the former stanzas, though now too late to be inserted.

* It was published at sixpence—and fairly worth the price; which I cannot say for Dragon's *answer*, too dear at an half-penny.—ED.

As to curs, such as Kenrick, why let them bark;—I expect it. *If real critics rail, I'll kiss the rod,* and try to mend.

Forgive this trouble, dear Sir, but I could not forbear telling you what joy it gives me that you are so much better.

My most affectionate respects to your dear lady, and ask her if she will be so good as to accept a jar of codlings done in the Indian pickle, which is on the road to her.

All here join their heartiest wishes for your health to those of, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

HANNAH MORE.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Winchester, Jan. 15th, 1777.

THIS is the first letter I have written for some weeks. I have been dangerously ill of a dreadful fever; but I am now so far recovered as to attend (you see) even to trifles. The *silly performance* is in great forwardness, and I send you the *dedication* for your last perusal. Alter it to your own mind. I have long ago entered into my creed, that what pleases you stands the best chance of pleasing others. It is my real opinion, and like Benedick "I'll die in it at the stake." I send you also a few lines describing what I actually *thought and felt* during my severe attack. Pray how are you? How do you spend your time? Elegantly, I have no doubt, and I hope contentedly. The *Suave mari magno, &c.* of Lucretius is to none so applicable as to yourself. Do you not, in the poet's meaning, *enjoy* the storm? And is not the calm voice of truth and friendship (which perhaps you now hear for the first time) a thousand times to be preferred to the uproar of the many; and to those numberless delicate embarrassments which a person in a public station, and whose merit like yours is of the first class, cannot, if he would, avoid? But, alas! what will become of my favourite diversion! King and Abington, the only good fruit you left behind you, seem hardly tasted; and every paltry newspaper not only pretends to find fault, but they even take these new managers to task for not following their directions! Where will this end? "It is not and it cannot come to good!"—Let me ask you a question. Did you ever receive a kind of a farewell epilogue which I sent you in June last (when I was on the church progress) from the Devizes? It was put under cover without any letter, and even without a name, for the deuce is in it, thought I, if he can mistake *my* writing. I beg my respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick: and even now, when you have laid aside your magic wand, I desire you to believe that *I own your power;* and that I am, with the same truth and with the same esteem that I ever felt for you, My dear Sir, your real friend,

SAMUEL NOTT.

GENERAL BURGOYNE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hertford-street, Jan. 17th, 1777.

WHEN I saw you last, you may remember I projected a dinner, which I hoped would be a prelude to as much more of your amiable society as you could spare me during my short residence in England. A friend or two whom I wished to meet you being out of town, and my journey to Bath taking place sooner than I intended, prevented me the pleasure of that engagement.

The day before I left town I heard you had a slight touch of the gout; at Bath, Beauclerk told me it was a serious fit; and at my return yesterday, which is repeated in the papers to-day, I find the report that the attack had amounted to confinement, fever, acute pain, and all the attendant inconveniences and trials of that earthly plague.

You will not suppose, my dear friend, that had I been apprised of your state I should have contented myself with a formal "how d'ye" at your door. I write to you to vindicate myself from the possible suspicion of such coldness, and to satisfy myself of the truth of your recovery. Believe me, among all that love and honour you, and large is the number, there is not one more anxious for your welfare, nor more interested in it from the consolation your friendship affords him, than,

My dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate,

J. BURGOYNE.

My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick.

GENERAL BURGOYNE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Saturday Night.

I HAVE found a call for to-morrow morning, which, were I to obey it strictly, might interrupt the pleasure you promised me too soon.

As you assured me the two mornings (Sunday and Monday) were equal, may I take the liberty to make it the latter.

If upon reflection, or any engagement arisen since I saw you, Monday should be less convenient to you than to-morrow, I claim your sincere confession of it, and in that case Ministers or their business shall be postponed, rather than a possibility of losing the delightful breakfast you have promised me.

Your answer, my dear Sir, and your excuse, if this is not intelligible; being just risen from rather too much claret.

If my proposal suit you, I shall expect you precisely at a quarter before ten on Monday, when the *best of coffee* shall be ready for you.

Yours most affectionately,

J. BURGOYNE.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Queen Ann-street, Jan. 18th, 1777.

I AM thankful to your horse, and to the serenity of our climate, for the relief they have brought you; I propose to myself much happiness in the evening of our days, if Heaven shall give us good health and peace of mind. I have been four hours on my legs in the Drawing-room, which was as full as loyalty could cram it; the women were charmingly dressed, and so uniform in their style, that you would have sworn they had all been equipped by the hands of one and the same milliner; not a feather in the Court, but as fine as could be; how amazingly has that taste advanced in my time, which has no very long retrospect! The men were in general plain and under-dressed: the richest habit at Court was Lady Warwick's: Sir George Warren had his *order* snatched off his ribbon, encircled with diamonds to the value of 700*l.* Foote was there, and lays it upon the parsons, having secured (as he says) his gold box in his waistcoat-pocket upon seeing so many black gowns in the room. The dramatic literati and the American refugees made a large corps. The King and Queen both spoke particularly long to Mrs. Montagu. Mr. Colman was there, and I had an opportunity of thanking him for a copy of his dramatic works in four volumes, newly printed by Beckett; the present surprised and at the same time pleased me; it *surprised* me, because I understood he is author of a very clever copy of verses entitled *Bath*, &c. in which I am honoured with a satirical couplet; and it *pleased* me, because peace is become so valuable and so necessary to my composition, that I cannot endure a face of hostility on a human pair of shoulders; nay, I have not even nerves to quarrel with my dog. Colman talked to me about his theatre, and asked me naturally enough about my tragedy, which he had heard was in Mr. Sheridan's hands; I told him the short story, and what you had done; I was forced to add, that having written a letter on Friday se'nnight to Mr. Sheridan in the most candid and fair terms I could devise, he had not to this moment acknowledged the receipt of it, and we both agreed that such a conduct must be altered, or would operate to his disgrace and ruin; in my particular it is of small consequence, though it is not easy to put a case where his politeness was more called upon: let his reply come when it will, it comes with no grace. I beseech you not to molest yourself one moment about it; but my experience with the world assures me that there is no man who can keep his place in the good-will and esteem of those he has to deal with, if he so totally throws off the forms of politeness, which even a prime-minister cannot dispense with, and which we shall only excuse in him from his ignorance of good breeding.* What can I do about Sir Thomas Overbury? What

* I do not think Mr. Sheridan was ignorant of the forms of good breeding; on the contrary, he was a man of very polished manners. What I should say of him is, that he was only regular in irregularity. He was so amiable that his apologies were always accepted; and yet he constantly had them to make, for to break all appointments was the rule of his habit. How, at five-and-twenty, he should have become so independent

I cannot do I well know, and that is, I cannot refuse what you request; but I must see the tragedy; I will send to Mr. Woodfall and endeavour at a prologue, though I think, upon reading Dr. Johnson's account of Rivers, that he was a bad man, and one for whose memory I have no idolatry.

Every ship that comes from the continent of America brings tidings of comfort: we have letters which inform us of a great defection in the colony of Georgia from the banners of rebellion; three entire companies laid down their arms and submitted. Bullock, the rebel governor of Georgia, with a number of converts to loyalty, signed a petition to the King for mercy, and signified their submission. This is a pin out of the scaffold, and the whole edifice of revolt seems tottering to its fall.*

Farewell!—if you stay any time in the country, write to me. Thanks to your good consort for her box; we kept peace, and were well entertained with a full house.

I am yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

Sunday 19th, 1777.

I HAVE just received a note from Mr. Sheridan, calling me to a conference. I do not know when you come to town, so I shall appoint him to come to the office to-morrow evening, if it is convenient to him.

MR. I. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, March 18th, 1777.

So little do I know of the world in the remote nook in which I breathe, that it is but very lately I accidentally heard of your having quitted the stage: whenever that event happened, it was my intention to write to you,—not to beg, but to complain.

It is now somewhat more than four years since I was informed, that about that time you not only joined in favour of an ungrateful, perjured, dishonest wretch, who was cutting my throat with my own weapons, to drag a brand of infamy upon me that utterly deprived me of the means of earning bread, but that you also lent your wit upon the occasion; writ letters in newspapers, particularly some in the Morning Post, with an intent to destroy me, as far as the work was still to be done. As I never in my life offended you either in word or deed, but, on the contrary, by every means possible endeavoured to recommend myself to you, as I was highly in your

of forms, in a condition too far from affluence, and as to *genius*, having only then "The Rivals" and "The Duenna," to challenge so much forbearance and submission from others, was one of the wonders in which perhaps he might delight.—ED.

* Cumberland, as a politician, seems to have seen only with his hopes. The *mind* of obedience had been shaken in the contest—restoration was impossible.—ED.

good graces, and really deserved to be so, as far as the most devoted attachment can be termed desert; you may imagine this account could not reach me without causing me the most bitter anguish, and in a manner utterly depriving me of both head and heart. In a word, Sir, you have shown implacable, unprovoked resentment against the most unhappy of men; while you thought proper to pardon the vilest miscreant that ever dishonoured a pretension to literature, and for whom there should be a whip in the hand of every honest man to lash him out of human society.* I need not say who this monster is, nor shall I dwell upon matters that overwhelm me with passion and indignation. I will come at once to the purport of this letter.

I have already said, that when I first designed to write to you, it was not to beg but to complain; but necessity changes all things. I am in the greatest distress, so great that words cannot express it. I remember, that during the interval of my small prosperity, I presented you at different times with some trifles; their value, I believe, might be about ten pounds; these would now feed and clothe me. I need not say more; what must be the circumstances capable of wringing from me so much!

If this letter should produce in your mind the goodness and compassion natural to you, and you should not afterwards reason yourself out of them, any thing sent to Mr. Cartony, opposite Somerset House, will come safe to my hands without his knowing who sent it. If, on the contrary, this letter produces no effect, you will still remember there is something due to the unfortunate as to the dead, and that as it is addressed solely to your own breast, and designed for your own eye, it ought not to be exposed. On this instance of your justice and generosity I rely, and am

Sir, your obedient humble servant,

I. B . . . FF.†

MR. G. BUTT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Stanford, March 22, 1777.

A MAN must have a very blunted apprehension, that does not discover upon the shortest acquaintance with you, that you are distinguished in a very eminent degree by a heart of friendship: this is no small praise, and I am no flatterer. I am thoroughly possessed with this idea of you, and therefore you will not wonder if my respect for you is very great; it is, and what reason is there that I should not say it is? I know none, excepting that your time is too valuable to be lavished in attentions to those instances of respect which reflect more honour on the giver than receiver. If I stood upon the same line of fame, acknowledged genius with yourself, the case would be altered. I am obscure and insignificant; yet I never thought

* He means Kenrick.

† I will venture a few words upon the subject of this letter. It should be remembered, that the severest annoyance of Mr. Garrick's life sprung from the encouragement he had given to this person's writings. That he should, however, either from indignation or derision, have exercised his wit in the Morning Post on a quondam friend driven into exile, I cannot believe: it is much more likely that he sent the implored relief silently, and perhaps added to its amount.—ED.

myself less the latter than when you told me at our last meeting in London, that you liked me vastly: my heart bounded in me when I heard those words, and I will not swear upon my *honour* that I have been able to conceal from some particular friends that Mr. Garrick addressed them to me.

The civilities which you showed me when I was at Westminster School, were such as you paid in common to all your Lichfield connexions, and for which we are collectively obliged to you as Lichfieldians, and should not forget them. But a higher degree of gratitude should be excited in me, when I recollect the extraordinary kindness by which you testified your good-will to me in the examination of my play, and in undertaking to assist me, by your interest with Mr. Hoare, in accomplishing an affair of great moment to me.

Your censures on my play were the censures of sincere friendliness and exquisite judgment; they were kind, candid, plain, and accurate: the instinctive plainness and pointed accuracy of your criticisms taught me what was commendable in my unlicked cub, and threw a blaze of daylight upon its deformities. My parental blindness was instantly dissipated, though I am fearful that I did not altogether conduct myself so well under them as I ought.

Some of my particular friends are among those few in this French-bitten age, whose accurate view of ancient literature enables them to decide with great, and of one of them, (the Archbishop of York,) I may say with *acknowledged* authority, upon literary talents. I will be bold to say (O pudor, Master Butt!) that I am not in ill estimation with them; a circumstance that may extenuate, it cannot justify, any little vanity which might *peep* out of me at Hampton; but I hope you will believe that I drove the rogue in as fast as I could. Apparent vanity is a teazing kind of vermin, and in your manifold rencounters with poetasters, you must have often been stung by it; so that gratitude and good-nature should oblige me not to add even a mite of vexation to one who from the irritable fraternity has received more, infinitely more, than his *official* share of it, in his *long* Chief Justiceship of wit. Yet, to bespeak your favour, I cannot avoid mentioning that there is something in my situation as a young playwright which is pitiable enough: certain friends, who have a great authority with me, lay before me some sheets of paper, put a pen into my hand, and command me to write a tragedy: *nolens volens*, I must write it, yet I am as *nolent* as a fat man to mount a hill, or a lame man to run a race. Yet per force I must write, though I tell them that the Emperor of Critics has evicted the station of the tragedian to be upon the summit of Parnassus, and in this respect I am fat, it is a huge steep hill; and that the drama is a course wherein I must run with Euripides and Sophocles, Corneille and Shakspeare, and in this respect I am lame: and, by the by, I cannot help mentioning that I subscribe to the sentence of Aristotle respecting the superior use of tragedy to all other poems.

The lyric poem flies over the head of the many,

> "Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air."

Useless therefore to most, as few can shoot flying.

The epic poem takes too wide a compass, addresses principally to the imagination, occasionally only to the passions; but the tragedy, borrowing graces from both, therewith enforces its more immediate application to the passions, and by the predominance of this application in its constitution, clearly becomes the fittest awakener to moral action. A good tragedy, at least in this age of irreligious indifference, will outpreach a thousand sermons; a man claps his shield on his arm, and bids the poor parson pepper away—*telumque imbelle sine ictu conjicit.*

But the tragic moralist aims his dart at the unprotected breast, and wakes the soul and amends the heart by those tender strokes of his muse, which strike because they are not warded off. And this use of tragedy leads me to dissent in a certain degree from Aristotle's famed definition of it; but perhaps, like many of my betters who have studied Aristotle till they could not understand him, with poring myself blind I may have mudded my brain into a misconception of his sentiments. Sure I am, however, that I do not approve of his definition, if he means thereby that tragedy effects by the means of terror and pity (alone) the purgation of these or the like passions; indeed, if this hurrying of the human system by the sound smiting of it with terror and pity (alone) can purge away all bad passions, can most effectually moralize the human heart, then the end effected consecrates the means, and the means and end taken together form a full and adequate definition of this noble poem; but I think something more should be added to Aristotle's definition, in order to give us an adequate description of tragedy. Perhaps the tragedy might be called a serious poem, which exciting terror and pity by a fable, conducted *secundum merita virtutum et scelerum*, tends to moral improvement, and thus a definition is formed by the contributions of Aristotle and Bacon; for the latter, you know, makes it the useful, ennobling circumstance of poetry in general, in contradistinction to history, that "Cum Historia vera successus Rerum minimè pro Meritis Virtutum et Scelerum, narret; corrigit eam Poesis, et Exitus, et Fortunas secundum Merita et ex Lege Nemeseos, exhibet."* Now either, according to Bacon, the tragedy is not the noblest poem, if the circumstance that most ennobles poetry in general is not made an essential part of it; or Aristotle's definition is an inadequate description of it in totally excluding this essential circumstance. Having, therefore, put these two geniuses to loggerheads, (it is not the first time that they have been in this situation,) I shall proceed to declare that I am entirely British in my opinion respecting this matter, *toto cælo* a Baconian: and I really think that the circumstance on which Bacon lays so great a stress as to poetry in general has not been sufficiently attended

* A proper veneration for so great a man leads me to insert the whole passage in the note.—Ed.

"Quapropter cum Res gestæ, et Eventus, qui veræ Historiæ subjiciuntur, non sunt ejus Amplitudinis, in qua Anima humana sibi satisfaciat, præsto est Poesis, quæ facta magis heroica confingat: cum Historia vera successus Rerum, minime pro Meritis Virtutum et Scelerum, narret; corrigit eam Poesis, et Exitus et Fortunas secundum Merita et ex Lege Nemeseos, exhibet: cum Historia vera obvia rerum Satietate et similitudine, Animæ humanæ fastidio sit, reficit eam Poesis, inexpectata, et varia et Vicissitudinum plena canens. Adeo ut Poesis ista non solum ad delectationem, sed etiam ad Animi Magnitudinem, et ad Mores conferat." —*De Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. 2, Cap.* 13.

to in the construction of tragedies in particular. And the dictate of Aristotle has occasioned in part, (other causes might be assigned, but I am writing a letter, and not a treatise, and the Lord knows how I got into this vein, saving that writing to Mr. Garrick I might naturally enough think of the sublimest circumstances of the drama,) that men have more regarded the solemn delight immediately resulting from a fine tragedy, than the great end to be answered by that delight: if that end is not at all regarded, the delight will not be produced, yet it may be produced if that end is not totally disregarded. What advice do you think Socrates would have given to Euripides respecting the degree in which this end was to be regarded? I am bold to say, having some small acquaintance with the opinions of that sage, that he would have ordered his dramatic friend to make morality his pole-star, and never to steer the goodly vessel of his fable but by that direction. I have some notion, that some such advice was once given to Euripides by this father of human wisdom, by him that first lighted that Grecian lamp which now illuminates the polished parts of the earth. There's for you!—give this letter to Dr. Johnson to light his pipe by; for, upon my veracity, in whatever form I may have expressed these sentiments, I beg now they may be understood in the form of a query, and I should not be surprised if you or your friend pronounced with justice that they were absurd. But, however, I cannot help thinking, *pace vestrum*, that the dignity of tragedy in the rank of poems essentially depends on the circumstance above mentioned; or wherefore have your herculean labours been employed to cleanse that Augean stable the stage from that dirt with which a century had grimed it? Your correction of "King Lear" was in my opinion the result of your love of virtue. Did this correction take from its pathos? no, in truth, but it removed a circumstance of horror, for it was not conducted *secundum merita*, and by a judicious sleight of your hand you gave a glorious direction to the strong-aimed spear of your beloved demigod. Having few people to talk to in the country, I vent my *chattative* humour in letter, and this being particularly my humour at present, I must intrude upon your patience (though, by the by, you have no compulsion to read farther than you like), and return again to the narrative of my own pitiable condition as a play-wright: for however lame-witted I may be, or heavy-witted, (to remind you of my elegant metaphors,) for a man is very apt when he has got a pretty conceit to dandle it about a little, yet I am still lashed on by the aforesaid friends till the due complement of acts is effected. But where is the fable?—the bricks, the stone, the timber, it may be, are well enough; but what is the design—what the general architecture? A tragedy is a palace, and yet I mar this palace by bringing a wheelbarrow into the presence-chamber, or by placing the throne in a kitchen. I make a statesman, a very knowing fellow too, start at a ghost in the æra of 1777 (when all spirits are condensing into matter as fast as they can), and I kill my hero, the premier of Sicily, by a blackguard porterlike Broughton-like fellow of Palermo, give him the decisive stab with a *here*, hic præsto! and then make my athletic cumber-limbed colossus *begone* with the skipping nimbleness of a harlequin. Such an edifice was "Gondolpho," as my

Roscian Vitruvius convinced me: yet maugre "Gondolpho," as soon as the summer days were fled, and I could no longer ramble among the beautiful scenes of *wild* nature which surround my hermitage, than the aforesaid friends came again, laid the blank sheets before me, true upon my honour, and again I was set to my marplotting for my employment in these winter evenings, and I have finished another edifice,—would I might with propriety say *finished* one such as my friendly Vitruvius might fix his liceat upon; for I am not insensible to Fame, that would be sordid; nor to profit (when profit is necessary) for that would be foolish. And now, Sir, I have concluded my dramatic history, which naturally enough reminds me to mention, that the person who is principally responsible for my violation of the chaste Melpomene is a friend, whose friendship for me is my richest possession, and hereafter may be my greatest honour. His name is Woodhouse, (and we too "were nursed upon the self-same hill," that very hill on which with a deliberate falsity I have often roundly asserted that you were nursed;) his father was the late Dr. Woodhouse, of Lichfield; he is well known to your friend the Archbishop of York, to whom I refer you for his character, as you would receive it from me with a suspicion of some friendly garnishing. I have made this mention of my friend, as he is ambitious, when opportunity serves, of being introduced to your acquaintance; and as one thing brings on another, according to the common profound and brilliant observation, the mentioning of Mr. Woodhouse reminds me of the exchange of the livings wherein you have so kindly interested yourself; for he is the patron and incumbent of that living by which the exchange is to be negotiated. I received a letter yesterday from Mr. Sherwood, who informs me that you wish to see me soon in London, and have good hopes to melt the flinty D— into compliance with a scheme, the necessity of executing which for my advantage I am daily more and more sensible of. You will be so good as to tell Mr. Hoare that Mr. Tyson, banker in Hatton-street, is also my good friend in this business; is perfectly acquainted with every particular proposed, is also a friend of Messieurs D. and Morgan; is a very necessary agent in the drama, as he is in possession of some deeds of Mr. Woodhouse's execution, and has also consulted his friend and neighbour in the country, the Bishop of Lincoln, and is apprised of his sentiments in every particular relative to the method of effecting the exchange: and as you see occasion, I trust, if you find the leisure, for I am convinced you will not want the will, you will permit Mr. Sherwood to wait upon you. If Mr. D— can be made hearty in the affair, the business is effected, not otherwise; and I hear continually that I have very formidable rivals at Hereford in case of Morgan's death before the execution of this scheme, and I will roundly assert that there is not a shadow of a reason to be urged by Mr. D— for his opposing the applications of so many friends of Mr. Morgan as well as mine. He caught a prejudice early, *virésque acquirit eundo.*

This is a very long letter, but I will not make it more tedious by flourishing it down with a long apology for it. I shall be in town in Easter-week.

Mrs. Butts unites with me in best respects to Mrs. Garrick and yourself, and I

beg you will kindly remember me to your brother, whose friendly manners have very much captivated me. A man receiving from any quarter great obligations, expresses his respect with some disadvantage; but I flatter myself that the selfish particles are not so predominant in me as those of honour and benevolence; and therefore I may aspire with less impropriety to the friendship of Mr. Garrick, whose I have the honour to be, with great esteem,

Sincerely, affectionately, gratefully,

G. BUTT.*

Endorsed,
"A letter from the Rev. Mr. Butt, March 22nd, 1777, about Tragedy."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

Wilderness Park, March 30th, 1777.

I HEARD the other day that you had not been quite well; pray send me word how you do; and if you have any virtue you will write to me once or twice during the next fortnight that we are going to hunt in a vast forest in Northamptonshire. My direction is at Farming-woods, near Thrapston; but pray be very particular in your account of yourself, as I cannot possibly allow you to be sick or sad.

CAMDEN.

How does Mr. Rigby do? And do you intend to vote for poor Lord Pigot to-morrow at the India-house? And have you a vacancy for a fiddler at Ranelagh? I beg pardon for not putting these handsomely into my letter, but I thought of them too late.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Paris, May 30th, 1777.

ALTHOUGH I have not been favoured with one single line from you, and though I have often heard it said in a tone of voice which I shall never forget, "That new made honours do forget men's names," yet I will flatter myself that you will recollect a friend whose admiration and affection for you no space nor time can obliterate.

* The Rev. George Butt was a native of Lichfield, a member of the University of Oxford; in his progress honoured with very valuable church preferments, and in 1783 appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the late King. His clerical discourses are distinguished by originality, brilliant thoughts, and a flow of correct and elegant expression. The above letter will evince how natural it was to him to effuse his mind in *dissertation*, and will also show how perfectly the *theory* of any art may be known by one whom Nature forbade to realize his own conceptions. A gentleman of such very fine powers, patronized too by his old friend Bishop Newton, was secure of Garrick's favourable attention when he submitted "Timoleon" to his judgment. That judgment was however so firmly adverse to its production upon the stage, that the Reverend author then closed his theatrical pretensions entirely, and confined himself to studies closely allied to his profession.—ED.

I have long waited for an opportunity of addressing you, and the present event seems to furnish me with one. I know not how to congratulate you, because I know of no title that can add lustre to the name of Garrick. I can only wish that you may wear your present honours as many years in health and happiness, as you have hitherto borne the admired name so universally known and so universally esteemed. With all this I should not perhaps so long have forborne to reproach you with forgetfulness, had I not been for many weeks past labouring under the greatest anxiety and distress of mind. Mr. Pye is ordered to America, as I suppose you know, which has been a very severe shock to me; for though it may seem very absurd to say so whilst he was in London and I at Paris, yet I never thought myself separated from him till now. I have, however, the satisfaction of finding that there is not an officer in his Majesty's service who has set out on the expedition with more spirit and alacrity, though, in the present state of our affairs, it has been little less than ruin to us both, from the excessive expenses it has occasioned him. Every body here are in the highest expectations of seeing you here this spring: I flatter myself you will not disappoint their hopes; as to myself, I can most sincerely declare that England does not *now* contain any one person I should see with half so much pleasure. By the way, in the last autumn I sent you over a *lady* and a cane-string; but I imagine you liked neither, for I have never heard from you since.

I wish I could send you some theatrical intelligence; but although I live in sight of the Comedie Française, I very seldom go, nor do I oftener visit the Italiens; my present state allows me no more than those amusements which are unattended with expense and the society of half a dozen amiable people. I must however tell you, that I am going to be engaged in a very arduous undertaking, which is no less than an association with the translators of Shakspeare. You will think me no doubt very presuming; but I believe, without any great degree of vanity, I may, after having so long studied Shakspeare in my closet, and seen him illustrated by you, venture to assist those Frenchmen in some points where they totally mistake the sense. The "Othello" abounds with horrible blunders; there is one glaring one in "The Tempest;" I have found nothing in "Julius Cæsar" glaringly reprehensible. Perhaps, however, whilst I am working here with Monsr. Le Tourneur, you will be much more effectually serviceable to the Comte de Catuelan, who is, I find, in England. I wish, however, I knew your sentiments upon the undertaking in general; there are very strong parties pro and con here at Paris. All the Voltairians cry it down; others, again, are more enthusiastic (if possible) than we are who have tasted of the Avon. For my own part, the best that I can say of it is, that it is Shakspeare reduced to the simple state of nature, despoiled of his gorgeous pomp and majesty, his brilliancy and his graces, but not disfigured. "Julius Cæsar" seems the best as yet.

There is a most elegant and spirited translation has lately appeared here of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by a young gentleman I mentioned to you last year, a Monsr. Le Clerc. The Duchess of Kingston is here at present; I

saw her at this hotel a few days ago at Lady Berkley's so strangely dressed! I hear there are French plays in London: pray on what footing are they, under whose direction, and how do they succeed? I beg to repeat all my best wishes to your *chere* and amiable *moitié*, and to assure you that I am, with the greatest sincerity,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. H. Pye.

Address, if you please (as usual), à l'Hotel de Malthe, Rue St. Nicaise, Paris, where you yourself lived when last at Paris.

PORTRAIT D'UNE ANGLAISE.

Je serois un peu au dessus de la moienne taille, si mon trop d'embonpoint n'emportoit quelque chose sur ma grandeur. J'ai la tête petite, la figure à la Romaine, des cheveux d'un beau noir de jais, d'une excellente qualité et très bien plantés mais pas en grande quantité. Mon front n'est ni grand ni petit, mais bien formé.

Mes yeux sont noirs, bien fendus, brillans et penetrans, et seroient beaux si je ne louchois un peu de l'œil gauche, mais ce n'est que dans certains momens; ils expriment mieux le caractère de mon esprit que celui de mon cœur. Mes sourcils sont noirs et assez beaux, mon nez est grand et aquilin, et ne seroit pas mal s'il n'étoit de travers. Ma bouche est des plus propres et des plus fraiches, et seroit assez jolie si la lèvre supérieure n'étoit si courte qu'elle découvre mes dents qui heureusement sont d'une blancheur qui saute aux yeux, et n'accompagnent pas mal des lèvres vermeilles.

Mon menton est bien formé, et donne de la grace à l'air de mon visage. J'ai le teint olivâtre, mais frais et sain, la petite verole l'a un peu embrouillé, mais je dois le pardonner puis qu'elle ne m'a laissé d'autres marques. J'ai la peau douce et fine, la gorge assez belle, mais le col trop court. Les bras et les mains bien faites, mais pas blanches. La jambe belle, et le pied ni bien ni mal. J'ai la démarche noble, et l'air de condition, je me mets avec goût, j'aime la toilette et je m'y connois; je connois aussi ma figure, ainsi je me conforme aux modes sans les suivre aveuglement. En voilà trop sur un sujet qui n'en vaut guères la peine: venons à mon caractère, où il n'y a pas peu à dire. J'ai l'esprit fort et le cœur foible; avec un abord haut, froid et reservé, j'ai le caractère doux, tendre et compatissant. Je suis charitable et généreuse, même prodigue. Je n'aime pas l'argent, et ce n'est que depuis peu que j'ai appris l'art de le ménager; par ce moien j'ai plus dissipé que je n'ai dépensé, et de toutes les sciences l'œconomie (s'il est permis de l'appeller ainsi) est pour moi la plus difficile et la plus incomprehensible. Je m'attache facilement, et je me détache avec peine: je me suis fait des ennemis en suivant les premiers mouvemens de mon ressentiment, qui sont très vifs chez moi, mais ils passent comme un éclair. Naturellement très franche, je me livre sans réserve à ceux que j'aime, et j'ai souvent eue lieu de m'en repentir. J'ai l'imagination d'une ardeur et d'une activité extraordinaire, et beaucoup

plus d'esprit que de jugement; car de ce dernier, Dieu sait que je suis assez mal partagé. J'ai le cœur d'une sensibilité extrême, et de cette sensibilité qui rend très malheureux ceux qui le possédent. Je suis fort aisée à vivre, parceque je suis très indifferente pour la plupart du monde, mais un rien me blesse de la part de ceux que j'aime.

Ma passion dominante et ma plus grande ambition dès ma plus tendre enfance étoit d'exciter l'admiration, et comme j'ai découvert de bonne heure que je ne tirerois jamais partie de ma figure, je me suis donné toutes les peines possibles pour cultiver mon esprit, et j'y aurois mieux réussie si je n'avois pas passé plusieurs années dans une dissipation perpétuelle et une succession d'amusemens frivoles.

J'aime la lecture, particulièrement les ouvrages de morale, de philosophie, ou de sentiment, car pour l'histoire je n'ai pas beaucoup de goût. Quand on voit des evénemens qui se passe presque sous nos yeux, si mutilés et si défigurés que l'on ne peut s'assurer de la verité, comment se fier à des historiens pour des faits éloignés? J'ai toujours regardé l'histoire ancienne comme un roman sublime et instructif, et la moderne comme une narration très sèche et très peu intéressante. Mais la poësie est ma passion; j'ai même assez bien réussie à faire des vers, quoique j'en ignore les règles les plus communes, mais mon oreille décide pour la cadence, et mon cœur pour le sentiment.

J'ai la mémoire très ingrate; il est vrai que mon imagination supplée à ce défaut, et je profite de ma lecture en gros, mais pas assez en détail, pour rendre ma conversation amusante, par des citations heureuses.

J'aime le plaisir à l'excès, et cependant personne n'en supporte la privation mieux que moi. Je passerois un mois dans les veilles et les plaisirs bruians, sans en ressentir la moindre fatigue de corps ou d'esprit, et j'en passerois six dans la solitude sans m'ennuier. Je connois le monde et les hommes, et je donne d'excellens conseils aux autres, mais je n'en profite jamais moi-même, car je pense en homme et j'agis en femme.

Quoique j'ai été très repandue, j'ai une mauvaise honte que je ne saurois vaincre, ce qui fait que je ne m'exprime librement que dans un petit cercle, car dans les grandes assemblées je ne parle que très peu; je ne me livre qu'à ceux à qui je crois plaire, et le nombre n'est pas grand. Je mets ceci en rang de mes défauts, car il tire son principe de la vanité et de l'amour propre. J'ai le tempérament fort, et une santé peu commune; je les dois en partie à ma façon de vivre, car je suis très moderée: je n'aime pas les petites indulgences que la plupart des femmes recherchent, et quoiqu'accoutumée autrefois à toutes les aisances que donne la fortune, je m'en passe aisément, et sais me borner au simple nécessaire sans qu'il m'en coûte. Avec tout cela, j'aime la toilette, les bijoux, et les colifichets, et à quarante ans je conserve encore mes goûts de quinze ans. J'écris avec une grande facilité, mais avec une rapidité qui rend mon stile incorrect, parceque mes idées vont encore plus vîte que ma plume, mais je n'ai pas mal réussie dans le genre épistolaire.

Je suis au desespoir de viellir, parceque la viellesse porte atteinte aux facultés,

mais je ne cherche ni à déguiser mon age ni à la cacher. Voilà à peu près ce que je suis si je me connois; je laisse à une plume plus habile à finir mon portrait, et ajouter les traits qui m'ont échappés.

Endorsed,
" Mrs. Pye's letter and portrait by herself from Paris, and written in French."

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. WINCH.

MADAM, Hampton, April 8th, 1777.

LAST night I received a note from *Kirke*. He remembers very well the taking down three trees, and that old Blanchet brought them over from Mr. Winch with the branches on: at the time, he told me the loppings were mine; but I said that I would have no dispute with a neighbour for such a trifle,—nor will I with you, Madam, for ten times as much, as the widow of one I very much esteemed.

The persons in the parish who understand these matters, all agree that the loppings are the tenant's, and that there is no instance to the contrary. I likewise believe that your brother thinks so; because, when I saw him, he did not object to my having them, as my gardener signified to you. Mr. Mansel, whose word I would have taken, could not give it upon this occasion:—in short, be they my property, or be they not, if you think they belong to you, I will certainly have no dispute about the matter, but I will give orders that your will shall be obeyed directly.

I am, Madam, your most sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. D. B. DIGNAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, April 11th, 1777.

MY unfortunate situation is the only apology I can make for presuming to trouble you again with a repetition of the request which I made to you last night, to procure me a pardon on condition of my leaving his Majesty's dominions.

Your humanity will, I am sure, plead in my favour; and if it should go so far as to determine you to act for me, there would be no doubt of success. No minister in Europe could refuse Mr. Garrick a favour; and I am confident that the ministry of this country would pay the highest deference to any request or recommendation coming from you. My fate, Sir, is in your hands; it is in your power to save me from slavery, ruin, and infamy.

I think it unnecessary to trouble you with any new arguments or reflections, to make my innocence appear to you, after what you were so obliging as to allow me to represent to you last night on the state of my case.

You, who are the superior of De Voltaire in some branches of literature, and his rival in almost all, show yourself his rival also in protecting unfortunate and oppressed innocence. What he did for *Calas* and *Sirven*, do you for me. I shall owe you a new life, and as long as it continues I will retain the sentiments of gratitude which are due to a saviour, and those of admiration and respect which are inspired by your extraordinary abilities that have so long astonished all Europe.

I am, Sir, with the most profound respect,

Your very obliged humble servant,

D. BROWNE DIGNAN.

Endorsed,

"An extraordinary letter from Brown Dignan, before he went on board the Justitiæ, at Woolwich, April 11th, 1777."

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Hotel de Malthe, Rue St. Nicaise, April 15th, 1777.

I CANNOT let the post go out, my much honoured and worthy friend, without a full vindication of myself in respect to those high crimes and misdemeanours which in your long-wished-for favour I stand charged with. I say, crimes, because in my opinion (and in yours, I am sure) neglect and lukewarmness, whether in love or friendship, are most unpardonable ones. Upon my honour then, and as I am a *gentlewoman* and a *soldier's wife*, I have not seen your handwriting since Mrs. Beliard left Paris; and what is more, in her very last letter, which I received four days before yours, she makes heavy complaints that she never has been able to get a sight of you. How may these things be? Why, I will tell you: I do imagine that you made some mistake in the direction of your letter, by which means it never reached me, and Mrs. Beliard's duncial servants never told her that you had done her the favour of calling on her.

As to Mrs. Garrick; she may perhaps find it difficult to pay her debts to me, for she owes me the return of such sincere sentiments of esteem and affection as I cannot in reason expect from her, till I merit them as well as she does. However, pray tell her that I will undertake no more commissions for her,—I do insist upon her coming and doing them herself. Why should you delay? You will never be less persecuted by officious friendship and admiration in England, were you to stay there for a century: then e'en take post, and leave the gout and stone behind you; they are contraband, and will not be suffered to pass at Calais.

I wish you would give me a commission to secure you the apartment on the first floor in this hotel. It consists of a noble ante-chamber, a handsome *salle à manger*, a superb *salon*, an excellent bed-chamber, out of which a *boudoir* for Madam, and a dressing-room for Monsieur. A door out of the *salon* into the garden; and out of the garden an iron gate, which leads directly to the Tuileries; the opera so near, that

it is scarcely worth while to get into a carriage. What think you of it? But indeed you ought to be a judge of the apartment, because old *Younge* told me you occupied it the last time you was at Paris.

Do be kind enough to write soon, and let me know how you stand affected to this salutary trip; and at the same time send me the address of the lady in question, whom I shall wait upon with the greater pleasure, as I shall be secure of a good reception from such a recommendation.

Have you read the Quinzaine Anglaise? It has made a great noise here, and as, I am told, its fame has reached London——but I will send it you, with all the names written in it; for the work is nothing without the key.

I do most sincerely rejoice to find that you are not sunk into *Sir David;* for, as I said before, titles can add nothing to fame like yours. Indeed I should never have supposed it to be a matter of your own seeking; for it has ever been remarked, to your honour, that you have never employed your ample fortune to excite envy and make fools stare, but in the rational and sober enjoyment of life. However, I will not allow you the whole merit of this neither; most men's follies are owing to their wives, and you have a wife whose judgment is as near infallible as ever fell to the lot of a mortal: *entre nous*, had my husband had such a one, we should not have lain so long on different sides of the Channel. However, as they say, every one is to be fool or physician at forty, and I, having reached that dreaded era, have turned physician to my own mind, and by the help of some bitter doses of distress and deep draughts of adversity, begin to hope I shall establish a perfect cure beyond the fear of a relapse. And I am apt to believe my little volatile lord and master (should I be happy enough to recover him from the American hazards) will begin to think that there are some pleasures to be found in the names of husband and father, and will be glad to sit quietly down by his fireside with his ancient helpmate. In one thing we both agree, which is, that if ever we meet again, we separate no more "till death do us part." By the way, I was misled by a private letter about your baronetage, for I know our London papers too well to trust them.

I find they have been very busy, and very cruelly and falsely so, about a person who has lately left Paris,—I mean Lady Berkley; not one word which they have advanced about her being true. She has passed the winter in this hotel, and behaved as properly as any woman could. We all know what she was when she had a good stock-in-trade, and we none of us know what she would be yet if she had the same advantages; but she is now more eminently ugly than ever she was handsome, and she seems to have no other thought but for her daughter, of whom she is very careful. I cannot help speaking on this subject, because I hate unjust abuse; for, though we lived in the house together, I have no particular partiality for her.

Two months before Mr. Pye was ordered to America, I sent him "Gabriella de Vergy," which I wish you to read, and favour me with your judgment. It is shrunk

down to a ballad about the length of "Eldred of the Bower;" I wish it had any thing else in common with that sweet poem. I shall write to my brother and desire him to send it to you. It was very much approved by d'Arnaud, and several other Frenchmen who read English:—poor evidence in its favour, you will say; however, so I should say of almost any evidence save yours, because I equally rely on your judgment and sincerity.

When first I came to Paris, I had a seal with a tolerable cast of your profile from Wedgwood and Bentley: it was stolen from me. I have since written to know if I could have another, but Mr. Pye told me it was not to be had;—truth is, I suspect, he never enquired. May I take the liberty of troubling you to that purpose? I have written a shameful long letter, but I hope to be forgiven, or to receive a rebuke in writing. I sincerely embrace dear Mrs. Garrick, and remain,

Dear Sir, your most sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

J. H. Pye.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, W. B. Street, April 19, 1777.

Lady Camden has just showed me a letter from Mr. Taylor of Bath, desiring to join my name with yours as a trustee. I presume you are acquainted with the nature of the business wherein we are to be engaged by virtue of this trust, and unless it is likely to be attended with much trouble or hazard, should be much honoured in being your companion in parchment, having already been both joined together as executors. If among your numberless engagements you can find time to inform me of the nature of this trust, you will oblige,

Dear Sir, your most obedient faithful servant,

Camden.

Endorsed,

"Lord Camden, upon Taylor of Bath's business."

MRS. H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, April 17, 1777.

I was overjoyed at receiving my dear good Mrs. Garrick's kind letter, and your short but very friendly appendix. After worrying and baiting you for letters, as is my custom, you will fancy I am growing very indifferent or very disinterested, when I tell you that I take the liberty of sending you this scrawl, purely to save you the trouble of writing. The truth is, I intend setting out next week to spend a little time in Norfolk and Suffolk among my relations, and propose spending two or three weeks, in my way there, in London, with a very particular friend who lives near Portman Square, with whom I was engaged to spend the Spring, had I not been

rather disagreeably prevented by John the Painter, and the consequences of his exploits. I beg your pardon, dear Sir, for this tedious detail, which is only meant to tell you that I hope to have the honour and very great happiness of seeing you in about a week; which intelligence also, though of the utmost consequence to me, I should not have thought important enough for *your* notice, but that I should be in despair if I should miss the favour of your promised criticism, by its passing me on the road.

Your not coming to Bath has been a terrible disappointment. We had set our hearts on it. I, as usual, was not without my selfish motives, as I had a design on you to correct some essays for me which I have in the press, for the edification of young damsels. One of them has already had the benefit of your correcting hand, and I wished heartily to bespeak the same advantage for his companions.

I suppose the rumour of Mrs. Macaulay's absurdities has diverted you as much as it has the people in this region. I am actually ashamed of her. Many imagined the history of her birthday was a ridicule, but it was a serious narrative.

My most respectful regards, with those of all this family, attend your dear lady. I am, with all the esteem in the world,

Dear Sir, your ever obliged and faithful servant,

H. More.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, May 1, 1777.

Why, my dear Sir, all *that* you told me last summer; and in consequence thereof I saw Preville at your desire, and told him what you said; but you never informed me till now of the lady's name. To-morrow I shall send again to Preville; and as soon as I know her place of abode, I shall wait on her in your name. By the way, I think your *friend's friend* has travelled very slowly, for I never received your favour till the day before yesterday. I am infinitely obliged to you for furnishing me with the means of becoming acquainted with Madame Riccoboni: I shall avail myself of your letter to introduce myself to her, for I have long been one of her constant readers and very great admirers. You rate my abilities too high to suppose me capable of translating any of her productions: it would be an undertaking I should be very fond of, did I not fear that I should not do justice to my author or credit to myself. I met your friend Younge several times at Lady Berkley's, but I suppose he did not like me well enough to come and see me; indeed he is not liberal of his likings, I believe; he is a sensible, good sort of an odd mortal, but I am not fond of an old bachelor. You will, I am sure, readily agree with me, that there is always something unsocial and unpleasing in the mind of a man who has passed through life without exerting the best and tenderest affections of the soul. In my opinion, it is just as well for one's-self (and for society) to be an oyster, or a bunch of turnips,

as to be a human being who eats, drinks, and sleeps, and then sinks into the grave unloving and unloved.

I wish you would come with Mr. Gibbon; for sure you and Mrs. Garrick, who have nothing to do but to "say to this man, Come, and he cometh, and to that man, Go, and he goeth," are just as soon put *en train* as any bachelor of them all.

A propos! Mr. Gibbon, I suppose, has told you of his French translator: if you recollect, I showed you an English letter from that young gentleman last spring: he has succeeded admirably in his translation of that excellent work; and indeed his talents do as much honour to his country, as his character does to human nature. If we are so happy as to have you among us, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting him to you; and I will not give up that point even to Mr. Gibbon himself. I have also got another person to introduce to you, whom I will even permit to supplant me in your favour; it is a *nut-brown maid:* no beauty, it is true; but I have not been admiring your eyes for these thirty years to no purpose, and I think I have succeeded tolerably well. If I was not afraid that you would think me a foolish mother, I would tell you of my Kate, that

> "Her person far exceeds
> What my most blooming youth could boast;
> And her firm mind is wisdom's aged strength,
> With all youth's graces softened."

Excuse my folly, but, without partiality, I flatter myself you will be pleased with my daughter.

As to the apartment, I am amazed you do not recollect it, as you have already inhabited it: it is certainly more grand than gay; but, as it opens into the garden, it is pleasant and healthful. We have had the Emperor's good company here for this month past; he is much approved of by the nobility and gentry; but I have not seen him, for two good reasons,—that I could not possibly get a peep at him without expense and trouble; and the first does not suit my purse, nor the second my turn of mind: and I conclude that the exterior of an Emperor differs but little from that of another man. I hope by this time you are quite free from your gout, and that you will soon give me the pleasure of knowing it under your hand. With the sincerest and warmest affection, *je vous embrasse, ainsi que la chere Madame Garrick. Toute à vous.*

J. H. PYE.

MRS. H. COWLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Corporation Row, Spa Fields.

I HOPE this letter will have the good fortune to be put into your hands, in one of those moments which to you cannot be unfrequent; I mean those calm moments in which the mind, indulging itself in a retrospect of the past, and looking forward to the future, beholds a continued chain of interesting and delightful events. If any of

a darker hue appear, they seem like shades in a rich painting—absolutely necessary to its formation and beauty. I fancy such reflections must leave the mind in the most perfect state of benignity, and open to no impressions but the tenderest and best. I have a sort of prophetic assurance that yours will be precisely in this state, whilst you are reading what I have written. Let me, then, seize the auspicious moment, before the ungentler feelings have time to collect themselves to oppose my design.

I have lost your friendship! It is strange that, with a heart full of gratitude, I should have offended the patron to whom that heart is devoted. My sentiments for you, Sir, arose to enthusiasm—Why do I say arose? They are still the same, nor shall any unkindness I may experience from you ever alter them. I insist, then, on the privilege such sentiments bestow, to talk freely of the affair.

I had never the most distant idea that you had conceived any thing like resentment towards us, till Mr. George Garrick told Mr. Cowley that you thought us ungrateful in not having called on you during the summer, and that you were highly offended at our inattention. Surely it is the first instance in which an excess of humility ever lost a friend. Believe me, Sir, when I tell you that, whilst you were accusing me of neglect, and steeling your mind against my ingratitude, I fretted, cried, and was miserable, from the idea that you had forgot me, or thought of me with contempt. Had I conceived that the continuance of our intercourse depended on me, I should have flown to the Adelphi with transport; but I imagined that your engagements in the great world allowed you no time for little folks; and the mere apprehension of being thought impertinent prevented me from waiting on you twenty times. I must confess, Sir, that this idea received additional strength when I reflected on the last visit I had the honour to make you. That visit I really thought, from your manner, you would have gladly spared. Wounded to the heart with such a proof of disesteem from you, I came home in tears; yet I thought it my duty to forget it: I did forget it, and imputed the coldness I had observed to a thousand causes, in which I had no concern. Yet I must acknowledge that, after this, I flattered myself that I should have received an invitation from you and Mrs. Garrick: if such a hope was presumption, I have been sufficiently punished in the mortification attending the disappointment. Determined, however, to preserve a reason for calling on you uninvited, I very cunningly kept back a "Runaway," which was bound in a manner I remembered you liked (and in which I had *written* the dedication) reserving it as an apology for Mr. Cowley's intrusion, or mine, whenever we might be admitted. Mr. Cowley accordingly put it in his pocket every time he went to the Adelphi, and every time brought it back with concern. Mr. Cowley has spirit, Sir,—he has a great spirit,—and nothing less than his sentiments for you could have enabled him to submit to such repeated denials, delivered by your servants in the most insulting manner. I am sure you are the only man in the kingdom who could have so humbled him; but his reverence for you is sufficient to conquer all his resentments.

You will perhaps, Sir, do me the injustice (as you have already mistaken my character) to impute this letter, this earnestness, to some selfish motive—to some

expected favour:—I have no motive but the anxiety I feel to be restored to the place in your good graces that I flatter myself I lately held. Providence hath raised me friends in the highest ranks of life; and I look forward with a lively expectation, both of fame and fortune. Behold me then, Sir, in all the arrogance of such hopes, again soliciting your friendship, your esteem. Nay, I demand them as a right—and I swear I will never give up the claim.

I am going to spend the summer in Devonshire. One of the first questions my father will ask will be, when I saw Mr. and Mrs. Garrick? I am sure you cannot have the heart to let me say, "Sir, Mr. Garrick will not see me; he despises me, and won't let me enter his doors." Such an answer, I believe, would make my father turn me from *his* doors; for surely he must think I have been much, much to blame. Have I?—Then I ask your pardon, ten thousand thousand times. Will you grant it, Sir? Have the goodness to give me this one proof of it—bid me come and see you. I am, Sir, most truly your devoted and obedient servant,

HANNAH COWLEY.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. COWLEY.

MY DEAR MADAM, Adelphi.

IF my mind, as you imagined, had been changed upon your account, the letter I received yesterday would have dispersed any little clouds that might have been upon it. Be assured that my wishes for you were always the same. I had indeed been told that Mr. Cowley had expressed himself somewhat strangely with regard to me, which surprised me at the time, and was quickly forgotten. I might indeed have thought, perhaps with too much sensibility, that I was rather neglected after the comedy had been played; but I could not have expected to have seen you in the summer, because I was many miles from London, and my residence at Hampton is always uncertain. As to my servant behaving impertinently to Mr. Cowley, had he sent me word of it, I should immediately have discharged the offender. I never heard of Mr. Cowley's *calling* upon me but in my illness, and when I was incapable of seeing any body but my own family. If you should be disengaged on Sunday next to breakfast about ten, and the morning should be fine, Mrs. Garrick and I shall be happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Cowley at the Adelphi.

I am, dear Madam, your most obedient servant, and sincere well-wisher,

D. GARRICK.

MRS. COWLEY TO MRS. GARRICK.

MADAM, Corporation-Row, Spa-Fields, Saturday Morning.

THE accident which deprived me of your intended favour was a very malicious one. I was at home, and should have been happy to have returned you thanks in

person, for the honour of your visit. Yet, in charity to my neighbours, I ought perhaps to rejoice at the servant's mistake; for Mrs. Garrick's coach at a door in so obscure a corner of the world would have been a phenomenon to have engaged the attention of all the good housewives in the parish, who would have cracked their wits in attempting to account for it.

About two hours ago I received your card from a troublesome, provoking woman, who plagues every body. It gives me fears that my disappointment was not the only ill occasioned by the mistake; for I suppose she considered the card, when left at her house, as a command to attend you; and, as the good lady is exceedingly earnest in her vocation, I am afraid it subjected you to disagreeable importunities.

Permit me to acquaint you, Madam, that Lord H—— was with me yesterday, to tell me he had altered his mind about my patroness. A letter lately published and addressed to the Duchess, gives him an idea that it would be very improper to apply to her on the present occasion;—so he will turn the business into another channel.

Pray, Madam, have the goodness to make my best respects to Mr. Garrick, whom I love, honour, and revere. The same sentiments naturally extend to you—you, Madam, who form his happiness and embellish his life.

Believe me to be, with the highest respect, your most devoted humble servant,

H. Cowley.

COLONEL ST. PAUL TO MR. GARRICK.

Tuesday afternoon, June 3rd, 1777.

Colonel St. Paul presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick, and begs leave to trouble him with the inclosed letter to Mr. Bate: he returned home very late, or would have *sent* it sooner. Colonel St. Paul agrees entirely with Mr. Garrick and Mr. Bate, that a proper answer to-morrow to this troublesome correspondent may silence him for the future; and is sure that every thing Mr. Bate will say upon this occasion will be perfectly right. Mr. Robinson has been invisible hitherto, notwithstanding Colonel St. Paul has called both in Parliament-street and at the Treasury; but, the birthday over, he hopes to be more successful, and will then either wait upon Mr. Garrick, or write to him, to let him know the result of his conversation with him.

REV. H. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Adelphi, June 11th, 1777.

How shall I ever be able to repay you even in *thanks* for the many friendly services you have so warmly, as well as kindly, done me? Believe me, however, his *worship* is all gratitude upon the present, as well as upon every former occasion;

though unable to give that gratitude a grace, by not having it in his power to return the obligations. We are as stupid in this deserted metropolis as dulness and the dog-days can possibly make us. Little Colman went on *swimmingly*, according to Joe Vernon's witticism, so long as the "rains descended and the floods came." You see I am neither quite so graceless nor so unlettered in the sacred way as the *pious* Archbishop of C——y was pleased to pronounce me;—but no more of an old woman's story. No sooner did the god of day return to his charge with a clean-washed face, than theatrical matters took a different turn in the Haymarket, and the *great* Mr. Henderson played to almost empty benches. Poor Foote sighs his soul out for the loss of his *dramatic diadem*:—is the man mad? Or does he think that mankind will be apt to make a distinction between the two *theatrical abdications* of 1776, and view one monarch retiring by his own choice, crowned with never-fading laurels, and the other driven to it by the reproaches of his own conscience,* no *reckoning made* "*with all his imperfections on his head.*"

You must have seen the account of Mr. Bowes's conduct behind the scenes. What think you of such a man?—is he not a pest to society? Some curious letters have passed between us on the occasion, which I mean to show you. I rejoice that the weather is set in favourable at last, that Mrs. Garrick and you may enjoy the rural charms of Mistley in full perfection. I beg to be remembered to her, and that in no common terms. In what manner shall I thank your hospitable friend, and the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, for the honour they have done me in putting my name into the commission of the peace? But of that you will inform me when I have the pleasure of seeing you the beginning of next week.

I remain, my dear friend, yours ever and most sincerely,

H. Bate.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, June 12th, 1777.

I cannot, without ingratitude, delay any longer, my dear Sir, returning you my sincere thanks for the great pleasure you have procured me in the acquaintance of the charming Madame Riccoboni and her amiable friend. She is all and every thing you say of her, and twice a-week I have the happiness of passing the evening with her. Your friend, Mr. Younge, is so obliging, constantly to call and take me there and bring me back. He desires me to assure you, he is highly sensible of your kind remembrance of him. Madame Riccoboni has been so good to make out a catalogue of her library on purpose for me. I need not tell you, it is well chosen; so that, by her means, I have plenty of books, which hitherto has not been the least of my wants here. It is true, I have had some lent me here and there, but not many; and as to subscribing, it is only money thrown away, for I am too old to read in the Polly

* That is,—no cash laid by.—This explanation is that of the letter-writer.—Ed.

Honeycomb style, and few novels please me. Our friend's writings I admire in general; but I own I prefer those which she has given in the narrative style, to those in letters. I wish to know if you are of my opinion. The persons who are at Madame Riccoboni's, when Mr. Younge and I are there, have a strange time of it, for our chief conversation is about you and your most amiable partner. I do assure you, that at those times you are talked of by people who most sincerely love and honour you.

I find Mrs. Beliard sent to the Adelphi before she set out for Paris, but you were gone out. This was joyful news to me, as it convinced me of your recovery. May you, my dear friend, enjoy perfect health, for your own sake, and for the sake of those friends whom you make happy! I find that acquaintance did not succeed:—*entre nous*, I am not surprised at it; for under the seal of secrecy I must tell you, that nothing in nature can be more opposite than Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. B.—*ce n'est pas faire l'éloge de la dernière*; but so it is, and I cannot help it. There is in the *Courier de l'Europe* a most disgraceful tale of my friend Ayscough, which I flatter myself is not *absolutely* true. I always foresaw that the illness which prevented his going to America would cast some disagreeable doubts on his military character; but if this story is true, he has confirmed them by his conduct. Oh, my God! when I reflect on this event, how thankful I am to Providence that no stop interfered to prevent my husband's going! Obliged as he was to raise 300*l.* in less than a fortnight, his letters to me were written almost in a state of distraction, lest he should be detained. In one of them he says, "The people who see me as pale as death, and grown thin with vexation, attribute it to fear: let them think so, I shall not take the trouble of undeceiving them." But he was too much of a gentleman to evade going, and I am sure he is too much of an Englishman not to behave properly when there. I have this day received a letter from him, sent by a French ship, dated the 26th of April. He says that they are at that time four hundred leagues from New York; and that the winds are so contrary, that they expect to be six weeks longer ere they arrive; that they had had a very dreadful storm, and two of their convoy out of nineteen were missing.

I have not yet had the good fortune to find out the lady your relation: Preville does not know where she lives, but has promised to inquire. You know, however, what sort of dependence there is to be placed on Preville. If you should chance to find her direction, I beg you will favour me with it; I will in consequence immediately wait on her.

Gracious Heaven! what a stroke! I this moment receive a letter that gives me the severest affliction. When Mr. Pye went away, he enjoined me, with the most pathetic earnestness, to remove his son from Dijon, and to have him under my own eye: in his letter to-day he says, he hopes his boy is with me. The circumstances of Mr. Pye's going were such as to put it out of my power to do it without assistance: I had fondly flattered myself with having my son under my own care, and my brother's letter informs me he cannot succeed. In the whole rich and unfeeling

family, with the Chancellor at the head, I cannot get them to advance me sixty pounds, though I could so easily secure the payment. I beg your pardon ten thousand times for troubling you with my distresses; but the letter lies before me, together with that of my husband, and my heart is full. Excuse me, my ever respected friend, if I break off the delightful task of conversing with you, to indulge the fresh affliction that presses hard on Your most affectionate friend and servant,

J. H. PYE.

My love to dear Mrs. G.

LADY BATHURST TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Brighthelmstone, June 12th, 1777.

I CANNOT be silent a moment after receiving so agreeable a token of your remembrance as the Serenade, which pleased me extremely, as every thing does you do or say. But, my good Sir, I am not to be satisfied with the fine speeches transmitted me by Mrs. Wilmot; you must do something more, and must make Mrs. Garrick tell me what kind of house she wants: tell her (with my compliments) I will take care of the *pots* and *pans*, and she shall have no other trouble than telling me what *you* like. I am persuaded there is nothing so salutary as the sea-air:—do come and take a peep of this fine ocean; it is one of those very few things one never tires of; and if I can conduce to your health or pleasure, I shall be highly gratified by it, being very sincerely Your obliged humble servant,

TRYPHENA BATHURST.

Endorsed,

" Lady Bathurst's most obliging letter, 1777."

MRS. H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bungay, June 16th, 1777.

I BEG to return you my most hearty thanks for your great goodness in sending me your delightful Prologue. That you should think me not unworthy to possess so great a treasure, flatters more than my vanity; and that you should send it me so soon, makes it doubly gratifying.

I have read and re-read it with *all the malice of a friend*, and do pronounce that I never saw a sweeter, more beautiful thing. The first stanza is strikingly descriptive, the second elegantly pathetic, the image of the sun and shower very fine, and the third is highly poetical. The truth of the allusion is not once violated throughout, but is maintained with much spirit and exactness; the two extreme and difficult points to attain, I apprehend, in fable-writing. There is great ease too in your versification, without the flimsiness which too often attends irregular numbers. I have wrote my sincere sentiments, with the same frankness I should have done had they been less in favour of the poem; and I speak with the more confidence of this com-

position, as I have now had an opportunity, by reading it myself, of forming a fairer judgment than I could have done from your repeating it.

We have at this place the "Tragedians of the City" of Norwich, who sojourn here a month once in two years, in their progress through the two counties. The dramatic *furor* rages terribly among the people,—the more, I suppose, for its being allowed to vent itself so seldom. Every body goes to the play every night; that is, every other night, which is as often as they perform. Visiting, drinking, and even card-playing, is for this happy month suspended; nay, I question if, like Lent, it does not stop the celebration of weddings, for I do not believe there is a damsel in the town who would spare the time to be married during this rarely-occurring scene of festivity. It must be confessed, however, the good folks have no bad taste. You are the favourite bard of Bungay:—to prove that this is truth, I must tell you that I have already been to "The Maid of the Oaks," and "The Clandestine Marriage;" and among this week's amusements already given out are "Cymon," "Bon Ton," and "Little Gipsey." A certain Mrs. Ibbott plays Mrs. Heidleburg more than tolerably, and a pretty-looking Mrs. Simpson was very pleasing in Fanny. Griffith (the Norwich manager) did Lord Ogleby, but was rather languid than elegant, and mistook a feebleness of exertion for a refinement of breeding; yet, in my poor judgment, he rather did it deficiently than falsely. I think the part of Hurry was pretty well conceived, though inadequately acted, by one Dancer. It was received with great applause. I find I have been sadly mauled in some of the daily papers; I cannot get to see them. I did not think I was of consequence enough: they tell me it is Kenrick.

I hear Barretti has been so civil as to send me one of his books on Shakspeare, but I have not got it here. It is a strange undertaking! Slippery ground, I think. An Italian author to write about our divine English dramatist in the French language!

The day before I came out of town, I received a present from De l'Olme of his new book; I have only dipped in it. The truth is, I am half afraid to read it, for it was accompanied with a very sprightly agreeable letter, apologising for some queer things in it, which he expects I shall censure very much, or at least look very grave at. I suppose, however, it may safely be read by a good Protestant; it being, I suspect, a satire on the foolish austerities of the Church of Rome; something in Stillingfleet's way. Many thanks, dear Sir, for your good and wholesome advice about my play. I do nothing except regret my own idleness. I tremble for my Fifth Act, but I am afraid I shall never make others tremble at it.

My love and duty to my sweet Mrs. Garrick, and my thankful compliments to the young lady to whose transcription I am so much obliged. She is astonishingly correct,—not the smallest error. Pardon this nonsense,

Dear Sir, in your obliged and obedient H. More.

If the leisure of Hampton ever allows you five minutes, you can never throw the produce of them away where it will be more valued.

Does Sir Peter Palaver go on?

MR. J. ROBINSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Sion Hill, June 16th, 1777. 9 A. M.

I AM this instant favoured with your letter. The bad weather yesterday, I find, has operated equally on us both; my intention was, as yours, to ride to Hampton; perhaps by this we might have missed each other, and therefore it may be the same as it is. I am this instant going to town, where I have run every day since the rising of Parliament, and returned here late each night: in ten days time, I trust, we shall have more leisure, and then meet to laugh. However, I will certainly see you in the course of your being in town from to-morrow till Thursday, and acquaint you with my master's sentiments on the business mentioned by Mr. St. Paul, on which as yet I have not received his ultimatum. My females desire me to present best compliments to Mrs. Garrick and yourself, and believe me ever most truly,

My dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

MR. J. ROBINSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Sion-hill, June 21st, 1777.

A BAD morning, and some unexpected visitors at this place on business, have prevented me the pleasure which I intended myself, of coming to see you this morning, having missed you in town. Agreeable to the assurances I gave you, I have talked with Lord North on the proposition suggested to me by Mr. St. Paul. His Lordship directed me to desire you to thank the gentleman very much for his offer of services; but at the same time begged that you would tell him that at present there is no occasion to trouble him. My wish was to put this out of suspense as soon as possible; and being disappointed seeing you to-day, I trouble you with this letter; it shall not, however, save you from a visit from me the first day I can steal leisure, or from assuring you in person, as I now subscribe myself, that I am always, with great truth and regard, My dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, July 3rd, 1777.

A POOR woman called upon me this morning, who pretends she is a great-niece of Mr. Beighton, for some charitable assistance. Her husband, according to her account, was lately released from prison by the Insolvent Debtors' Act, and they have four small children. Her father was son to Mr. Beighton's own sister. She signs herself Ironmonger, late *Toples*, which I suppose was her maiden name. Upon this tale, without knowing more than she told me herself, I sent her to London with a guinea

in her pocket, and directed her to apply to you, who, from your long friendship with our good friend, might probably know more of his family than I could,—and might be abler to detect the imposture, if there was any. I wonder a little that so good a man should overlook a near relation, the son of his own sister, and leave every thing to strangers, unless this nephew had by his own misconduct rendered himself unworthy of his notice. If that should be the case, what prevented his bounty ought to check in some sort our charity. But if through vanity he has thought fit to leave his own kindred neglected, and abandoned them without their own demerit to poverty, I think we, who have shared the old man's substance, ought to take this poor family into consideration.* But as the examples of imposition are so frequent, you will do well to make a strict inquiry into the truth of these pretences.

And now, my dear Garrick, since this application has opened a correspondence between us, give me leave to inquire after your health and Mrs. Garrick's, for we of late have lived at a strange distance from each other. I am so retired from the world, that now, in the close of my life, I avoid company, being grown too nice to be satisfied with such trash as I meet with among the nobility; whereas you have the happiness of being courted by them, and so yield yourself to every invitation, by which means I have lost you. Yet methinks it is a pity we should suffer the whole summer to elapse without one meeting. I am, dear Garrick,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

Fanny,† your former favourite, is safely brought to bed of a girl, and is as well as possible. I am sure you and Mrs. Garrick will be pleased with this news. The rest of the family, with myself, present our compliments to Mrs. Garrick;—you are a favourite with them all.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, July 11th, 1777.

I KNOW too well the courtship you receive from the first families in this kingdom to be either surprised or displeased with the multiplicity of your engagements; but it so happens that the importunity of those who, to gratify their own vanity, are content to see you once in a year, and who are so numerous that a day for each would fill up the whole year, do so engage your time, that others, whose better motive of friendship makes them wish to see you often, are almost totally deprived of your company. Not that I consider your visit at Mistley among those frivolous engagements I have been alluding to; that is a party that both Socrates and Alcibiades would envy, for it would equally suit the wisest and the most voluptuous. Even

* The suspicion implied in this sentence, however unfavourable one way to our species, is gratifying in another. It was proper for a great judge, if he profited by the gift of *vanity*, to hasten with the spoils to the kindred he had injured.—ED.

† The wife of Robert, first Marquess of Londonderry.—ED.

I, with all my temperance, would have hazarded the temptation of Mr. Rigby's table, for the sake of his company. But acquaintance is not worth having where politics forbid an intimacy. You must conclude, after what I have said, that I do most eagerly catch at your offer of letting me see you and Mrs. Garrick at Camden-place; and the week after next happens to suit me better than any other time, with an exception only of Friday, the 25th, for that day is sacred to a grand ball, given by Sir J. Shaw, upon his son's coming of age. I am obliged to you for your congratulation upon Fanny's becoming a mother. She continues extremely well, for we hear every day, and will be happy to be informed of your good wishes, which will be by this post. You seem to allude to some other happy event. I know of none, nor do I think fortune has any in store for me, unless the enjoyment of health can be classed among fortunate events. That indeed is the greatest of all blessings; but the accession of an estate, a great office, or the marriage of a daughter, and such like,— these are those sudden, unexpected, and rapturous events that I bid adieu to. George Hardinge is going to be married, and, according to the common opinion, well married. The fortune handsome as well as the woman; but the Gods only know, *qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor;* so I dare not as yet rejoice overmuch at this event. We are all in good health and the best spirits. I have lately had Cornaro's book, and am so persuaded of the efficacy of his regimen, that I am determined to pursue it. Did you ever read this Treatise? If you have, read it again with attention. If you have not, begin it immediately. I think his discourse is demonstration. I had in great measure adopted his plan before I saw the book, which has now confirmed me.

I am, dear Garrick, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

CAMDEN.

When I see you, we will confer about Mrs. Ironmonger. We shall hope to see your niece, and to stay with us as long as you can: I shall not be content with a dinner. We can, when we meet, settle how to return the compliment at Hampton.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, July 6th, 1777.

YOUR favour, my dearest and best friend, I only got last Thursday evening, or I should not have suffered the post to go from hence without the acknowledgment it deserved. What am I to say, or what language can I make use of, to express what I have felt from the complicated emotions of joy, surprise, and gratitude that rushed upon me at reading your letter, and which have engrossed my thoughts ever since? Indeed, indeed, indeed, my dear Mr. Garrick, it is Godlike. Your own feeling heart will best represent to you what mine must experience as a wife and mother, depressed by refusal, and soured by the unfeeling insolence of sour, unrelenting, money-loving wretches, to be at once relieved by a person to whom every sentiment of esteem and affection makes it a pleasure to be obliged! But I must check

my pen, or the subject would indeed know no end! I went yesterday to Panchaud, and asked him if he had seen Noverre? He answered in the affirmative. Had he settled your balance? He looked surprised; said he did not well know how to answer me; that he feared he should be indiscreet unless I explained to him what concern I took in the affair. I had too much pride and pleasure in it, not to declare the whole. His behaviour was perfectly genteel; he told me he had as yet no balance of yours, but should very soon: however, that made no difference; your name was sufficient, and I should have the money when I pleased, by endorsing the note in your letter and a draft for the other twenty; this is, I believe, as you understand it. And now, my dear Sir, permit me to ask you, if you would wish me to deposit a note in the hands of Panchaud, or whether I shall send it to you? The absence of my husband, I am informed, renders my note binding in law; I am sure it is so by the laws of honour, and will be held sacred by me, or in case of my death, by my husband or my brother. One favour more I have to entreat,—I hope you will not condemn me on this occasion to a painful silence, but permit me to proclaim to my family the generosity that restores my son to me. My God! how shall I gladden my husband's heart by the news! My dear Sir, he alone can judge of my pleasure on the occasion, because he best knows how sincere an affection I bear towards the author of this blest event. I immediately wrote to the Abbé at Dijon to send me his account, and my son at the same time; I shall have his answer by the latter end of the week, and then shall avail myself of your kind permission. I am myself pleasuring in the country just by St. Cloud, which is the reason I did not get your letter sooner, and therefore have not seen Noverre, but I got a friend to enquire about him. He is at Versailles; but I shall be at Paris about Thursday, and will make it my business to assist him as far as I am able in the commission you have charged him with. I am here upon a charitable office: some English friends of mine have taken a very pretty house, which they do not at all know how to manage, not having the language; and as those who have been most imprudent for themselves are sometimes best able to counsel others, I am endeavouring to put them in a method of going on with some tolerable degree of economy. As to myself, there is not such another well-regulated little ménage in all Paris. I pay somewhat dearer for my lodging, because by that means I avoid the expense of coach-hire, being between the Thuilleries and Palais Royale; I have no *femme de chambre*, and no other servant but an honest old Swiss, whom I keep for use and not for show; my daughter dresses my hair and her own, we divide the family business and work between us in the morning, and in the afternoon we are fine ladies and see our friends. I never go to public places, and my amusement consists in the society of about half a dozen sensible people, whom I esteem, and who seek my company for its own sake, *car je ne donne pas à manger*. The muckworms of the Pye family are all mistaken; they rejoice at our downfal, and think that they can keep me down: they are all in the wrong; I sought pleasure by throwing away money, and found it to be truly vanity and vexation of spirit: when that was gone, I sought for reason in my mind, which I was before

unacquainted with; and I can truly say, I feel a satisfaction I was before totally ignorant of.

I would not be indiscreet, but I hope the family affairs that detain you from us are not of a nature to give you pain. God forbid that a heart so benevolent should ever know sorrow! I wish Madame Necker's solicitations, added to those of your English friends, may yet draw you hither before autumn; and I am sure you can never come among people who more sincerely love, honour, and esteem you, than the little society in Rue Poissonière. I suppose you know Crebillon is dead; and the French are like Jacky Meggot with his monkey;—now he is dead, they begin not to abide him.

I most sincerely embrace the best and most amiable of women, my dear Mrs. Garrick, and beg you to excuse the length and incoherence of this letter; but my heart is too full to give liberty to my pen to express any other sentiments than those of the gratitude with which I am and ever shall be,

My dear Sir, most affectionately and faithfully yours,

J. Hen. Pye.

I have compliments to you from Mr. De Meunier.

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wynnstay, July 8th, 1777.

I cannot avoid taking the earliest opportunity to inform you that our assizes (the only engagement that I shall have this summer) are fixed for the first and second weeks of August, and to assure you how happy we shall be to see you and Mrs. Garrick here, whenever it may be most convenient to you after that time. I was very much disappointed by a message you sent me by Sidebotham: I wish that you could be prevailed on to change your resolution, as nothing would flatter me so much as your honouring my theatre with your own performance.* My wife desires her compliments to you, and joins me in the same to Mrs. Garrick;

And I am, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

Wat. Wms. Wynn.

* No actor of great talents should ever do this. As a public man, his place, his only place, is a public theatre. All private exhibitions tend to lower and degrade the art. It needs to be kept at a certain distance from its admirers. For myself, I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that I soon desisted from seeing the performers whom I respected and admired, so *near* as the side-scenes of the stage. I could not there even feel their superiority.—Ed.

LORD PEMBROKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday Night, July, 1777.

THE lady, my dear Sir, is at Liverpool: will you be good enough to write your orders to her there at the Theatre Royal, or to tell me what they are, and order me to send them to her there. Ten thousand thanks to you.

Wilts is a very unlucky county indeed, if it is not in the way to some of the shires of this kingdom, and Lady P. and I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Garrick, with any body else you please, at Wilton.

I heard something this morning of what you hint at. The most any one can do is to answer for himself, especially so frail a sinner as your humble servant: but by what I did hear, I really believe you are wrong, if you take any thing seriously ill. Some nonsensical joke about your subscription to a journal,—*par parenthèse*, the worst I ever read!—Was it not?

You remember, I trust, what I told you as to the Sieur de la Morande. Now the cloud, you know, is dispelled for every body; and D'Eon *reconnue femme*.* Our best compliments wait on Mrs. G. and you.

Ever yours, my dear Sir, most obediently and sincerely, &c.

PEMBROKE.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR MR. GARRICK, Great Queen Street, July 11th, 1777.

YOU may perhaps, in your present mood, deem me impertinent for attempting to hint that you have been, and are, in the wrong. I shall however run the risk; for I should think myself at least equally blameable, were I calmly and silently to let you brood over an error, that may greatly diminish, if not totally destroy, that friendship you have long professed for me, which I have ever been proud of possessing, and solicitous to preserve.

I have lately (to my great astonishment) more than once heard, that you have declared you were coolly, not to say indelicately treated, on the day you honoured the Theatrical Committee with your presence; and that I was equal to any one in

* An indecent lie of the Sieur is here suppressed.

It may just be worth a single word to say that, when juries of matrons had examined, and D'Eon had been irrevocably sentenced to the petticoat, the fact absolutely lay the other way; and after the death of that extraordinary person, surgeons of character pronounced it unambiguously male: which indeed the back of the figure sufficiently denoted during life, to those who were not more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind. —Yet the chevalier always withdrew from table with the ladies. I once dined with HIM and JOHN HORNE TOOKE, and he lost his temper at the coolness of the philosopher.—ED.

the neglect, nay the foremost in tokens of disrespect. First, for the body let me speak:—I am certain there was not an actor at that table who does not hold you, your name and opinions in the highest veneration; nor has there been one of them, that I have heard of, who has not expressed concern and surprise, on hearing you had found any thing amiss in their conduct *towards you*. That we were insufferably dull, I most readily acknowledge; that *I* was hurt, on entering the room, at seeing Palmer and Wrighten there, I freely confess; the former having just before dishonoured the body by a degrading plea in a public court, and the latter having broken a solemn engagement made with one manager (whom he left in the utmost distress) for no other reason than because he could enter into a new one with another on terms more advantageous. To mend the matter, the first of these worthies sat directly opposite to me; and I found myself hard set to conceal, what I shall ever think, an *honest* indignation. We had very little general conversation: what small portion we had, turned chiefly on the Birmingham Theatre—the chance of Mr. Dodd's being whipped as a vagrant—the likelihood of Messrs. Mattocks and Younger being sent to the House of Correction. This *stuff*, though jocularly delivered, I could not think any great credit to the parties who uttered it; who were, professionally speaking, the brethren of Mr. Garrick, then sitting at the head of the table. I say, my dear Sir, I thought we were, by such ribaldry, lessening ourselves in the opinions of those we had invited. Now, though the circumstances I mention might sour my temper, I should be sorry to think it possible they could so far work a change in my disposition as to render me offensive to *you*, for whom I had, have, and ever must retain, the utmost respect and esteem. What can I say?—I disclaim all intentional offence. You have been too hasty in condemning me. Why not let me know by a line, that I had displeased you? I cannot write as I ought on the subject; nor do I wish *you* to do it at all. I may perhaps think too highly of myself; but I declare there is but one man on earth, yourself excepted, that I would take the pains to set right, if he had, as I conceive you have, improperly, or at best lightly, taken exception. But to *you* I shall say, as I would to him, I would rather wound myself than you; that the friendly intercourse we have had, has been one of the greatest comforts of my life; and that I would rather have that life shortened, than the usual communication should be cut off, or diminished. This, however, depends on your own will; for (after having thus opened myself to you) though I respect you, love you, admire you —yet I cannot, will not *seek* you. I shall in future shape my behaviour by yours. If, when we meet, there should appear in you a pleasure that we should continue to do so, I shall be unmeasurably happy. If it should be more agreeable to you to be on the reserve, that too I will endeavour to *assume*, but in *my heart* can never be other than

Your most affectionate well-wisher,

As well as much obliged humble servant,

THOS. KING.*

* Mr. Thomas, as Garrick calls him, seems to have done his brethren but justice: could they act nowhere but upon the stage? When their great master, friend, and patron, honoured them with his company on a

MR. GARRICK TO MR. T. KING.

DEAR KING, Hampton, Thursday, July 17th, 1777.

THOUGH you would not *seek* me, I have sought you this morning. You are a male coquette, Mr. Thomas, but have such winning ways with you, that we readily forget your little infidelities. I must confess that my reception at the Fund Dinner was as surprising as it was disagreeable and unexpected. I seemed to be the person marked for displeasure, and was almost literally sent to Coventry. Though I ventured among you after a very severe illness, and had dressed myself out as fine as possible, to do all the honour I could to the day and the Committee, I never was more unhappy for the time: however, let it be forgotten; and, when we meet, let not a word be said of what is past. Poor old Drury! It will be, I fear, very soon in the hands of the Philistines. Yours ever most truly,

D. GARRICK.*

Endorsed,

"My note to King in answer to his letter received at Mistley, July 13, 1777."

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Bologne près St. Cloud, July 11th, 1777.

I TAKE the opportunity, my ever respected friend, of Mr. Noverre's departure, to renew my acknowledgments, and to inform you that I have endorsed your draft on Panchaud for 40*l.* and drawn on you for 24*l.*, that sum making exactly sixty Louis. I flatter myself I have not exceeded your intention, as it answers the purpose I wished it for. To my great concern, I have not been able to meet with Mr. Noverre, though I have been twice to Paris for that end, and consequently could not assist him in the execution of your business, but on every future occasion I hope you will command me. I have not yet received an answer from Dijon, concerning my son's leaving that place. I confess I feel all the fond impatience of a mother on the occasion: two years and a half make an amazing difference at his age; and whenever my mind dwells on that idea, yours is so connected with it, that my heart throbs with the liveliest emotions of gratitude. When he is safely landed at Paris, I intend to make one more attack on the family of the *Flints*, in regard to his future destination. I mean

festive occasion, was that the season to cock their hats in each other's faces, and fasten upon Palmer's legal plea, and Wrighten's breach of engagement, as grounds for saluting their Roscius, by implication, with the title of vagabond, which the hornet JUNIUS had rendered startling enough to his ear? They proved, in fact, by their manners, that they neither knew how to respect him nor themselves. King's letter, however, is even masterly.—ED.

* The close of Mr. Garrick's letter reminds one of a character he had often played.

"O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that *my care* could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when *riot* is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again!"—*Second Part of Henry IV.* Act 4th.—ED.

to write to the Chancellor, to recommend him to his protection as a god-son of the late Lord Bathurst's, and to solicit his interest to get him into the Prince of Wales's family, when his household is formed. You well remember, that in Mr. Newton's affairs the Chancellor's plea for protecting Miss Sortfeager (very unjustly) was her being a god-daughter of his father's. If I am not mistaken, you remarked on this in your pamphlet, with infinite wit and truth. This step I shall take, not because I expect success, but because I ought to do it. They are a sad set, that is the truth on't, from the Right Honourable that dozes on the Bench, to the good lady in St. James's Place, who gives great dinners, and leaves her grand-son without the least assistance.—But why should I complain? I have a friend, whom I love, honour, and look up to; and whenever I am out of humour with the worthless part of the creation, I turn my thoughts towards him, and instantly grow better and happier. Is it not a strange thing that I can get no intelligence from Preville about the lady? If she prove half as amiable as Madame Riccoboni, she is worth the search, and I shall not give over. My best and most affectionate wishes attend the dear Mrs. Garrick, and accept those of Your ever grateful, obliged, and affectionate,

J. H. Pye.

I believe I begin to write very bad English, but you must excuse it:—I am writing in the confusion of Babel, a mixture of tongues!

MR. E. CAPELL TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hastings, July 18th, 1777.

That I must have seemed very blameable, and have in some respect been so, in not giving you the information your friendship requested of me, I am fully conscious. My excuse must be, that I had not been thus criminal, could I have overcome a conviction, that my writing to you on the subject expected was giving trouble to yourself to no sort of purpose, and exposing me to indignities: application for an engagement on *any* terms will meet every where with a refusal. The word is gone forth among the trade—to keep under the edition itself, and all that might give repute to it; and they have reasons of interest, which it may not become me to mention. I am not deceived in the thought, and could give you proofs that I am not: but should any motive of zeal for Shakspeare, (who you may think will be served by it)* induce you to make the trial, and trial should give the lie to my afore-declared sentiment, all I will or need say upon this detestable subject, is—that I am ready for publication;

* This alludes to three volumes in quarto containing his *School* of Shakspeare, *notes*, glossary, and *tables*, all referring to his own edition of the Poet in ten volumes, 1768. But Steevens had now become lord of the ascendant, and impressed Mr. Garrick's mind, as to Capell, with his own notions. As an editor, Capell had taken great pains with his author; but his own explanations are often so uncouth and ill-constructed, as to be unintelligible and disgusting.—Ed.

ready to accept of terms the most reasonable, with all indulgence of terms respecting payment; and will listen to any person that comes to me, sent by you, upon any morning following the second week in October. I shall address this to you in the Adelphi, where I suppose it will find somebody that will take it in and convey it to you. A few words from you, after its receipt, assuring him of your own and Mrs. Garrick's good health, will comfort greatly an anchorite; as is he, who with the greatest warmth and sincerity has the honour to write himself

Your friend and faithful servant,

E. CAPELL.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Capell's note to me—an odd devil!"

MISS F. CADOGAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Hurlingham, July 19th, 1777.

ACCEPT my best and earliest thanks, my dear Sir, for your most kind and friendly letter; but I beg of all loves, you will not call Mrs. Brooke *my friend.* Had she been so, I would now disclaim her for ever; but most solemnly I assure you, that I never saw her but *once* at Mr. Roffey's, whither she came to dine with her colleagues, the Yateses; and I was much disappointed in her manners and appearance, as I had formed the most pleasing ideas of her from her writings, which, I must say, (to give the devil *her* due,) appear to me to have considerable merit in the novel style: but a head without a heart is, as you say, but little worth! "Let it pass by you like the idle wind, that you respect not!" She is not of consequence enough to excite your anger;—treat her with the contempt she merits. While you will continue to be good and great, you must expect your share of abuse. Let them all "spill their blood," (that is, ink you know;) let them put you into the fire every day, you will only come out like gold, so much the brighter; and let them analyse you as much as they can, they can neither diminish your value, nor destroy your lustre—"so much for Buckingham!"—And now I must again thank you for your sweet invitation to your sweet Hampton, but not as *I* should answer it, believe me. Dr. Goth loquitur—"Tell Mr. Garrick he is a scrub; he never cares one farthing for me, but when he is in pain; here did I go myself to Bliss's, to get his medicines well made, and took a great deal of pains and sent them to him; he has never touched a drop of them; but the moment he gets a little ease, away he goes to Rigby's and plays the devil." F. C. "But, Sir, this is no answer to Mr. Garrick's invitation."—Dr. Goth, "Why, I know I *must* go, or you will never let me rest: say, then, that I am too old to go abroad (though I had rather go to Hampton than to any other place); and that if he *will* be troubled with me, I must stay all night, for my horses are aged as well as myself, and cannot be hurried; so, if you please, name Sunday the 27th instant, when, if nothing particular happens, I will endeavour to go." Thus spoke the Doctor, *totidem verbis,* I do assure you. Will you, then, allow us to come at that time, and will you put us off

(like friends) if any thing should arise to make it greatly inconvenient to you? In some degree, I know it must be so; but if ye will be free horses, ye must be ridden to death; you shall not be *written* to *disgrace*, that is flat! I scribble three-quarters' speed, and hardly know what I say; but this I know, that whilst I live I shall be most affectionately and gratefully yours,

F. CADOGAN.

A thousand loves to Mrs. Garrick, and thanks for her *billet-doux*; it will be laid up in lavender, with all your and her notes, cards, &c. which I keep as so many talismans to preserve me from mischief.

Endorsed,
"Excellent letter from Miss Cadogan."

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Bologne près St. Cloud, July 21st, 1777.

I RECEIVED your favour last night, my dear Sir, by which I find you have not as yet seen Noverre. When you do, he will deliver to you a letter from me, wherein you will find that Panchaud very obligingly paid me the money immediately on my draft, only making me endorse the note you sent. I shall however leave a receipt in Panchaud's hands when I go to Paris, and can only return you new and repeated thanks for this new instance of your friendship, which I hope I shall never be capable of forfeiting or abusing. It is now almost a month since I saw Madame Riccoboni, because I have been at Paris but for a few hours at a time for better than three weeks; but I have written to her and heard from her more than once, for she is indeed all that you say of her, sensible, ingenious, amiable, and well-bred. I do assure you, you have *hitherto* wronged me: I never was jealous of the eulogiums you bestowed on her merit; perhaps I have felt a pang of that kind, at your declaring "that she has a stronger pull at your heart-strings than any of her sex on this side the water." I am willing to flatter myself, some saving clause was meant, but forgotten in your hurry, such as any of her sex of the same nation; or, again, except the person you were writing to. I do assure you, my vanity is quite calm, quiet, and undisturbed; but my affections are not quite so much at their ease on the occasion.

Mr. Johnes has great reason to say what he does about Madame Riccoboni, for she is really and seriously angry with him for sending her Robertson's History; but as you are pleased to consult me, I must tell you, (and that without any compliment,) that whatever is stamped with your resemblance is so calculated to create admiration and disarm anger, that I am sure she would receive such a ring as you mention, (as she ought,) with pleasure and gratitude. As to a gold medal, the gentleman you speak of was but half in fault, for he gave her a silver one, and, as she imagines, kept the gold one for himself. She showed it me, and I was struck with the likeness. You see, therefore, the sending another medal would be quite superfluous, unless

you send her a gold one, and recommend it to her to transfer the silver one to some other of your friends. I partly expect my brother-in-law here next month; I shall direct him to send to you, or wait on you, before he sets out; and if you will entrust to his hand the present you intend for Madame Riccoboni, I will answer for its being safely conveyed and delivered.

The same post that brought me your letter was replete with good tidings, for it brought me also a letter from my husband, dated New York, June 4th. He writes in good health and great spirits, and talks of taking the field next day, as if he talked of going to a ball. He is in raptures with the country itself, though, after nine weeks' navigation, any thing in the shape of *terra firma* must doubtless be delightful! There is a tender strain of affection and feeling for his family, and anxiety about his son in particular, that gave me fresh occasion to think of you with the warmest gratitude. How happy have you made me, by putting it in my power to make him so! In three days I hope to be able to write to him an account of that child; the money is paid, the Abbé pleased, the boy on the road, and myself in raptures!

One thing more:—you say you were to pass a few days with Lady Bathurst, and you admire her; so do I; she is a sensible, and (what is better) a good woman. You may recollect I told you my intention of writing to the Chancellor about young Hampden; I shall not put my design in execution till you have favoured me with your advice, whether I should not do better to address myself to the Lady: your opinion will determine me on this nice point. Gabrielle de Vergy is now acting with great success on the French Theatre. I need not send you that, because you have it; but other matters relative to theatrical performances and transactions I shall make it my business to collect, and send to you by the hands of a young gentleman, a friend of mine, who is just going over to England. I shall also direct my little poem of "Gabrielle de Vergy" to be sent to you; it is in England. If you will bestow a few minutes on the reading, you would do me a great pleasure, as I should think it might be printed with some better hopes of success (if it meets your approbation) from the circumstance of its making an *éclat* in its theatrical dress at Paris.

Pray, who is *Madame Brookes?* If it be the author of "Emily Montague," I never liked her; and always thought she had more ill-nature than genius. Please to direct to me at Paris, whither I return to-morrow. When I write to you, I never know when to stop; but hope, if I am too diffuse, you will give me a hint of it. In the mean time, with my love to my amiable Madame Garrick, I remain, my dear Sir, with the highest degree of admiration and gratitude,

Your most affectionate and obliged,

J. H. Pye.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, July 27th, 1777.

I HAVE made it my business, ever since your last favour, my dear Sir, to enquire by my literary friends what is passing in the theatrical world, but can hear of nothing. The whole attention of Paris is so engrossed by the *Gluckists* and *Piccinists*, the poor *Comédie Française* is totally neglected. I would have sent you Marmontel's pamphlet, but Monsieur Demeunier told me it was quite superfluous, as Marmontel himself has sent it to you already.

I have not seen Madame Riccoboni since I came to town, (which is but a few days) having been indisposed ever since; but I flatter myself I shall be able to go there on Thursday. The same reason has prevented my going to Panchaud's to give the receipt, which I should however have done, notwithstanding illness, had there not been an acknowledgment of my debt and obligation in the letter I sent you by Noverre; but I shall go also to Panchaud's, *car j'aime à faire les choses en règle*, and your uncommon generosity would not justify me in my own eyes for the least neglect. I take this opportunity of acquainting you that last night the effects of your goodness arrived here in perfect health. This letter will be delivered to you by a very worthy friend of mine, Mr. Taylor, who has passed some months here. As he is this instant setting out, I have only time to assure you of the everlasting gratitude and affection of

Your ever obliged,

J. H. PYE.

My best love to dear Mrs. Garrick. Monsieur Demeunier, who is with me, desires me to assure you of his most grateful remembrance of your civilities to him.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, July 28th, 1777.

Io triumphe! I am almost out of my wits for joy! Is it possible that you and Mrs. Garrick can come so far out of the way to see such poor miserable animals? Your promise has made us happy past all expression, and proud past all enduring. What we want in wit and wealth, we will make up in love and gratitude, *et nous vous logerons dans nos cœurs*. I thankfully restore Mrs. G. her loan, but the best thing that has appeared, I think, on a certain subject, was a long prose history in the General Evening: I know not who wrote it, but in general it was extremely well done. I had it reprinted here; and if Mrs. G. wants a copy, it is at her service. Please to give my affectionate respects to that dear lady, and tell her I rejoice I am in so good hands: I beg she will reduce me to the precise point of dramatic slenderness. She is heartily welcome to set about the same reformation in reducing my

personal overmuchness, if she can effect it without much "castigation and much fasting." Seriously, there is no person on earth by whose opinion I shall more implicitly abide;—"Except mine," methinks I hear you exclaim. I cannot help making my scenes too long, but care not how much of the rubbish is cut out.

As to Reddish and his corps, they go on miserably enough. The fresh cause of offence that he gave here, was intending Mrs. ——— (who has taken his name for the summer) to act the principal parts: besides this, he brought the worst set that ever spoke out of a barn, "names you would think did ne'er exist," except one or two. The Bristolians attempted to kindle up the few sparks of spirit they had into a little bit of a blaze, and hissed him very violently the first time he appeared, which was in RICHARD, after having previously told us in the papers, "that the *long* and impatient expectation of the town to see him in this character should at length be gratified"—this was his modest expression. He had however the prudence not to suffer the woman to appear, but got a certain Miss Mansel from Bath, and one or two better actors. This is the second or third wife he has produced at Bristol: in a short time we have had a whole bundle of Reddishes, and all remarkably unpungent.

They have very often not charges at the best plays, and on Monday last he summoned up all his strength of the house, all his own powers of previous puffing and praising, and afterwards of acting, and came out in Hamlet; and after all these vigorous exertions there was only eighteen pounds in the house. They have not had one good house; "The Runaway" one of the best, but far from good,—it was acted twice.

Reddish pronounced *Orisons** the other night in Hamlet, on the second syllable, the same as Horīzon—and I dare say he thought the princely Dane used it as a philosophical term!

There is now a fresh uproar amongst them. One Robinson, of the company, challenged Reddish to fight a duel with him for some breach of articles. The poor wretch, alarmed to the last degree, wrote to beg he would put it off till after the thirteenth of August, the day of his benefit, for that he was so poor he could not afford to die.

The Arab is grateful for your goodness to her; her eyes are vastly better, and her health almost perfectly restored; never any creature felt such great and sudden amendment: you and Mr. Pott have, I believe, a constant place in her orisons.

All here present their best respects—please to present mine to my agreeable friends in Jermyn-street. I hope they continue to improve in the language of Petrarch, and in every other thing that is useful or elegant.

* *Orisons.* Miss More is perhaps too severe upon the actor's understanding. No man capable of learning the part of Hamlet could *think* any such thing; as the sentence might have shown her,

"Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my *sins* remembered."

He might fancy the line *required* the accent on the second syllable—the original word is *oraisons*—

The fair | Ophēlia—nȳmph | in thȳ | crī sons,—

and in the Latin *orātum*, prayer, the *a* is long.—ED.

Be so good, when your route is settled, as let me know about when we may expect the pleasure which awaits us; and believe me,

My dear Sir, your ever faithful and obliged servant,

H. More.*

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, July 31st, 1777.

I should have returned you my thanks, my most honoured and beloved friend, by the return of the post, but that I waited to put your orders in execution, which I have done to the best of my power, but not quite to my satisfaction.—And first for Monsieur d'Arnaud. I wrote immediately to desire him to come and partake with me of a letter from you, in which he was concerned. The next day he sent a tall, handsome young man (his friend) to visit me, and to assure me that he should have been with me on the instant, but that he was that very minute setting out for Versailles, to present his new work the *Sire de Crequy*, to the Queen and Madame d'Artois, and that I should see him as soon as he returned to Paris. I have however seen nothing of him since; and when I do, should he seem to wish to hear from you under your own sign manual, I shall let you know: and I must honestly tell you that, if he is content with what you say to a third person, instead of desiring to have your sentiments in your own French, which cannot be bad, I shall hold him the cheaper as long as I live.—Next for Preville. He came to me on Monday morning; I translated those paragraphs of your letter that related to the business and to him. With the latter he was much flattered; and as to the former, it does not appear that he interests himself much for the persons whom he does not know, and who, he seems to think, are no more related to you than Prester John. But withal, we both agreed that we did not blame any one that endeavoured to prove a relationship or affinity with you; and as for him, he said he wished with all his heart he was your father, your grandfather, or any thing belonging to you. For my part, I was not pleased to hear that your ancestors were Gascons. I am jealous to think that France will boast of you as deriving from their sprightly Languedocian blood that more than Promethean fire that sparkles in your eyes and animates every motion, and will, I hope, continue so to do till the next century. If any thing more remains to be done in this business, or any other, you have but to let me know, and I shall be punctual and exact, for I look on myself as your *chargé des affaires en France:* a charge I would not exchange to be that of a crowned head.

* Miss More is probably accurate, but we know that Reddish died *insane;* and with regard to his *companion*, she could have had no intention of giving her name to the *public*. The fact is too well known by those conversant with stage history to need elucidation from me: and, as to others, it is of little moment *what* unfortunate character is protected by our dash from farther obloquy.—Ed.

We have very little theatrical news stirring: "La bonne Femme," a parody on "Alceste" at the Italiens, has had but ill success. Nothing new at the *Français.* I am afraid they will soon lose Madame Sainval; she and Mademoiselle Vestris are professed rivals; and about a fortnight ago, when "The Bajazet of Racine" was acted, both the ladies dressed for the part of Roxane, which they both laid a claim to; but Vestris carried the day, and does in all their contentions; so that, although Sainval is a favourite with the judges, she will be obliged to retire; in which case, she goes to Lyons, where she is adored. Le Kain is gone to Ferney, to regulate Voltaire's theatre, and to act there for some time, by the King's leave. I suppose you know that the celebrated Mademoiselle du Thé is gone to England. I assure you, we miss her very much here, especially in the Palais Royale, where she used to make vocal every spray, all the fine evenings after supper. You are much expected and wished for here, and I join most sincerely in those wishes. As to Mrs. B—— I am sorry I ever mentioned her; I am so jealous, and she is so vain, that I have almost a mind to suppress the compliments, acknowledgments, &c. which she charges me with. I have never yet seen the dismal face of *Onos:* then will you say is my state the more gracious! You say you have heard *sad* stories of him: to tell the truth, I heard *sad* hints of him; and that implies something one cannot express, because one always hopes it cannot be possible. If you understand me, I am right; if not, I will say no more, because I would not be the first to propagate an ill report. I beg you will be kind enough to assure Mrs. Garrick, I have not forgot the commission she gave me; but it was very late in June before the mournings were laid aside, which was past the season for what she wanted; and after that I observed nothing new in the trimmings: so many women, so many different fashions, but all gauze,—and now their gowns and polonoises are made of nothing else but gauze, we are all flying away; and even I, *grave as you know me,* stand indicted of wearing a white feather, half-an-ell long: but that is nothing, for I assure you I have at least four or five lovers; *mais cela ne tire pas à consequence,* for they are a much more harmless animal in France than England, and it is well if the little captain does not endanger my head more than I do his. But you cannot imagine how refreshing it is to an Englishwoman *d'une certain age,* to hear talk of her charms and her attractions. When I go home again, I shall be put on the shelf, like an almanack out of date!—Apropos! did you see the eclipse of the moon last night? It was here extremely visible indeed. I saw it in the gardens of the Palais Royale, where was an amazing concourse of people, who all seem to have much the same idea of that sublime phenomenon as they have of an illumination at Torré's. The Parisians enjoy every thing, and reflect upon nothing. I beg you will never think of answering every paragraph of my letters, for I do not even expect you to read them all; but you desired me to write long, chatty letters; and as the time I devote to you is the happiest time I pass, I set my pen adrift, as I am apt to do my tongue when I am in the Adelphi, and I sometimes flatter myself that you take the opportunity of reading them when you are in your easy chair after dinner, and that at least they may promote a nap, if they procure you no better

amusement. As to your letters, though they never can be long enough, I look upon it that I am now giving you change for your *Louis d'or in liards*, and I return you quantity for quality. Panchaud I have not yet seen, my scanty calls in the money way not having carried me there. I think you are quite right about him. I flatter myself, as you say you always know those who are attached to you, that you are convinced of the gratitude, respect, and sincere attachment with which

I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

J. H. P.

Ten thousand loves to my dear Mrs. Garrick. Please address "À Madame Madame Pye, (Anglaise,) à l'Hotel de Malthe, Rue St. Nicaise, à Paris."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-Place, Aug. 3rd, 1777.

If you have forgot to engage the painter you recommended to us, I forgive you, because it was too trifling a business to be remembered. But if you have an opportunity, I should be obliged to you if you would send him down to Camden Place. The sun is returned at last to England, and the season prompts me to begin this necessary work as soon as possible. I think every day of my intended visit to Hampton, but am afraid I cannot bring it to bear for some time. Fanny is quite recovered from her lying-in, and gives us hopes of seeing her by the end of the month; in which case, I shall be confined at home, and you must take a second journey here. We are all well, and desire our compliments. Is it not strange that we meet so seldom either in town or country? Too many engagements prevent the first, and I suppose the distance hinders the other: but so it is, that friendship depends upon neighbourhood, which if I had known earlier, I should have settled upon the banks of the Thames; or, if you had known its importance better, you would have secured me a house at the Adelphi. By some accident you forgot to show us Sheridan's verses when you were here:—would it be too much to beg a copy?

I am, dear Garrick, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

CAMDEN.

MR. T. BECKET TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Aug. 6th, 1777.

I must intreat your pardon for troubling you with this letter, but the nature of the business is such, that I have no other friend in the world that I can communicate my griefs to. Without any further preface then—I mean my present disagreeable and unhappy situation with Mr. Colman, who has in the strangest manner turned

himself from me, and seemingly withdrawn that friendship and good-will towards me, which I once flattered myself to be possessed of. You are not unacquainted with the many (seventeen) years I have known him, and have been upon such friendly terms, and so truly attached to him, that it must become rather a wonder that any difference should arise between us; but it is a happiness to me that the cause of it (I mean what Mr. C. thinks is) is what you yourself have the knowledge of, and can with the strictest truth acquit me of the charge.

The purchasing the right of printing Mr. Colman's plays in volumes, (which he had reserved to himself at the time of our several agreements,) and for which I agreed to pay him *three hundred guineas*, has been the ground-work of this very extraordinary affair. *This*, with some *other* purchases, put me under the necessity, as you well know, of making my wants known to some friends, and among others to Mr. Colman. You, my good Sir, I troubled in a particular manner; and when I mentioned my friends Hamilton and Robinson to you, that I should be glad to consult them respecting my situation, you hearkened to it in the most kind and friendly manner, and desired to see them at your house. Upon my laying before you and them the great expenses I had brought upon myself by three purchases, viz. Mr. Colman's Plays, Mr. Williams's History of the Five Northern Nations, and Mrs. Dobson's Petrarch, amounting to upwards of 1200*l.*, ways and means were thought of to gain some time respecting the copy-money of these books, and Mr. Robinson took upon him to call on Mr. Colman and Mrs. Dobson (Mr. Williams being abroad, and as I had given him my bill for 200 guineas, nothing could be done in that matter) to represent the inconvenience I lay under, and to beg more time to pay them in—and no doubt was made by any of us, but my friend Mr. C. would have most readily assisted me. Mr. Robinson not meeting with Mrs. Dobson, I took that part upon me, and she very obligingly desired I would take my own time. You know, Sir, well what passed respecting Mr. Robinson's errand to Mr. Colman, which was nothing more than to relieve my then embarrassments. I am now accused by Mr C. of using him ill, and affronting him by threatening him with a *bill in Chancery*, if he did not return me the copy-money, and something or other about his taking fifty copies from the printer without my consent. It is very happy for me that this transaction was in your presence; for, by all that is sacred! no such thought ever entered my head about a *bill in Chancery*. I knew I had made the bargain, and was ready to stand by it to the best of my power. If Mr. R.'s zeal for me led him to say any thing offensive to Mr. C., am I to suffer for that? All I wished or desired him to urge was, that, as my friend, he would excuse me for a time in paying the 300 guineas.

I have declared to Mr. C., in the most solemn manner, my total ignorance of this transaction; for no such thing, as *you* well know, ever passed. I think Mr. C. might have taken my word for it. Instead of relieving me, or giving himself the least concern about me, (nay, not even answering my letter,) in order to add to my uneasiness, he has found out new publishers, a very unlooked-for reward for my honest

and most affectionate attachment to him, whenever it was in my power. Indeed, my good Sir, this affair has so unhinged me, that I am obliged to ask your kind interference, and to acquit me of the charge Mr. C. has brought against me as the ground for his deserting me. Thus I stand an innocent man respecting Mr. C., having never hurt him either in thought, word, or deed—and yet I am treated by him as having done him the greatest injury: this I cannot bear, without venting my feelings to my friends. I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOS. BECKET.

MR. T. BECKET TO MR. G. COLMAN.

SIR, August, 1777.

WERE I as indifferent to you, as you seem to be to me, I should not have troubled you with this letter; but my attachment to you is such, that I cannot sit down with a resolution to think no more of it. My mind is very uneasy—my heart is too full—and I must give vent to it. Was I conscious of having done any thing to cause this very sudden and strange alteration of your conduct towards me, it would be then impertinent in me to take up a moment of your time, or plead an excuse; but as the contrary is the case, (which I would declare on my death-bed,) it becomes me to vindicate myself, and then leave the event to your better understanding. I have had the honour of your acquaintance for these seventeen years past, and have been upon such happy terms with you that it has raised the jealousy of some of my brethren, and I gloried in the acquisition: this long acquaintance—friendship I will call it—is surely a proof of your good opinion of me. We went on, hand in hand, in all our matters of business to our mutual satisfaction, nor do I remember we ever had a single difference about the price which you were pleased to fix upon your performances, nor have you ever had the least room of complaint respecting the *payments* till this last and unfortunate purchase of the four volumes. I say, unfortunate, because it has been the ground-work of this unhappy difference between us. To me it must be a most mortifying circumstance (after giving you such a price, because you should not have reason to say I left you) to find you give your favours to another. That I must be void of all feeling, could I be silent on the occasion. It has given the alarm to some of my friends, and I must and will vindicate myself to them.

You must be sensible of my firm and faithful attachment to you. I have stood by you, tooth and nail, against every attack made against you during your administration at Covent Garden, as well as *since*. There are snakes in the grass, and you seem to foster them. I have shown myself your friend by serving you when in my power: when you found it necessary to trouble your particular friends respecting the payment of your share of the patent, you applied to me, among others, and begged

not only my assistance, but that of my friends, in all I could get. As I had no friends I could trouble for any thing considerable, I gave you *all* I had, which was *one thousand pounds;* and I declare to God I had scarce a guinea left when I gave it you: but poor Mrs. Colman begged of me to do all I could—and I did it: she, the best of women, came and thanked me in the kindest manner, and told me how much you were obliged to me, for you looked upon *my mite* more than all you had from any other quarter; and I now take this opportunity to declare to you, that if I had had at that time *ten* thousand pounds, I would have lent you every shilling. It is a very disagreeable circumstance for me to mention, nor do I do it with any other view than to prove to you my readiness to oblige you, when in my power—that power is now over, owing to some imprudent purchases I have made at sales and elsewhere: this has caused me latterly to be somewhat troublesome to you; but surely a true and real friend would have pitied my misfortunes, and relieved some *temporary wants* (for they were nothing else,) and not have withdrawn that assistance that was so *humbly* solicited for.

When I lately applied to you for the small sum of 200*l.* out of which I proposed to pay Mr. Garton 60*l.*, being the last payment on the 300 guineas, I told you that the *want* of it might be attended with some disagreeable circumstances, and urged the loan of it for six months as strong as I could, but you never so much as *answered* my letter; and therefore suffered me to run the risk of that *inconvenience* I pointed out to you. Had any body told me I should live to receive such treatment from you, I would have told them they were false prophets. I told you how *pressing* Mr. Garton was, and that he had put my notes into his attorney's hand, and I have had his notice that he shall *arrest* me, if not immediately paid. I spoke to you particularly about the 60*l.*, and you said I had nothing to fear from that: but you see the contrary; and had you spoke to Mr. Garton, or thought proper to settle for me this small sum, I should not have been thus insulted, after paying you such sums as I have done—500 guineas for "Terence," 991*l.* for your plays and farces, and alterations; 300 guineas for the right of the four volumes; and to be refused so trifling a request is more than cruel. There is a little circumstance, though hardly worth mentioning, yet it proves your inattention to me; that is, the "New Brooms." Would any man, after receiving 300 guineas for the volumes, not have thrown such a *petit-piece* into the bargain? Instead of which, you took 30 guineas from me, because it should be made a *shilling;* and when "The Morning Post" took notice of it, you desired I would alter the price to *sixpence*, to prevent being abused. I did so, and returned the money for the few I had sold; yet you have not been kind enough to make me an allowance for it—am I not entitled to it? Have you not broken the engagement? and does it not, of course, stand cancelled? There is another thing: although you know my present wants, yet you have not been kind enough to pay me for the fifty copies you had from the printer; for the amount of these fifty, with an allowance upon the "New Brooms," would near pay Garton. This is a very disagreeable task to me; and it was with difficulty I could

bring myself to a resolution to open my mind to you; but my uneasiness has been such, that I could not refrain any longer. I now declare I do not know any one thing I have done to you to cause this strange desertion on your part. As to what you accuse me of, respecting what Mr. Robinson said to you about a *bill in Chancery*, I am as ignorant of it as the child unborn. I have the best of evidence to prove the truth of it; for my best of friends were privy to the message, for the conversation was in his house, and at his request. I could not muster up courage enough to explain myself, and Mr. Robinson undertook it, not doubting but you would readily relieve me, for his message was nothing more than to explain to you the inconvenience of *advancing so much money*, and to beg an indulgence of a farther time to pay it in. I had unluckily at that time two other engagements on hand, which took near 800*l.* from me *before* publication, and one of the books cannot be published till *November* next. Had I not believed you my *true friend and well-wisher*, I should not have taken this liberty with you; but being at that time confirmed in my own opinion *you were so*, I thought I had nothing to do but make known my situation, and the rest would follow of course.

Every one must imagine I have done something to you very unbecoming me. I do hereby declare, *by all that is sacred*, that I am not conscious of any one act deserving your censure. If my offence is owing to some liberties I have occasionally taken in begging the favour of your note for a few months, the *necessity* of it pleads its excuse. I think I troubled you twice for 250*l.*, which was duly paid. When I agreed for the 300 guineas, I gave you my note at six months, because it was proposed the book should be printed in that time; instead of which, it was near eighteen months. You had paid my note away, which I never dreamt you would, as you knew the book could not be done in the time. However it was so, and in consequence I was obliged to trouble you for your bills to get discounted, that I might honour my first bill to you. The work still remaining *unfinished*, I was under the necessity of repeating this favour, and now it is all paid except the 60*l.* above-mentioned. In all these transactions, I took no *money from you*, only the credit of your bills, which was done as private as possible, for I put them into the hands of Mr. *Coutts* and Mr. *Gosling*, to prevent their being negotiated into several hands. I mention these particulars, because I do not know you have any other *charge* against me, if it can be called so. Nothing but the feelings of my heart at the thoughts of losing you could make me say this. I shall trouble you no more, and leave the event to your due consideration, and trust to that candour I know you are possessed of.

I am, &c.

T. BECKET.*

* As Mr. Garrick thought fit to preserve this letter of Becket's to his friend Colman, it may stand here. The little manager was not a rich man, and Becket had given too much for the four volumes; which, in fact, were reprints of his comedies, and plays adapted from Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher.—ED.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

Bristol, August 7th.

"Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills."

To say we were sorry or grieved, would be talking coldly; to say we were disappointed, would be talking nonsense. It was not simply lamentation and mourning,—it was roaring and howling and gnashing of teeth.

Only think of my task who received your letter alone, and was obliged to break it to all the family! Mrs. Garrick, who has bowels of tenderness, (and, I find, had no part in this wicked scheme,) will pity me. I was glad enough when it was over, for they fell on me as if it had been my fault; and instead of comforting one another, as good Christian sisters ought to have done, we immediately began quarrelling about who was the sorriest: "But it cannot affect you as it does me," quoth the Arab to Prosey, "for you have seen 'em this year,"—"Therefore I want to see 'em again."—"But I know so little of them," quoth another.—"Therefore you cannot be so anxious as those who know more," vociferated a third. This was the riot for a long while, till at length it ended in one general and concurring yell. It is very noble in me not to add reproaches to my complaints; and I hope, Sir, that you are fully aware of my greatness of mind on this occasion.

But may we really hope that *ce qui est différé n'est point perdu*?—is there, indeed a probability of our seeing you, though on a remoter day? or did you out of humanity amuse us with this delightful though but distant hope?

I am very, very sorry that your dear good lady is not well. I shall not be happy till I hear she is perfectly so, for I am deeply and sincerely interested in what regards her.

Attending the benefit of her "criticisms" and your "*jobations*," I have gone on scribbling nonsense in blank verse: in a few days I shall have a means of sending it to town, and shall take the liberty to order it to be conveyed to the Adelphi. You will correct me at your leisure; but if I do not gallop on while it is fresh in my head, I am afraid my evil genius, the Demon of Indolence, will not let me go on at all.

I suppose this stupid scroll will find you on your return from Wiltshire. You will forgive my plaguing you so soon: I should not have had the courage, but that you permit it, and your permissions are commands.

Reddish is so disgusted at his ill-success this summer, that he has sold his share. His woman had 112*l.* to "The Maid of the Mill." Quick about as much to "Amphitrite," the only good houses. Reddish has "Charles the First" next Monday, and soon after decamps to play six nights at Plymouth. Miss Younge is come here on a visit, but does not play.

Our united respects attend you and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Sir, your ever obliged, though once disappointed,

H. More.

MR. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, August 7th, 1777.

My friend Mr. Tighe tells me that he wrote to you some time ago to request you would inform him whether there will be room next winter at Drury-lane for a new tragedy of your humble servant's. The present contests about the future government of that theatre perhaps may have made it difficult for you to give an answer, or his letter may have miscarried. Should the last have happened, I believe it contained little more than his desire of information upon the point I have mentioned, and his good opinion of the piece, for the appearance of which he is anxious. When you have leisure, we shall be much obliged to you for a line either to him or me upon this subject. As I have the highest opinion of your judgment, no less than the greatest reliance upon your kindness and candour, I wish you to have this play in your hands before it is offered to any managers. You have promised to rub down my Pegasus, and to give him gentle physic, should it be necessary: and, let his state be what it will, I am convinced that a prescription of yours will improve both his speed and vigour. We are such ill judges of our own productions, that the partiality of an author, I think, ought to pass for nothing: I should therefore hardly mention to you that this piece, which I call "The Law of Lombardy," appears to me much more interesting than "Braganza" or "Vitellia," did not all the friends who have heard it concur in the same opinion. Four acts are entirely finished, and the fifth only waits for a little touching in a scene or two to be almost complete. After I hear from you, (unless you do not choose to be troubled with it,) I will send it to you separately by acts, or the whole together under a post-office cover, which franks parcels of any bulk as you please to give directions. If "The Law of Lombardy" should be as much your favourite as it is mine, I hope you will do me the favour to grace it with a prologue or epilogue, as you find yourself disposed to write good verses, either serious or jocular. Though I know with what wonderful facility these compositions (which to me appear most difficult) glide from your pen, I shall esteem myself highly obliged to you for your assistance. By such head and tail-pieces you have saved many a miserable performance from perdition, and I am certain they are great props and embellishments to those of a different class. It would make me very happy to hear that Sheridan *le Père* was secure of some creditable situation at his son's theatre. Surely, in the present dearth of theatrical merit, that man's powers are not contemptible. Though I am by no means his indiscriminate admirer, like some of my countrymen, yet for his own sake, and for the public, I heartily wish to hear of his being established to his satisfaction at Drury-lane. Mrs. Jephson joins with me in most affectionate compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

I shall have the favour of a line from you with more certainty under cover to the Right Honourable Thomas Waite, Dublin Castle.

P. S. Should Drury-lane be occupied by engagement for the ensuing season, I wish to have a place secured for me eventually on the failure of withdrawing of any piece, or certainly for the season after next, provided my tragedy is likely to be successful.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, August 10th.

I HAVE this moment the pleasure of receiving from you the most friendly and most entertaining letter that ever was written. I heartily thank you for it, as well as for every other act of goodness of every sort, which you and my dear Mrs. Garrick are continually heaping upon me. I feel my obligations to you both most deeply; but where the heart is very strongly sensible of kindnesses, I question if even all your wit can furnish language to satisfy its inward feelings:

" For needed most, we seldom find
The key that should unlock the mind."

Thank you, Sir, for the restoration of the most musical of all blackbirds; though, to my surprise, on trying to treat my sisters with it, I found I was perfect in every word: it was lucky, or I should have been turned into the street. I have indulged the few rational creatures here with repeating it, and they felt more than pleasure, and expressed more than admiration.

As to Mr. Wallis, he is the very Mirror of Chivalry. Never was a wayfaring damsel protected by a more courteous knight. He was in high spirits, repeated Allan Ramsay's Pastoral, and taught me Scotch, all the way. He and Mr. Linley spent Saturday evening here with us, and yesterday morning my gallant knight set out on a solitary pilgrimage over the Cambrian mountains. I left your letter with Mr. ———. The girl is returned, and they expect the man will marry her: I wish he may, for the sake of the poor father and mother. She must be a silly, romantic girl: once I find she has eloped in her feathered head and full dress, after playing Miss Tittup.*

I assure you, I set a higher value on my accidental " Eightpence," than on Philips's elaborate " Shilling." You can turn the errors and negligences of your friends *to favour and to prettiness*. However, I really think it was an act of prudence and consideration in me to contrive by that means to pay for this scrawl, which I honestly confess is not worth a groat.

My kind respects attend my beloved Mrs. Garrick. I mourn over her flowerless borders,—and while I adore Hampton, execrate Bowden.† *He* adorn my lyrics indeed!

* An elopement in the " feathered head and full-dress" of the stage was, to be sure, perfectly *inexpiable*. The parties, however, were married on the 24th of the following September; and thus an end was decidedly given to every thing " silly and romantic" on the *lady's* side.—ED.

† Mr. Garrick's gardener.—ED.

My compliments to Miss Betty Fürst, London, at the Adelphi, Mr. Garrick's house.

Is your cold quite gone?

All here are gratefully and respectfully yours. They never allow me to speak of any body else, even though I have been among all their cousins in Norfolk; so disnatured are they, that they neglect their own flesh and blood to listen to accounts of your wit and spirit; which, you may be sure, lose most shamefully in passing through so gross a medium. I am, my dear Sir, much more than I can tell you,

Your for ever obliged and faithful servant,

H. More.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden Place, August 11th, 1777.

I am much obliged to you for your letter and the Painter. He seems to be honest and industrious, and of that country Lady C. and myself have a particular affection for—he is a Welshman. I have returned the verses you were so good to lend me, and, considering they are mere panegyric, (the most insipid species of poetry,) are extremely good. The girls have taken a copy, perhaps without leave; but if you think Mr. Sheridan may be displeased with this liberty, it shall be burnt.*

Your Birmingham counterfeit has stolen your buskin, and runs away with all your applause into the bargain; but I shall soon see him stripped to the skin, and exposed in all his Scotch nakedness to the world. I hope your friend, Colman, is not privy to the trash we see every day in the papers to puff off this clumsy fellow.

Charles Fox dined here yesterday, and thinks as I do of Henderson. He admires Sheridan's verses, and agrees with me in marking him for the first genius of these times.

I hope you profit as I do under the precepts of Cornaro, and then we may expect to meet at Hampton in the next century. Farewell! if Fanny [continue well,] you shall hear from us, and, at all events, you may depend upon a visit from some part of the family in the autumn.

I am, dear Garrick, most sincerely and affectionately,

Camden.

Please to present our respects to Mrs. Garrick and her niece.

* These verses were "a Portrait" sent with "The School for Scandal" to Mrs. Crewe. I think they have a heavy, elaborate ingenuity about them, without warmth. They are prefixed to his own edition of the play.—Ed.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Aug. 12th, 1777.

I AGAIN presume to appear before you with my third and fourth acts, such as they are. I have endeavoured to differ from Belloy as much as possible, particularly by introducing the father and Sir Hubert: I have followed him where it was necessary, in his *plan*; as to the rest, I do not believe I have, in the whole, ten lines from him. I shall leave the fifth unfinished till I am so happy as to be indulged with your instructions. I am at a loss how to manage it. As to madness, it is a rock on which even good poets split;—what then will become of me? It is so difficult and so dangerous, I am afraid of it. You will see, Sir, that I have not been so liberal of my nonsense in these two, not having made them two-thirds as long as the first.*

How is the dear lady? Pray, say something for me to her that shall be respectful, and kind, and grateful, and affectionate; for even you, with all your eloquence, cannot say more than I feel.

Reddish's benefit was last night: he was pelted a quarter of an hour before they would let him speak; but he did not mind that, for he had a great house. He spoke his old address, with the new lines he sent to you on your quitting the stage. I was wrongly informed about Quick, who had 160*l.*, which was ten or fifteen pounds more than ever was known in this house. I have not been once this summer. Adieu, my dear Sir. I am, with my duty to Mrs. Garrick,

Her and your faithfully obliged and most obedient,
H. MORE.

Did you receive a mournful epistle from me on our sad, sad disappointment?

Be so good to give the enclosed to Mr. Victor. I was very much entertained with many of his letters.

Endorsed,
" Miss More's letter about her tragedy."

MR. GIBBON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Aug. 14, 1777.

THE other day Madame Necker made me very happy by the communication of your entertaining and obliging letter. It is pleasant to find one's-self mentioned with friendship by those whom posterity will mention with admiration. Foreign nations are a kind of posterity, and among them you already reap the full harvest of your fame. I can assure you that in every polite circle there is not any name so frequently repeated as the name of Garrick. The persons who have been in England before the fatal month of June, 1776, describe with transport what they have seen

* This was her tragedy of " Percy," acted the year following.

and what they have felt; and those who propose to undertake the same journey, express their regret that the principal object of their curiosity no longer subsists. So much for your numerous admirers. Your friends, and they are many, who have enjoyed your social qualities, are sincere and earnest in their wishes that you would execute your promise of visiting this country; and I sometimes hear them exclaim, with the good-natured vanity which constitutes no unamiable part of the French character: "Ce Monsieur Garrick étoit fait pour vivre parmi nous." In the mean while send us, without a moment's delay, your elegant fable. From the impartial account which I have given Madame Necker, she is impatient to see it; and, though a good subject, I will venture to say that she is as capable of tasting its beauties as any monarch in Christendom.

You have reason to envy me, for I can truly declare that I reckon the three months which I have now passed in Paris among the most agreeable of my life. My connection with a house, before which the proudest of the Gallic nobles bow the knee, my familiar acquaintance with the language, and a natural propensity to be pleased with the people and their manners, have introduced me into very good company; and, different in that respect from the traveller Twiss, I have sometimes been invited to the same houses a second time. If besides these advantages your partiality should ascribe any others to your friend, I am not proud enough entirely to disclaim them. I propose to stay at Paris about two months longer, to hook in (if possible) a little of the Fontainbleau voyage, and to return to England a few days before the meeting of Parliament, where I suppose we shall have some warm scenes. You cannot surely be satisfied with the beginning, or rather no beginning, of the American campaign, which seems to elevate the enemies as much as it must humble the friends of Great Britain.

At this time of year, the society of the Turk's-head can no longer be addressed as a corporate body, and most of the individual members are probably dispersed: Adam Smith in Scotland; Burke in the shades of Beaconsfield; Fox, the Lord or the devil knows where, &c. &c. Be so good as to salute in my name those friends who may fall in your way. Assure Sir Joshua, in particular, that I have not lost my relish for *manly* conversation and the society of the brown table. I hope Colman has made a successful campaign. May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick? By this time she has probably discovered the philosopher's stone: she has long possessed a much more valuable secret,—that of gaining the hearts of all who have the happiness of knowing her. I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

Hotel de Modène, Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germain. E. GIBBON.*

* Mr. Gibbon excelled in epistolary communication. To the polished urbanity of a gentleman, he adds that elegant point and zest to a compliment, which demand care, and are seldom seen but in the writings of professed authors. The letters of Voltaire are fine models of this finished style.—ED.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Paris, Aug. 18th, 1777.

Your friend, Mr. Vandergucht called on me to consult concerning some books for you. It was my intention to have sent you Les Trois Theatres de Paris, by Dessessarts, (if I had not heard from you,) by an acquaintance of mine who is going to England. I shall likewise take care that you have "L'Amant Bourru," which is acted with success, and is the work of Monvel of the Français, and is taken from our friend's novel of Madame de Sancerre. "The Dixhuitième Siècle" you shall likewise have; as to pamphlets on the theatre, I hear of none. As to the other, I fear it will be more difficult: as I have made it my business to enquire, the best account I can get is the following from Monsr. Démeunier, who is zealous in every thing that relates to you. "Il y a en Français un ouvrage estimé, intitulé Dictionnaire portatif des Gens de Lettres, Artistes, &c. qui se sont rendus célèbres dans tous les pays du monde, en 6 vol. in 8vo. Cet ouvrage a paru d'abord en 1770, en 4 vol. L'année dernière on l'a augmenté de deux volumes. On y trouve ce que dit Mr. Garrick, c'est à dire des notices très bien faites sur les caractères, les ouvrages, et les actions des hommes ou des femmes célèbres. Ce livre est très philosophique, on croit cependant qu'il ait été fait par des Benedictins."

Now, I should be glad if you would favour me with a line by return of post, informing me if this is the book you want; because I should not choose to send it *au hasard*, lest, as it has been published so long, you may already have it. I shall therefore wait your answer; and if it should arrive too late for Mr. Vandergucht, I will take care to convey it to you, by a safe hand, immediately after your decision.

I am glad you have found the lady's direction; I shall wait on her this week. Her having borne the name of Garrick is sufficient to render me desirous of cultivating her acquaintance. I am rejoiced to find from Mr. Vandergucht, that you enjoy so good a state of health: long may you do so, and may it be attended with every blessing Heaven can bestow on its noblest work! I have been detained till the post is just going out; therefore have only time to desire my love to dear Mrs. G., and to assure you of the lively sentiments of esteem, with which I ever am,

My best of friends, your ever affectionate and obliged,

J. H. Pye.

I hope Noverre has been more exact in delivering my letter to you, than he was in delivering a book I sent to Mr. Jerningham.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Aug. 21st, 1777.

If you could be sensible of the real timidity with which I now address you, it might perhaps interest you more in favour of my request, than any other plea I can possibly make; for even conscious gratitude for former obligations does not bestow a right to solicit new ones. On what then can I found my claim? Most truly and sincerely I will answer that it must rest entirely on my opinion of your good-nature. But let me farther preface my request by assuring you, that should you absolutely refuse, it will not abate my unfeigned esteem for you, or prevent me from flattering myself that you have some little regard for me.

Now to the matter in question. I have never, my dear Sir, made any secret to you that the difficulty of my circumstances was the sole motive which induced me to write; and though, with gratitude to Heaven and the best of sons, I acknowledge that my situation is easier than it has formerly been, yet I still feel the strongest wish to assist myself, and lighten the weight which my Richard's generosity has voluntarily undertaken, of supporting his family.

The uncommon talents with which providence endowed you, have from your early youth exempted you from the painful feeling of soliciting, or receiving obligations: you were placed in the opposite line, and have always experienced the transcendant pleasure of conferring happiness;—long, very long, may you enjoy it!

But to my suit. I have two comedies, or rather sketches, (say skeletons, if you will,) lying by me: when I say that you have seen them both, I will not presume to boast that there is much merit in either; but this I will venture to say, relying much more on your genius than my own, that if you would be so kind as to take the trouble of looking them over, you could, I am persuaded, with ease to yourself, and happiness to me, point out such alterations as might perhaps render one of them fit for representation; and were that the case, I think your goodness would extend still farther, and prompt you to recommend the piece to Mr. Sheridan, as from a nameless author. You see, my dear Sir, how quick I have travelled and settled the whole affair in a few words; but though my pen has hurried on so fast, it is far from my intention to hurry you: do but accept this task, and your leisure shall be my time. I know you are above ceremony; I will not therefore vainly attempt to apologize farther for this liberty, but conclude with assuring you, that I am, and ever shall be, with the sincerest esteem,

Your affectionately grateful and obedient servant,

E. Griffith.

My Kitty begs to join me in best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and would be bold enough, if I permitted, to send her love to you.

HANNAH MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON PASSING A DAY AT MR. GARRICK'S VILLA NEAR HAMPTON.

Where 's Happiness? say all our sages,
Terrestrial Bliss, where is she found?
Is she confined to life's high stages,
Or haply strays on lowly ground?

Nor high nor low can boast the art
The vagrant goddess to confine;
Her seat is fix'd within that heart
Which sense and elegance refine.

I have seen her, a whole summer's day,
On Thames's banks display her charms;
Now on the upland path she lay,
Now on the terrace spread her arms.

In various shape she courts *my friends*,
And woos true merit to be blest;
Wit, spirit, grace on her attend,
In all their liveliest colours drest.

But now the changeful goddess shines
In Juliana's form confest;
Glad round her neck *his* arms he twines,
And clasps the charmer to his breast.

Is Mrs. Garrick's name Juliana?* your nephew says it is. I hope both you and she will forgive my taking the liberty of sending what I could not resist the pleasure of scribbling; for, next to my own happiness, that of contemplating yours, to whom I am so much obliged, must be my most agreeable idea. I hope to finish my fourth act to your satisfaction, and meet you in London on Thursday, if the weather will permit, but it is dreadful at present.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Aug. 22nd, 1777.

SINCE my return from North Wales I have been much indisposed. I hope to be in town some time next week, when I shall call upon you; in the mean time, I must desire you not to publish any of those things you mention: they are for private inspection, and it would be very wrong to make them public.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

* Certainly not,—Eva Maria. What is meant by *written* extempore is not very apparent. It implies, at all events, the time occupied in the writing,—surely sufficient for stuff so very poor. Could it aid the fourth act of "Percy" with *Juliana*, as this *intimate* lady misnames her dear friend?—ED.

MR. A. WALLIS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,—(mind that,) Robston Hall, Aug. 22nd, 1777.

YOU have heard from the *niece* how we journeyed from the Adelphi to Bath, and of the dangers she escaped from thunder, lightning, rain, and spirits (of brandy) between Bath and Bristol, after her elopement from her fellow-traveller. Now you will expect to hear of the dangers I have passed, and the hair-breadth escapes in the dreadful Welsh precipices; how I have been taken by the friendly foe, and imprisoned whole days and nights, fed upon nothing but fish, venison, claret, and Welsh ale, in the finest country in the world. All these to hear will make your mouth water. Wales, for variety and beauty of scenery, plenty, and conveniency, exceeds every place which has come within my ken. From my leaving Bristol, to this place, I was scarce ever more than five miles distant from the sea, and never half-an-hour out of its sight, which, with mountains, rocks, rivers, cataracts, castles, valleys, &c. &c. form the most delightful of countries.

I am now in Milford Haven, at a good inn, after the manner of that at Hampton; my landlord keeps a yacht for the amusement of his guests. He took me a cruise into a thousand creeks; we hailed as many vessels, and took twice that number of prisoners, such as john dories, mullets, bretts, &c. which, according to the ancient laws and customs of Wales, we eat alive; and conformable to more modern customs, introduced from England, drink our claret, eat our pines, grapes, cherries, &c. all of the captain's own manufacture; and in the evening returned to our inn, where I am again a close prisoner, unable to pay my ransom, or to make my escape. I wish you and *Pen.* and my fair niece, would come to my relief, or you will lose my custom at Hampton.

This country affords remedies for all complaints, as you will see by the inclosed, which my landlord sends you with his compliments, and an offer of his inn for your accommodation. He is a very civil, obliging man; keeps a good larder; has laid in a large stock of the best wines, which he perfectly understands the management of, tastes them all himself; pays the utmost attention to his guests, whether they drink wine, sea-water, or ——, as I have experienced. In short, he is very clever in his way, having been long in business, and can only be excelled by the politeness of my two landladies, who, to their perfect knowledge in the management of the public business of the inn, add the benevolence of administering health to their neighbours; but have by that means introduced a most barbarous custom into the country, of not giving burial to the dead, under 100 years of age, for which reason the people never begin to be sick till 99. The consequence is, the ladies are worshipped as divinities, the churchyard lies fallow, and the sexton is ruined, and must either dig a grave for himself, or lie above-ground. His place, not like the places at St. James's, is not even solicited for; nor will any one accept it, unless the parson take it as a sinecure, and then he must take the burial fees at the time of baptism, or he too will be ruined.*

* Here is a lawyer as witty as Foote himself. From the "barbarous custom" to the "baptism," few comedies can show brighter sentences.—ED.

I have seen Newton, which commands the finest view in the Haven. But this is not the Newton whose landlord you are acquainted with, and which every one says is not to be equalled.

The landlord of that Newton and this inn give each other a character; they drive to each other's houses, which are both pretty decent Welsh inns, make very reasonable bills, and have met with great encouragement from, and are well known to, the noblemen and gentlemen travelling this road. They hope for your custom as you pass this way, having already secured that of your friend,

A. WALLIS.

Endorsed,
"Wallis's letter from Wales.—Excellent."

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, August 23rd, 1777.

I THANK you for your obliging favour of July 30th, and am much pleased that you are able to ramble, as I believe it to be very good for you. Henderson's success is even beyond my hopes, although they were great; but I agree with you, that extravagant puffing in newspapers, after the man has shown himself, is ill-judged, and may well provoke ill-natured criticism and even enmity. I have said this, and written letters to try to prevent it, ever since this foolish work began. I do not see the Morning Post, and therefore know not how they treat him. I hope, well, though not extravagantly. As to your behaviour towards him, I have no doubt that you judge the matter rightly. All I wished for was, that he should have had an opportunity of owning his ignorance and weakness, and asking your forgiveness. I really believe that he means well, and is heartily sorry that he ever incurred your displeasure.

I told him that I was present when you strongly recommended him to Mr. Sheridan, long before his arrival at the Haymarket, and he is very sensible of his obligation to you. But what is to become of him and of Drury itself, if this civil war is to continue?—I do not mean in America, but behind the curtain. Will these perturbed spirits never rest? I hope that you, who must be powerful, (whether York or Lancaster win the day,) will, upon every good account, secure a place for Sheridan. You know that it is scandalous to hear such men as Bensley, &c. drag out the Greeks and Romans, while such a man as S. is suffered to be useless. You know what he can do, and what he is worth; how much the stage wants every aid, and how much he wants a situation there, at least for one season. Let him have three clear benefits, and play ten nights before Christmas, and ten after. Surely that will not be too much performance or too much money. Sheridan, Henderson, and any tolerable young lover, would make at least a decent set for tragedy, and without them there is next to nothing. Jephson has received your letter of the 15th. His play is almost complete, and should be ready in a week, if he had a place for next season, (which, however, he of course does not expect, if you and others do not *like* his play); but I

know he is not fond (nor am I for him) to bind himself to any manager for a distant day, not knowing how the company may stand at that distant day. You know you bespoke a place for this day without a name so long ago as November last, when I met Mr. Sheridan and his partners at your house. I was not indeed very explicit about it, for the reasons which I have now given you. And Mr. Sheridan very politely said (upon your asking him for a place for next season) that he should always be happy to receive any piece of Mr. Jephson's, and I believe he civilly added of my recommending, and "that you knew better than any body" whether he could promise a place or no. I remember that you smiled at this.

In truth, "The Law of Lombardy" is almost ready; but the author is unwilling to part with it, I believe, till he has some hopes of its being performed next season, in case you approve. Without such approbation, he does not expect any thing. However, I shall urge him to send the manuscript to you as soon as possible. I shall mention you and Wilkes again to Mr. Heron; and in return, I expect your generous and liberal mind will contrive something for Tom O'Bedlam, as you call him.*

Your very sincere, obliged, and affectionate servant,

E. TIGHE.

My wife joins me in true regard and best wishes to you and Mrs. Garrick.

I am not as I should be, though I hope not worse, and I keep strictly to my regimen, &c. &c.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, August 23rd, 1777.

I TAKE the liberty to trouble you with a line, just to know whether you have left, or are near leaving Hampton. The reason of my asking this is, because I promised Mr. Harris to send him the play the first week in September. I hope to keep my word with him (indeed I work very hard); but I wish it could pass through your hands, and that you would favour it with another reading, as I have made considerable additions; and if you are at home, I will trouble you with it. You will also be so good to tell me whether you would have me ask Mr. Sheridan to write the epilogue; if so, whether I should write to request it of him, or would you be so kind to speak to him. If you do not approve of this, I think to ask Johnson, though there is a great chance of his refusing. I want to get a promise from some proper person, as I expect and dread applications from improper ones. I am sure you will give me your most friendly advice, and forgive all the trouble I give you.

Looking the other day into the last volume of the Bath Easton rhyme-book for the last year, I was surprised to see your *little gypsey* song of "O spread thy rich Mantle" introduced there, as if written originally for the vase. What shifts they

* The elder Sheridan.—ED.

have recourse to, to get the name of a real genius. I am always angry when they get yours.

Pray tell me how the "Phœnix" goes on? I am much obliged for your care in sending my letters. One of them was a very polite one from the Kennicotts, inviting me to Oxford in my way home, with many a warm wish to see you and Mrs. Garrick there; also to beg your sweet verses on Sir Eldred, with which (I mean the verses) they are delighted. Say every thing for me to my dear Mrs. Garrick. All here are entirely yours, as is, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and ever grateful,

H. More.

Best compliments to Mr. G. Garrick, with thanks for his remembrance of me, and all his other kindnesses.

— — —

MR. JONES TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Aug. 28th, 1777.

I AM very sorry I should every way be so troublesome to you, and particularly that my last letter should be so ambiguous that you could not understand it. I will explain here in a few words: it was meant to ask you what fault I had been guilty of, (as I certainly thought you were very angry,) that I might avoid it in future; for, be assured, Sir, there is no man on earth I should be so loth to give offence to as yourself; and permit me to say, now once for all, that however strange and unaccountable my letter might seem, there was no affectation of sensibility in it; and I hope to have your forgiveness, if I repeat, that I wished your servants out of the way when you were (as I thought) in such a passion with me for I did not know what. I trust I have sense enough to make necessary distinctions. Your freedom with me I always did, and always shall, consider as an honour. I know how to value correction from such a man as you, but it must be the correction of a friend, and not before a certain sort of witnesses. As to your deeds, Sir, (not only with regard to me, for which I shall be ever thankful,) they never will be without my warmest praise and admiration, however feeble and inadequate they may be in their consequences to your deserts. But, Sir, not to take up too much of your time, I shall say no more now than that (whatever you may think of me) I shall be happy, very happy, even at the risk of my life, to show you that

I am your most faithful and grateful humble servant,

Maurice Jones.

MR. J. CHOUQUET TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, No. 102, High Street, Marybone, London, Aug. 28th, 1777.

IF you can recall to mind that about two years ago you contradicted some paragraphs inserted in "The Public Ledger" by the late Mr. Kelly, concerning the comedy of "The Barber of Seville," &c. and that a stranger (myself) waited on you in the Adelphi about said piece, when you said that my application to you for that season was made too late.

Mr. Sheridan's promise (the following year) of his protection to that piece, rendered any further applications elsewhere unnecessary. If any of the aforesaid circumstances are not effaced from your memory, your taking notice of this application by a line to Mr. Colman, who I dare say would not be guilty of an illiberal action, which would be one, when satisfied of what I have asserted, if he brought out that piece to my prejudice.) Not doubting but common justice will induce you to comply with my request, I have the honour to be,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES CHOUQUET.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Chouquet's letter about
'The Barbier de Seville.'"

MR. GARRICK TO MR. J. CHOUQUET.

SIR, Hampton, Aug. 29th, 1777.

MANY things in my hurry of business may have escaped my memory, but I will assure you that I have not at present the least recollection of the circumstances you mention. When I saw a translation of the comedy advertised and dedicated to Mr. Sheridan, I bought it, but had not the least suspicion of its being intended for the stage, or that I had ever seen the play in English, or the translation. If any conversation on this subject will be of the least service to you, I shall be at the Adelphi on Tuesday, and at your commands between eleven and twelve.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"My answer to a Mr. Chouquet, about 'The
Barbier de Seville,' Aug. 31st, 1777.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Richmond, Monday Night.

If you have any charity, you will bestow an epilogue for Rosina, on "The Poor Spanish Barber." If you should come to town any day, you shall run the piece over; but you know enough from the French to furnish matter for the tail-piece, which, without your assistance, will not be supplied; for the prologue and rehearsals will be sufficient employment for me. I expect Texier to breakfast to-morrow morning, when I will present him with the entrée of the Haymarket. I called on Clive this evening for the first time this year, and heard she was gone to dine at Hampton. I hope you got home last night without any accident or firing the blunderbuss, and not worse, I hope, for your walk in our gardens. Remember me to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me

Most truly yours,

G. COLMAN.

I suppose O'Hara's piece* and the Barber will keep me in town all the rest of the week. Good-night, good-night!

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. G. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Soho Square, Thursday Morning.

HEARING I have been most infamously traduced by Mr. Becket, from whom I last Monday received a most insolent letter, sent in the most insolent manner, and fearing I may have suffered in your good opinion, as well as your brother's, I take the liberty of submitting to you the inclosed, as a proof of the truth of my declaration to you the other morning; an incontrovertible proof, unless I can be supposed to be base and mean enough, first to distress a man by an arrest, and afterwards to suborn witnesses to conceal it. Garton's character, as well as my own, will, I trust, preserve me from such an imputation. Of the transactions between Becket and the printer, I was equally ignorant. The rest of his friends will not, I hope, experience the baseness and ingratitude which he has shown to me. I would not trouble you with this scrawl, if I could spare a servant to ride to Hampton to-day. Pray return me the inclosed, and, if you can readily find it, the letter I gave you at the playhouse about Digges. If you are not engaged, I should be very happy to see you to-day at four o'clock, to dinner.

Yours most truly,

G. COLMAN.

* A burletta of three acts, called "April Day," performed at the little theatre this season.—ED.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Saturday noon.

I AM sorry I shall not be in town to-morrow evening. The two letters enclosed will convince you how shamefully I have been vilified. Had I been sent to when the arrest happened, it would have been immediately decided that I was not privy to it; but a false compassion was to be raised at my expense. The best men may be unfortunate, but in their misfortunes will show their characters to be good.

Yours in much haste, but ever yours,

G. COLMAN.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Richmond, Sunday Night, Aug. 31st, 1777.

So many people coming round to me last night, so hurried and flurried, I could not write early enough for the post to tell you of our success, which I the less regretted as I saw your brother's name in the account, and suppose he gave you a line. Your epilogue, in spite of the ill-name you had industriously given it abroad, was extremely well received, and, I think, not ill-spoken. At least, I did my best to polish her, and took the liberty of transposing two lines, because I found the parenthesis puzzled and embarrassed her; and indeed I think they will even read better at the end of the clause as they were last night spoken. Not what is gold, &c. The whole piece was received far beyond my warmest expectations.

Le Texier gave me the music of the song, attended two rehearsals, and was of infinite service.

I am very sorry you did not mention Becket's affair when I saw you. The first I heard of it was from your brother. Though I am persuaded he has not used me well, I never had an adverse thought towards him; and had I been capable of entertaining it, your interference in his favour would have extinguished it. Coming at that moment, it fluttered me very much,—and the more, because neither Garton nor the attorney were to be found, both being out of town. I really think his behaviour must have been very irritating to drive Garton, who has great humanity, to such a needless extremity. I find I have been very plentifully abused and belied, but I have been long used to it, and, I am sorry to add, from that quarter. Pray Heaven I may rather suffer some hard thoughts from you, than you should be undeceived at your own expense! More of this when we meet; till when and ever I remain

Yours most faithfully,

G. COLMAN.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Sept. 1st, 1777.

MANY thanks for your kind letter. An opportunity offering of sending by a private hand, I thought it better to dispatch the play; for, it is so large, it would have filled a great number of franks. I was very desirous to convey it to Mr. Harris through your hands, as you kindly offered to take that trouble. I have made great alterations; I shall rejoice to find that you think I have made some improvements. I shall be most ready, and willing, and thankful for any farther hint. I wish for nothing so much as to improve it. Whatever Mr. Harris may propose to you, you will be so good as answer for me, from your own judgment, as if I were upon the spot. I write nonsense, being in the greatest hurry lest I should be too late. My kind respects to dear Mrs. G.

Believe me, dear Sir, your ever obliged and grateful,

H. MORE.

Do you think Mrs. Barry will act Elwina? I long to know.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday Night, Gerrard-street.

H. MORE presents her best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and begs leave to enquire how they do. She is just come to town, and had proposed waiting on them to-morrow morning early; but as she has caught a great cold on her journey, and as she imagines Mr. and Mrs. Garrick may be at Hampton, she is sure they will have the goodness to excuse her calling in the Adelphi, till she is informed whether they are there. As soon as she hears they are in town, she will joyfully hasten to assure them of her warmest gratitude for all their goodness to her.

A thousand sincere thanks for the alterations, &c. in "Percy," which her hurry made her most shamefully neglect in her letters to Mr. G.

MR. JAMES CHOUQUET TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Wednesday Morning, 12 o'clock.

YOUR polite offer to settle the matter in dispute with Mr. Colman was too flattering not to be gratefully accepted; but as Mr. Sheridan will be in town in a few days, I humbly request you will defer till then taking any notice of this matter, fearing my eagerness should have made me act with impropriety in considering myself the prin-

cipal party aggrieved, when with more reason said gentleman might be thought so. My ignorance of subjects of that kind could alone make me err, as I should be desirous of emulating the liberal principles I have found in him; my interest would be a poor sacrifice to his generosity! as I had no claim to the piece after I addressed it to him, but from his promise of protecting it for my advantage.

Beseeching you to be persuaded, that the desire of acting consistently is my reason for this request, in doing which I hope to merit a favourable opinion of my umpire, and assuring you how much I have the honour to be most respectfully, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

High Street, Mary-bone, No. 102. JAMES CHOUQUET.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CHOUQUET.

SIR, Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, 1777.

I HAVE not yet seen Mr. Colman, nor will I mention the business to him. Indeed I could not well do it, for I am going from home for some time: but you, Sir, mistook my proposal. I had no intention to propose myself for an umpire, nor do I know of any thing to be determined by a third person. I said I would speak to Mr. Colman about the liberty of his theatre, but I could not undertake for any thing else, nor would it have been delicate to propose myself as an umpire between my friend and a stranger.

I am, Sir, &c.

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Chouquet's second letter and my answer about Colman."

MR. T. EVANS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Strand, No. 50, Sept. 6th, 1777.

YOU very kindly gave me permission to bring my wife to see Hampton. I am very sorry to hear you have been so much indisposed, and therefore have avoided coming; but as I believe I shall go abroad soon, I could wish to know whether I may have that pleasure first.

Gratitude for the favours I have received from you would not suffer me to see the abuse that had been (and especially when I heard more was to follow) against you in "The Morning Chronicle" and be silent. I enclose you a copy of a letter I have sent to Woodfall on that subject.

I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

T. EVANS

MR. GARRICK TO MR. T. EVANS.

DEAR SIR, Tuesday, Sept. 6th, 1777.

I BEG that you will bring your company here, whenever you please. My nephew (as I am not able) will attend you and show you every thing. I am sorry upon this account that this nasty gout confines me still to my couch;—dreadful work, a lame general and so strong an alliance in the field! You have shown great partiality to me in your letter to Mr. Woodfall. Whatever he might have been pleased to publish against me, I never thought they were so unmanly to go farther. I am rather sorry you wrote to him, Mr. W——, about me; he may think that I applied to you upon that matter. What I may have unwittingly done to that gentleman, I know not, but I must certainly have done him or his family some great injury. I seldom now read the paper, (which, by the by, I think the most diverting,) because I would not trust my sensibility with some of the violent paragraphs which are too often to be found there. I say this in confidence, and am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant.

D. GARRICK.

Though I cannot see your company, I shall desire you to come to my bed's side. Pray tell me when you will come.

MR. T. EVANS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, Sept. 8th, 1777.

I MEAN to accept of your kind invitation, and come to Hampton on Tuesday next. I hope I shall find you entirely recovered. The lame general has nothing to fear from the operations of the field, even if unable to take an active part in the fight; the experience of so many campaigns must give victory to the troops who fight under the orders of so accomplished a commander. Marshal Saxe conquered, though carried in a litter, and the superior genius of one man (the King of Prussia) triumphed over the most formidable alliance; and if the public can give you additional laurels, you most certainly will acquire them.

Mr. Woodfall has written me a letter, wherein he acknowledges the justness of my complaint, and the illiberality and scurrility of the verses, and assures me the author shall no more *poison* the paper.

With respect to Mr. F. A.* he acknowledges himself also wrong, and says Mr. Foote undeceived him; and indeed I must do Mr. Foote the justice to declare, that when I dined at North End, and in his green-room was speaking of Mr. A., he talked in a manner I would wish him. I saw Mr. Harris this morning; he tells me the Barrys are very unfortunate in striving to get Mr. A. an engagement at Covent-Garden. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOS. EVANS.

* Francis Aickin.—ED.

MR. T. EVANS TO MR. W. WOODFALL.

DEAR SIR,

As I cannot be present this evening at the meeting of the partners of "The Morning Chronicle," I cannot help privately remonstrating with you how prejudicial it is to your own character to suffer such illiberal abuse on Mr. Garrick in your paper; there is not a man who does not highly condemn the verses on his *fête champêtre*; the insult offered to a lady is in the highest degree base; but I have taken upon me to assert, from my knowledge of you, they must have crept into the paper without your knowledge.* However, as I hear the wretched author intends offering you more, I hope, in justice to yourself, you mean to omit them. Mr. G. will no doubt treat such paragraphs with the contempt they deserve; but if you suffer "The Morning Chronicle" to be the vehicle for every insolent actor to abuse a manager, I think we should not be partial, but let us proclaim that "All servants, &c. who have behaved ill, and are discarded by their masters, are welcome to abuse *gratis* in the paper."

You possess an understanding and liberality of mind superior to most of your profession, and, I am persuaded, will thank me for this friendly hint. Though I am very happy in being able to boast of the friendship of Mr. G., whom I think an honour to our age and nation, yet I am not pleading his cause alone; for, let us not thrive by unprovoked slander.

Yours,

T. E.

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Broadlands, (near Romsey,) Sept. 11, 1777.

WHEN I had last the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Garrick and you at Hampton, you were both so kind as to promise me a visit in Hampshire, and I assure you such a promise was too agreeable to me not to make me take the earliest opportunity of reminding you of it. I did not then attempt fixing any time, because my friend and neighbour, Mr. Stanley, who is equally concerned in this matter with myself, was out of England. He is now returned, and desires me to make his best compliments to Mrs. Garrick and yourself, and joins with me in acquainting you that we shall both be at home whenever it will suit you best to come to us, between this time and the middle of November; and that we promise ourselves very great pleasure in seeing you in this part of the world at any time you will fix. We are such near neighbours, that we enjoy the society of each other's house with the greatest

* Woodfall's diligence, I should think, rendered this impossible; but Evans, with "King Lear," left him to his reflections.—

"Let shame come when it will,—I do not call it."

[ED.]

ease; but, as we shall both hope for the pleasure of receiving you, we beg you would contrive to give us as long a time as you can possibly spare from other engagements. My house is in your way, and therefore I hope you will make your first stop here.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

P. S. I shall hope for the honour of seeing Mrs. Garrick's niece, if she is still with you.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Sept. 12, 1777.

I FEEL myself so very much obliged to you, though I do not know whether you are at home or abroad, and though I do know that I have nothing to say to you, but to repeat my thanks over and over, and though it is not post-day, yet I should not have a quiet conscience, nor sleep in my bed, if I attempted to get into it before I sat down to thank you, which I do very sincerely, for all your goodness and loving kindness to me. I should reckon the not writing to you to-night the next deadly sin to not saying my prayers. I also beg the favour of you to present my hearty acknowledgments to Mr. G. Garrick: pray tell him he is no common benefactor, for he cured my ague and presented my play; and you know that my life and my tragedy are objects of no small concern to me.

I am as much delighted and as vain as you supposed I should be. Pray Heaven my pride may not have a fall! I am strongly tempted just in this place to transcribe a passage from a letter I just now received from a great favourite and friend of mine, not because it praises you, but because the thought itself is so well expressed. Mrs. Boscawen is on a visit at her daughter's, the Duchess of Beaufort, in this neighbourhood. I sent her the play, desiring her criticism; in answer to which, she says— "Your play, I doubt not, has already received the criticism of Mr. Garrick: I have no idea it can have or want any other. Law and criticism must stop somewhere; the former, from appeal to appeal, ends, *en dernier resort*, with the House of Lords. Mr. Garrick is indisputably the House of Lords to dramatic poets; they can go no farther for decision of what is right or wrong: his fiat precludes all other judgment."

When will your prologue to Colman's "Barber" be printed? I long to see it; the papers give it a great character. I hope the Phœnix will get out of her spicy nest, and flourish on the Cambrian mountains. My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick and her fair niece. I go to Bath in a week or two, for a short visit, with the Arab, who is ordered to drink the waters: she is better. Can I be of any service to my dear Mrs. Garrick there?

All here are faithfully and gratefully yours, as is, my dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

H. MORE.

Endorsed,

"Miss More, alias The Nine."

MR. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Sept. 16th, 1777.

I SEND by your direction, under cover to Mr. Chamier, "The Law of Lombardy." It was finished some time before you received my last letter, as I believe I told you; but the irksome labour of transcribing a fair copy (from which I was often called by other business) prevented my completing that part of the task so speedily as I wished. It has been deeply felt and greatly admired by every person here to whom I have read it, but by no one more than my Lord Lieutenant, who is the most universally acquainted with the drama of any one I ever met with, from the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, down to the "Fourberies de Scapin." However, I am most impatient for your opinion, which I hope you will let me know, after you have had time to give it a serious perusal. I commit it to your care, with the partiality of a parent for a favourite child. It will be, I believe, my last attempt in this way, for I never again expect to finish any work of the kind half so much to my satisfaction. Mrs. Jephson, with me, desires to be most cordially remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick. Believe me, my dear Sir, ever most affectionately,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

Endorsed,
"Letter from Jephson about his second tragedy,
'Law of Lombardy,' and other matters."

MR. GARRICK TO LORD CAMDEN.

MY GOOD LORD, Hampton, Sept. 16th, 1777.

IT is observed by a French writer, that many things which seem severe, if spoken as a joke, will pass as such, but that they grow serious by repetition. Your Lordship has long (jokingly as I thought and hoped) been pleased to twit me with a wavering in that faith in which I have lived with pleasure and wish to die. Though this want of virtue in me (for, if true, it certainly would be so) hath been often repeated; yet still, being a great laugher myself, I always looked upon it as mere pleasantry, and rather as an ironical compliment than any thing else; and yet the message brought me by Mr. Palmer, of Bath, has made me half consider the matter as a kind of reproach, which of course will make me a little serious. Whenever I cannot have the honour as usual, and which I flattered myself would be annual at least, of seeing Lord and Lady Camden, and the Miss Pratts, at Hampton, I am sincerely disappointed; but at the same time am bound to believe, for my own credit, that other engagements prevent my happiness. Your journey into Kent to Mr. Pratt, and the expectation of Mrs. Stewart, were urged to soften my disappointment this summer. To make the fall as easy as possible, I begged of Lady Camden that

Miss Pratt might pass a few days with us—impossible:—to give me some small satisfaction for this refusal, I was told that I should know when Mrs. Stewart came, that I might pay my respects at Chiselhurst. I hear that lady has been arrived more than a fortnight, in which time I wrote to your Lordship upon other matters, but received neither answer nor notice of the lady's being arrived. Mrs. G. and I have endeavoured to put off our Welsh journey to Sir Watkin, and imagined his being at Brighton with Miss Grenville would have brought it to bear; but all my wishes on that account are frustrated by the enclosed letter, which will oblige us to go immediately to Litchfield, where my family expects me, and a marriage to be soon completed between a niece of mine and a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Let me assure your Lordship, from the sincerity of my heart, that our going without paying our respects at Chiselhurst is very mortifying to us; but I cannot agree that this mortification proceeds from my want of gratitude, taste, or attention, nor from any other cause but your Lordship's total neglect of me in this business, or rather having something better to think of. Your Lordship calls me a courtier. If I am a courtier, it is without interest or prospect of interest. I have friends who are both in and out of place, and I hope that my conduct to both is without reproach. The greatest man shall not speak ill of my friend without some decent reprehension; and some opinions I have that my greatest friend cannot alter. I have many weaknesses, but I hope among the number I can never be seriously accused of want of the most affectionate and steady fidelity and attachment to Lord Camden and his family,

I am, ever was, and ever shall be, your Lordship's most faithful servant,

D. GARRICK.*

I beg that my best respects and wishes may be presented to all about you. I spoke yesterday to Mr. Wombwell to get Ironmonger some little place in the India House. If Captain Smith would speak with that gentleman, the business would be done.

If I am too foolishly serious in my letter, I hope your Lordship will excuse me.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Richmond, Monday morning, Sept. 18th, 1777.

I AM very sorry that I cannot take the five minutes you offer me, but must run to the *Barber*, who waits for me in town, and has too little time to dispense with any of my attendance. If you, that have always been so powerful before, should be impotent now, I hope, like Lord Vane, you will ascribe it to an excess of desire to

* As the correspondence advanced between the noble Earl and Mr. Garrick, I began to expect some such friendly comment as the preceding, from the frankness of Garrick's nature. Cornaro surely thought long life itself might be lengthened by kind hearts and bright imaginations; but the *ladies* might be otherwise disposed, when there existed no farther competition for places, and the actor's fashionable distinction had been dropped for ever.—ED.

please. Not knowing you were grown so chary of your name, I have mentioned my application to you, so that it is not in my power to answer for that total silence you wish for; but I will certainly observe your directions not to advertise the epilogue, till you give proper authority for it. I will give every instruction in my power to the speaker, whom, however, nobody could instruct half so well as the author. French, I fear, she knows nothing of; but I will endeavour to frenchify her. By the by, my prologue, which is already in Parsons's hands, runs on French ideas—but no imitation of Frenchmen in it. I hope Mrs. Garrick and you are both in perfect health. Every happiness attend you, prays Your very faithful

G. COLMAN.

HON. R. CHOLMONDELEY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 25th, 1777.

I ARRIVED here last night, and by appointment met your friend Mr. Wallis this morning, who in the most polite manner accommodated me with the 400*l.* on the joint bond of my nephew and self. I had in my letter explained the whole matter fully to him, because in money matters *with friends* I am particularly nice that no inconvenience or hazard may attend it. The interest will be regularly paid.

And now, my dear Sir, I have nothing to add upon the subject, but to return you a thousand sincere thanks for the favour of your great dispatch in the business, which has much added to your kind attention to my request.

What delightful weather you have had for your journey, and what delightful spirits you must have arrived in! *Felix ter et amplius* is Sir Watkin, who will enjoy for an uninterrupted time that happiness which every one who knows you must envy him. I hope he is worthy of the blessing, or else you are damned beyond all hopes for flying to such a distance from all who delight in and can really taste you.

We have no sort of news; either the express or the Howes are very dilatory: if we do not hear something good from them soon, Burgoyne will reap all the laurels.

I have not as yet reaped any advantage from my letter to a great personage; but I hope, as they have provided and given large pensions to several governors and persons, and even to some who have done hurt to the cause, though last, I shall not be least in love, and have an equivalent made to me by building my faith upon a rock, that is, being seated in a good Cathedral. I am sure I shall have your good wishes.

I am determined not to let the matter rest: the widow in the Gospel prevailed with the judge by dint of application; and therefore if I cannot owe it to the beauty of the address, (which met your applause,) I hope to owe it to the force of importunity.

I left Brighthelmston with great regret: I believe, idleness and amusement are a sovereign remedy for nervous disorders, and a losing game.

I hope you and Mrs. Garrick are perfectly well, and fed with the pleasantest food, *amore jocisque*, and that your niece is well.

Pray remember me most kindly to your better-half as well as yourself, and believe me no one in the circle of your friends bears you warmer wishes and attentions than, dear Sir, Your most sincere and much obliged and obedient servant,

R. CHOLMONDELEY.

P. S. Mr. Wallis desired his compliments to you and yours.

Endorsed,
" Hon. Mr. Cholmondeley, about the loan of 400*l.*—done."

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, Oct. 5th, 1777.

WELL, my dear and very best friend, I think we begin to see daylight: at length I have got the name of two books which bid fair, one of them, to be those you are so anxious about. The title of one is " Siècle de la Littérature," par l'Abbé Rosier, Librarian to the King, and published about fourteen or fifteen months, in four volumes; the other is " l'Homme de Goût," either in the press or just published, the author unknown. If neither of these be it, I fear there are little hopes of tracing it: I beg therefore you will be so good as to let me know whether I have been fortunate in my enquiries; and if I have, I will forward it to you immediately. If you want any numbers of the " Journal du Théâtre," and mark which they are, I will also send you those.

I know not if you have already got " The Comédien," but it was sent me the night before Mr. Brusby went off for England, and as it was well spoken of, I thought I would forward it to you, and hope it has pleased you. Let it at least serve to convince you, that it is my ardent wish to prove to you, upon every occasion, with what esteem and gratitude I am till death, (and beyond it, I doubt not,)

Your ever obliged and affectionate,

J. H. PYE.

I embrace dear Mrs. Garrick. Excuse this little incorrect scrawl, for I have packeted you lately, and I am hurried to death.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Fontainbleau, Oct. 7th, 1777.

I AM afraid I appear very ungrateful in not having thanked you sooner for your letters; but, by some strange management of yours or the posts, I did not receive them till I had left Spa and was on my road to Paris. I need not say how much we were charmed with Mistley: the place and the reception we met with there were such as

you have so often and so enchantingly described. We were very lucky in our weather through Holland, where we passed near a month very agreeably. If you never made that tour, I advise you by all means to do it; for it is a most curious country, especially the northern parts of it, and very unlike every thing else. We had fine weather likewise at Spa, where my Lord drank the waters, which agreed with him as well as usual; and he is now dining and supping away, as if he did not know what it was to have a complaint in the stomach.

We shall not stay here long; but I may just receive one letter more, in answer to this, if you are graciously disposed to indulge me with one; and I wish to have one, because I want to know how you dispose of yourselves this Christmas, and whether we shall be happy enough to see you at Althorp. I went last week to see Le Quin [Kain] play in "Zaire" for the last time. He was, as I think he always is, *grimacier* and unnatural to a great degree; but there were a few strokes which he played very finely indeed, and this I can venture to affirm, not only from the effect it had upon myself, but from the sensation of the whole house, whose hearts answered by a kind of audible sigh (I do not know whether you will understand me) before their hands had time to applaud. The two chief strokes were where, in the midst of his resentment, he says, "Zaire, vous pleurez;" and after having stabbed her, when he says to her brother, "Regardez-là:" pray look over the scenes, and read them both to me some time or other, for I have his expression strongly in my head, and I shall like to see yours.

A French Duke, the other day, with all the conceit and importance that could be assumed, was giving me a most horrible description of the barbarity that still was to be found in our manners in England. Somebody mentioned you; upon which he said, "Je l'ai vu jouer; mais, en verité, je n'en ai pas été bien emerveillé." I said, "L'avez-vous compris, Monsieur?" to which he answered, "Non, Madame; mais c'est égal." I hope you are as much delighted with this answer as I was. Adieu!

My direction is, Chez Messrs. Panchaud's, Banquiers, à Paris.

MR. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, 30th Oct. 1777.

I AM delighted to hear "The Law of Lombardy" finds favour in your sight; it is my favourite piece, and I believe will be my last; for the situations appear to me so interesting, and the incidents so ingenious, that I despair of ever finding another story so much to my satisfaction. I am really afraid of what I say to you upon any work of my own, and shall be more so if you think that, when I tell you how much "The Law of Lombardy" has been admired here, I mean to knock your judgment on the head by other authorities. I would rather have your approbation than that of all the great men, and all the great critics, from Aristotle down to this

instant; and when I mentioned the number of opinions in its favour, I meant no more than that I would not submit to your sagacity a piece, which appeared to have merit only to the author. There is an infallible touchstone for all the works of genius in your head and your heart. The writer who succeeds after they have condemned him, must make his appeal to an audience without the genuine feelings of nature, and destitute of discernment. I am happy beyond measure, in finding you are so well satisfied with this play: if my situation would allow of it, I would go to London for the pleasure of hearing you read it. In objecting to some words and passages in the first act, where you say I seem to pump for poetry before I grow warm in the subject, you have looked into the true state of my mind when I was writing it. I am conscious of the fault, and believe you refer to some laboured passages in the second scene between the King, Princess, and Paladore. The first act, however, is fortunately longer than usual, and a good deal may be retrenched with advantage—any passage or word you object to (when you are so good to let me know them) I will leave out or alter immediately. Bireno's killing Ascanio in the last act, I think, is unnecessary, nay, almost ludicrous, and I wish to have it omitted. I beg you will be so good, after the Princess says in the last scene: "Haste to the King, proclaim this blessed event," to insert these two lines in the mouth of Bireno:—

Perfidious chance! caught in my own device!
Accursed—Ha! they drag me, tear me,—Oh!— *(dies)*

and to strike out the passage of Bireno's stabbing Ascanio.

You ask me why I do not write to Mr. Sheridan to secure a good birth for the tragedy. I was in hopes, from what Tighe told me, that you would do it for me. However, I will write to Mr. Sheridan; but what can I say that will have so much weight with a manager of sense, as that Mr. Garrick thinks well of the play I offer to him? If I could venture to trespass farther upon your friendship, I should request as a very great favour, that you would read "The Law of Lombardy" to him. Should it be acted this season or the next, what will become of it unless you are so good to give them some instructions at the rehearsals? Considering the number of bad plays you have saved by a good epilogue, I flatter myself you will not refuse me one for "The Law of Lombardy:" I mean to ask Mr. Sheridan for a prologue.

I mentioned to Mr. Tighe your wishes about Mr. Wilkes. You may rely upon it, he is anxious upon all occasions to assist your wishes. He is as yet so new in office, and the Government so chaste about new charges upon the establishment, that I should fear he could not yet propose a provision for Mr. Wilkes, unless there should be some appointment vacant suitable to that gentleman.

For many reasons I wish "The Law of Lombardy" may be acted at Drury-lane. I know there are no men tragedians at Covent-Garden, though I mean to keep your opinion and my own upon that point secret.

Mrs. Jephson joins me in most affectionate remembrances to you and Mrs. Garrick. I am ever, My dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bath, Nov. 2nd, 1777.

I HAVE taken the liberty of troubling you with an entire new copy of "Percy," as I have made some little alterations here and there throughout. Do me the favour to exchange copies with Mr. Harris, and keep that he now has, for me.

As you think it proper for me to be in London, I will certainly be there about the middle of this month; though, as you are so very good as to trouble yourself with this affair, I think I can be of no use, any farther than for my own gratification.

I shall pay attention to what you say about the bookseller. Cadell says he has offered me as much as Mr. Jephson had, and more than has been given for any other tragedy—*mais nous verrons.*

I shall write to Dr. Aikin immediately. I was the other night at the rehearsal of "The School for Scandal," by Palmer's desire. I there saw Mr. Sheridan, and thanked him with great sincerity, I am sure, for his obliging intention in my favour. He was very polite indeed, which I attribute to the right cause, namely, your partiality for me.

It is very odd, but I never see ——— but he is harping on the same string, the Ex——n, and the Rev—w, not that he has the slightest suspicion; but it is so indigestible, he cannot get it out of his maw. He has more meanness and malice than I suspected, yet I never thought him deficient in either.

I have no particular notion for the prologue. Your first thought was a good one, about Chevy Chace, a very favourite story.

I think Barry *is* too long. I could not write from my heart.

Please to give my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and tell her that Mr. Hales confesses that he has received her orders a long while ago, but neglected to write till they were executed, which will be in about a fortnight.

With the Arab's respects, I conclude myself, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged,

H. MORE.

I have marked with inverted commas, in the first act, where some speeches of Douglas may be shortened.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Nov. 15th.

I AM extremely unlucky. I thought to have seen you to-day, instead of writin to you; but two of my sisters are most exceedingly ill in bed; one of them has not stirred hand or foot this fortnight, and now I myself am also confined to my room, and cannot leave it without danger. I hope, however, that a few days will release

me; I will set out the instant I can do it with safety. What trouble you have! The papers announced to us the honour you did "Percy" and me by reading him. What a treat for the audience! Indeed my obligations to you are inexpressible, and I injure my feelings in trying to express them. I have written to Cadell, so that I hope a few days' delay will hinder nothing.

Pray see the Exc——n reviewed in the Westminster Mag (I think) for August; it was done by Griffith, and is unquestionably the best paragraph he ever wrote.

Mr. Colman came over here to dinner a few days ago—more of that when we meet, which I hope will be soon. I write with pain, having been let blood two or three times, but am always, with great and real gratitude, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged servant,

H. More.

Will you favour me with a line? for indeed I want comfort. Respects to your dear lady.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, Nov. 17th, 1777.

Many thanks, dear Sir, for your kind punctuality in answering my letter; I am particularly happy to find that I have anticipated your friendly counsel by writing to Mr. Bate, and not only acknowledging my obligation to him, but sending him all the news I could glean at the time, which I shall continue, if he approves my specimen. I have set apart the "Colonel" and "Les trois Fermiers," which will be sent with your books, as also the "Faucon:" I would have sent him the music, but alas!—I hope he will get my letter safe, but it was directed to the Rev. Mr. Bate, Adelphi, London. Your books, which are three volumes of "Siècles de la Littérature" plainly bound (as you desired); four volumes of "Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Goût," and three numbers of "Journal du Théâtre," together with Mrs. Garrick's *Papier Brouillard*, will all go off from hen e the 20th inst. under the care of Monsieur d'Armand, a silk-merchant, a very sober, good sort of a young man, who returns here in January, and to whose care you may safely entrust whatever you mean to send to Madame Riccoboni. By the way, I do believe the only acceptable present you could send would be Mrs. Garrick's picture and yours for bracelets, but very plainly set. The gold medal she does not wish by any means; all gold is dross in her eyes, for she has a most princely soul, and, as far as I can judge, she had much rather give than receive.

You wonder that I say nothing about Linguet: truly I did not choose to dirty my paper with his name;—however, thus much I must tell you. On Friday last I was admitted to partake of a little dinner at our dear friend Riccoboni's, where there were no guests but myself. After dinner Madame Riccoboni, Mademoiselle Bianchetti, (her friend,) and myself, drank an amazing bumper with this toast,

Health and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and confusion to *Linguet and Mrs. Brooke!*

Since you have given so fair an opening, I must confess we are all sick of that human guinea-pig, Mr. Younge, whose visits are equally divided between sleep and invectives against the English nation, to my no small annoyance:—the two ladies are tired of him beyond all bearing!

But is not this continual persecution against me very extraordinary? And after all, "I have scotched the snake, not killed it;" for another species of persecution is started up against me. There is an Indian, Mrs. Campbell, here, whom I used to visit three years ago, but whose acquaintance I dropped from very good reasons, which reasons I informed her of in a letter written with a pen dipped in gall, (it was the last drop I had—prudence and adversity have since dried up all the rest,) and since the time I have lost sight of her, and indeed all thoughts of her. But some months ago, it seems, she was libelled in the newspapers as I am now; and, not content with that, the author (or supposed author) sent the paragraph to her husband, at that time either in Scotland or in the country. Now, as my evil genius is ever busy, the husband (whom I do not know) and the wife both unite to fix on me as the author; both loudly assert to every one that it is so; and Colonel Campbell vows revenge, and declares his intentions of insulting me wherever he meets me.—But this is not all. I received this intelligence from *Lady Berkley*, who, when she had *good-naturedly* exposed to me the danger I was in from the Colonel's threats, and yet more *good-naturedly* hinted to me that she really believed me to be the author, after some little hesitation informed me, that there had been an anonymous letter written to the Vicomtesse du Barri, in which she was most scandalously abused, and, to tell me the truth, she did not doubt that I was the author! You may imagine how I was thunderstruck at such an accusation, and at the *quality* assurance of the person who chose to visit me on purpose to make me such a compliment. I asked her how she could suspect me of such an action? Her answer was, "Why, you know, Mrs. Pye, who can I suspect?" What folly! what insolence! She took me in a moment when my spirits were depressed by the complicated anxiety on the American affairs and my own; and therefore, instead of answering her as I ought, I burst into a flood of tears. She then told me that she meant it out of *friendship*, as I had every thing to fear from Colonel Campbell's resentment. So fatal are newspapers to my tranquillity! I have only room to desire my love to Mrs. Garrick, and to assure you that I am

Most gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. H. Pye.

Pray, have you received a letter which I sent by a private hand a fortnight ago?

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, St. James's, November 19th, 1777.

How very long a time it is since I have either seen, written to, or heard from you! It was therefore the greater mortification when I called yesterday to find you were not at home.

I left Winchester on the Sunday, and Dr. Warton, just recovered from a dangerous illness. I shall return again to chapter business on the 23rd. But before I go, I must pay a visit to poor old Drury; for though my theatric life expired in the same moment with your own, yet, like a ghost, I love now and then to wander over scenes that were once so very dear to me. And if your box should be disengaged for next Saturday night, you will do a kind thing in letting me have a proper ticket of admittance for it.

Pray did Davies, (who knows nothing of me, but whom, by the by, I know to be a little bit of a s——l) ever send you "A Translation of the Sonnets and Odes of Petrarch?" Honestly, how do you like them? The "Basia" will be published in about a fortnight or three weeks; he has orders to send you that also. But I lament the loss of your name to the preface. You have convinced me it's right. But it is like binding up a little garland, and then robbing it of its choicest flower.

How have you passed your summer? I hope without pain or illness. From Brighthelmstone (where they flattered me with the hopes of seeing you,) I went to spend some time at Lord George Lennox's at Stoke. I there often met with a gentleman, who desired his particular remembrances to you—Mr. Smith, of Ashlin. I admired him as an agreeable companion; but I went very near to love him, for his striking resemblance of a person to whom I owe many obligations, and who will always be most dear in the esteem of His,

SAM. NOTT.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, Dec. 21st, 1777.

I RECEIVED your kind letter with great joy, for I thought indeed that it was almost an age since I had heard from you, though I had heard of you occasionally by my other friends. I am truly grieved that my dear Mrs. Garrick has been so ill. No human creature can rejoice more at her recovery than myself, for no one better knows her value, or more truly loves or honours her, I mean except yourself.

You will be so good, at your entire leisure, as to put me into a way to recover the right road from which I have strayed so far in my fourth act; I have blundered from the path, and cannot get back to it. Was it my good Mrs. G——'s remark, or

yours, that the ingenious Twiss was the jack-o-lantern that had led my wits into this bog? So, that entertaining man is returned, is he? I believe I have done with him too; for he sent me a curious old Horace before I left the Adelphi, for which I did not write to thank him, and I have never heard a word about him since. I have tried in vain to get the poem that was writ against him in Ireland. Was it clever?

Of all the prologues I have seen, from the sober narratives of the Roman Terence, to the sprightly satires of the British Roscius, I think that to "Semiramis" is the dullest. I long to see the epilogue.

Now, my dear Sir, I expect so much candour and confidential friendship from you, that I am going to make you judge even in your own cause; but you cannot do it truly without supposing it to be the cause of some other. You must know then, that though I have never given, or suffered to be given, but two copies of the little "Ode to Dragon," yet I have received within these few days five or six letters from my friends in town, earnestly requesting to have it published, for that so many people can repeat several of the stanzas that I shall certainly have a mutilated copy get into print. Now, my dear Sir, no King, minister, or bankrupt, can be more afraid of a newspaper than I am. I am therefore almost *come* to a resolution to publish it myself. My friends are quite eager about it. What I beg of you is to give me your true and real sentiments whether you think it worth printing, or if you think it will discredit you or myself? I know it is an awkward thing to ask, but I depend on your sincerity, as you may on my prudence to keep your opinion, &c. to myself. The last stanza shall be omitted; the conclusion is more perfect without it, and one or two others mended. If any improvement occurs to you for any part of it, you will be so good as tell me.

Your parcel of love to this house was received with gratitude, and is returned with interest.

With my most affectionate respects to Mrs. Garrick, I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful and ever obliged,

H. More.

I like your stanzas to Mr. Bunbury much. The thought mighty pretty, and the measure not common.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday evening, Jan. 4th, 1778.

Nothing can be kinder than your opinion so candidly given about my epilogue: you are perfectly right in your judgment; it is a poor thing, ill-conceived, and I thank you for your rejection. I do not know whether I have much mended it by the inclosed, as I wrote it post-haste directly upon reading your letter; such as it is,

I send it, fearing, however, that I intrude too much upon your better time, and pester you with nonsense and bad verses.

I consider myself doubly honoured to be heard by such an audience and read by such a master: I expect your correction with impatience, for though your applause would highly flatter me, your emendations would profit me; and in my present situation, I cannot scruple which to prefer. We have as yet had no rehearsal, nor can I tell when we shall. Thank you for your advice; I persuade myself I have anticipated it, and shall certainly not lose the battle for want of temper: without some prudence and patience I should never have got the ladies cordially into their business, nor should I not only have avoided a jar with Mr. Smith, but so far have impressed him in my favour as to draw an offer from him (though too late) of taking the part of *Edwin*; but it was in other hands; and the kindness with which these good people have engaged themselves to me, would make any reversal unpardonable.

I am ever most faithfully yours, R. CUMBERLAND.

No news whatever. Pray burn the copy of my epilogue.

Lady George Germain is extremely ill and in much danger.

PROLOGUE TO THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

To Holy Land in Superstition's day,
When barefoot pilgrims trode their weary way,
By Mother Church's unremitting law,
Scourg'd into grace, with shoulders red and raw,
Kneeling demure before the saintly shrine,
On the hard flint they begg'd the boon divine—
Pardon for what offending flesh had done,
And pity for the long, long course they'd run;
Fines, pains, and penalties, securely past,
Slow-paced forgiveness met their prayer at last;
Full absolution from conceding Rome,
Cancell'd all sin, past, present, and to come.

Your poet thus, prophanely led aside
To tread o'er tragic ground through paths untried;
To pick, perhaps, with no invidious aim,
A few cast fallings from the tree of Fame;
Damn'd, though untried, by the despotic rule
Of the stern Doctors in Detraction's school;
Lash'd down each column of a public page,
And driv'n o'er burning plough-shares to the stage;
Be-rhym'd, be-ridiculed, with doggrel wit,
Sues out a pardon from his Pope—the Pit.
Pensive he stands in penitential weeds,
With a huge rosary of untold beads,
Sentenc'd for past offences to rehearse
Ave Apollos! to the God of Verse;
And sure there's no one but an author knows
The penance which an author undergoes.

If then your worships a few stripes award,
Don't let your beadles lay them on too hard;
For in this world there's not a *thing so thin*,
So full of feeling, as your *poet's skin*:
What if perchance he snatch'd a *playful kiss*
From that free-hearted romp, the *Comic Miss*,
That frolic's past, he's turn'd to years of grace,
And a young sinner now supplies his place:
You'll not deny a little sober chat
With the demure old tabby Tragic cat.
This lady would be known for one of those
Who yet have left some character to lose;
You'll see her soon, a stiff, starch'd, stately wench,
Who thinks, acts, speaks, no syllable of *French*;
No charge lies here of conversation crim.—
He hopes you'll think her fame no worse for him.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday evening.

I BEG you, my dear Sir, to receive and to render ten thousand thanks from the author of the tragedy, which has been so highly honoured. There is both pleasure and profit in your friendship; pleasure in your approbation, and profit in your correction. I am greatly flattered by the last; there is nothing gratifies like the candid censures of a real judge, and on the score of criticism you know I am more indebted to you than to any man living. The whole which you recommend is done: Edwina's simile of the Tower (act the first) is made very impassioned; the conclusion of the fourth act was before your criticism came to hand entirely reformed, and I owed the correction to Miss Younge's protest against the simile of the *lightning*; your observation tallying with what I had done was particularly pleasing. In the close of the fifth act, out of fifty-three lines which followed after the death of Matilda, twenty-nine only remain, so that all things are now settled, and, what gives me infinite comfort, settled with your judgment on my side. We are advertised for next week, viz. Saturday. Henderson returns Saturday next, and we shall have three practices this week. I called yesterday on Mr. Sheridan and quickened him, but all in good humour and perfect harmony, having strictly followed your good advice in all particulars. John Home comes out on Saturday, so we escape a collision; which I am very glad of on all accounts; it is not pleasant at my time of life to be running races with rival authors, where every thing is risked and little can be gained. How rejoiced shall I be when you come to town. I have this moment received the copy safe and sound, and I thank you for the most obliging note. What can I say to your fair and amiable audience? If their fine eyes have been obscured, it is not my doing; the whole fault is yours, and if you had recited "The

Roman Sacrifice," I believe you would still have been irresistible. My women will be very good, and are in high good-humour with their parts. I am interceding with Mr. King to speak my prologue.

I have no news for you of a public sort: Lady George continues most dangerously ill, and I have little hopes of her recovery: nothing can exceed the distress incident upon her loss; her truth of character, charity, and domestic virtues, are almost without parallel; but being a latent character without any brilliancy, they are only known to those who feel her merits, and live under their influence: my time is painfully employed in continual attendance on distress.

Adieu! May Heaven keep such misfortunes from you and yours.

I am, ever yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

My good woman and the dear girls send love and compliments.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Monday evening, ten o'clock.

I WAS favoured with your letter, and hope you will be under no apprehension about the matter of the epilogue, having burnt your letter long ago, and not endangered any misunderstanding relative to what your partiality was so kind to say about that trifle. My remonstrance drew a very handsome letter from the editor, with assurances of candour and impartiality, &c. &c. and excuses for his point-blank charge of plagiarism: I have so many *just* debts to you, that I scorn to pick your pocket besides.

I read the tragedy in the ears of the performers on Friday morning; I was highly flattered by my audience, but your successor in management is not a representative of your polite attention to authors on such occasions, for he came in yawning at the fifth act, with no other apology than having sate up two nights running. It gave me not the least offence, as I put it all to habit of dissipation and indolence; but I fear his office will suffer for want of due attention, and the present drop upon the theatre justifies my apprehensions. The poor author of "The Roman Sacrifice" had the thinnest house on his third night that perhaps was ever assembled on any exhibition; such a spectacle was never seen; but I believe Mr. Sheridan has been very generous to him, of which he seems truly capable. In the mean time, the author seems to have suffered without the pity of a single soul, not being blest with the fairest fame. Mr. Smith made good my apprehensions, and refused taking any part in my tragedy but that of Edgar. He was disposed to take this step with some small accompaniments of asperity, but as I wished not to give him offence, so I laboured hard to prevent his taking any, and we parted, as I hope, in perfect friendship and good understanding. Mr. Bensley plays *Harold;* Mr. Palmer, *Edwin;* Mr.

Brereton, *Waltheof;* and Mr. Aickin, *Northumberland:* Miss Younge is *Matilda*, and Mrs. Yates, *Edwina.* So stand my forces.

I have no news of a public nature; abundance of proposals and subscriptions for raising troops. Lord Galloway has subscribed to the city purse, for recruiting, the sum of 1000 guineas. A great many fine matches in the matrimonial way. Lady George Germaine is alarmingly ill with the measles, caught by nursing her children. The Duke of Dorset has got a sore throat inclining to the putrid kind, which is very epidemic. I hope you and your good lady, with all the noble household about you, enjoy health and recreation. I and my women are perfectly well, God be thanked! I am, most affectionately yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

MR. R. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Tuesday Evening.

I HAVE this morning, my dear friend, rehearsed the "Battle," and a brave battle we made. Madam Yates rehearsed without book her whole part; all was harmony, zeal, and good will: nothing lagged or hobbled in the whole; and the new corrections (especially the *finale* to the fourth act) were applauded. The fifth act, which was long, is now very brilliant, and I am well contented to take my trial. Saturday se'nnight is fixed as the latest day. "Alfred" comes out next Saturday.

So much on the side of comfort; the reverse is very melancholy, at least on the score of friendship. I am just come from Lord George's, where I almost live. I fear there are small hopes for this excellent woman, and what his sufferings must be, I can only judge from what they are. Adieu! Pray present my humble but earnest respects to Lady Spencer.

R. CUMBERLAND.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Cumberland's letters to me when at Althorp, in Dec. 1777, about 'The Battle of Hastings;'—a true picture of the man."

MR. T. WARTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Trin. Coll. Oxon. Feb. 11th, 1778.

I SHOULD have acknowledged the favour of your very obliging letter before, but I waited till the book came to hand. It is not, however, yet arrived. I wished to see this *Morality*, and to say something of it; because it places Shelton in a new light, that is a dramatic writer, and before the year 1490. I believe it is one of the earliest moralities *not anonymous*. I once saw another of Shelton's moralities shown me by Collins the poet, entirely unknown to the literary antiquaries; I however lost

an account of it; for at his death, which happened soon after, his books were dispersed. It was called "The Nigromansir" (Necromancer) dull enough, but a curiosity. I am, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and faithful servant,

T. WARTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. ABINGTON.

MADAM, Feb. 12th, 1778.

I SINCERELY agree with Montaigne that the smallest token of sorrow from a lady ought to melt the hardest heart, and bring it to what state of feeling she is pleased to give it. If Mrs. Abington has inadvertently mentioned me as the author of the Characters in question, I trust in her justice that she will not suffer any false impression of me to remain among her friends,

I am, Madam, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. HOBART.

MADAM,

THERE was too much company on Sunday night, and you were too well employed, for me to say all I had to say to you upon a business of very great consequence to me.

A friend of mine assured me, that you were lately in company with Mrs. Abington, who declared that I was the author of the application of the words of Shakspeare to modern characters in "The Morning Post." Though I shall no longer appear before the public, yet it is incumbent upon me to show that I am not altogether unworthy of their favour, which I certainly should be, were I guilty of what that mischief-making lady is pleased to accuse me.

I flatter myself that those who know that lady and me will not give the least credit to so false and malignant a suggestion; all I beg of you, Madam, is, that you will satisfy me whether you were in company and heard Mrs. Abington accuse me of being the author of the Characters from Shakspeare in that paper.

Mrs. Hobart may be assured that I will not let her name be mentioned in any appeal I shall make; and I hope that she will not refuse the request I have made.

I am, Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

"My letter to Mrs. Hobart about Madam Abington's slander."

DR. MONSEY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chelsea College, Feb. 13th, 1778.

BETWEEN fifteen and twenty years ago I lent you Miss Carter's translation of "Epictetus" and a "Macrobius's Saturnalia;" I should be glad to have them again; presuming you have done with them. I also lent you "Remarks upon the Minute Philosopher," which are supposed to be Middleton's.* This I value full as much as I do either of the others, and should be glad to have it. If I could have picked it up at an old stall, I would not have given you the trouble of looking for it.

I was told that you was lately facetious about or upon me; as I am conscious I am a good butt for your wit, I am not at all concerned about it, and am rather pleased that I can be a matter of amusement to you and your friends. I know there was no harm meant, and therefore there is no room left for any petulant concern about it; but there is one thing gave me pain, (I do not speak of a late time,) and that was that I had done you *ill offices* with the Duke of Leeds. Being fully conscious I had not, it gave me so much pain I applied to his Grace, who said in these words, or very like them, "Done Garrick ill offices with me! Lord, Doctor, I dare say I have used you ill, for puffing him to me perpetually, and making me believe there was not his fellow upon earth." This I was told by a very *respectable* man, and whom you think so; and so the matter lies between you and him, and there let it lie. He told me *himself* that you said so to *him*. I never thought of it more; I knew you had wit and joke, but never thought you dealt in malice. The first instance you showed of it to me was in that very unfriendly and abusive letter you wrote me, and an anonymous one too, upon a d—d confounded lie told you upon, I thought, a very pardonable freedom: however, these matters are all over and done with, and when you are at leisure, look out for a man who has a greater respect and esteem for you than I had. Indeed I can say with very great sincerity and love, I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

M. MONSEY.

DR. MONSEY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chelsea College, Feb. 1778.

I HAD yours of ——, (I was going to name the date, and there is none,) with these three tickets enclosed, which I suppose was done by mistake, so I send them back again.

As to the "Epictetus," it not being my own, I shall be glad to have it in my power to restore it. If I gave you the "Macrobius," pray keep it, that I may do by you what to the best of my memory you *never* did by me for any favour shown to you.

As to the matter of the Duke of Leeds, I have done with it after what I have

* I suppose Berkley's "Alciphron," the delusion in metaphysics, which can neither be credited, nor dispelled.—ED.

said in my last. The gentleman who told it me spoke of it the next day, or a very few days after; whether he mistook you, or I him, I neither know nor care. I shall say nothing, but I have my own thoughts. You affirm you have no malice in your constitution, but in a world so tainted with it as this is, a very cautious man may have a little stick to him in spite of his care. I think I have seen the shadow of it in you, but whether you have a load of the substance in you I know not; and care very little, since I am now in all probability removed far from any severe or very injurious stroke of it.

The title of the pamphlet is "Remarks upon the Minute Philosopher."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

M. MONSEY.

Endorsed,
"Two of Monsey's foolish lying notes,
and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO DR. MONSEY.

DEAR DOCTOR, February, 1778.

LET your warmest friend read our two notes, and pronounce which heart has the most malice in it. Indeed you are grown very peevish, and some of your college friends say as much. I have sent two of your books, and I will get the third, if there is one to be got in the three kingdoms.

You are in the right to drop your intelligence about the Duke of Leeds; but you had been more right not to have mentioned at all such a silly improbable business. You are pleased to say that I never gave you any thing for any favour shown to me. Your favourite Horace, and all the best writers say, that friendship can interchange no gifts but those of the heart; however, let us pleasantly reconsider this charge —you as a physician, and I as a manager of a theatre, who dealt in tragedy, comedy, and farce—you had always free egress and regress into my shop, and why should not I have a peep into yours? Our drugs indeed *worked* in different ways, but I hope and believe that mine were as wholesome and salutary as yours. However, if you find that any balance is due to you for particular *favours*, I am ready to discharge it, notwithstanding Hudibras's axiom:

"When friends begin to take account,
The devil with such friends may mount."

Yours, my dear Doctor, most obediently,

D. G.

MR. H. STANLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Privy Garden, February 15th, 1778.

ACCORDING to the permission you were pleased to give me, I send you the Odes of Pindar, and shall be much obliged to you if in perusing them you will mark any

place that you think wants correction, or any amendment that occurs to you, on a separate piece of paper. I can very sincerely assure you that there are very few persons whose criticisms or emendations I shall think so likely to improve that work; I need not remind you of our conversation with regard to Mr. Mason, which I think was so entirely understood between us. I am with the highest esteem and regard,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

H. STANLEY.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Stanley about Pindar."

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, February 21st, 1778.

YOUR letter, my dear Sir, contains great good tidings, since it informs me that you *laugh and grow fat;* I, on the contrary, *cry and grow fat;* the reason of each I take to be obvious—I am almost sick of the difficulties which render life one continual struggle: and were I to adopt the heathen mythology, I might at least bid defiance to the torments of Sisyphus in the other world; after having so long past my time in rolling a stone up hill in this. Madame Riccoboni, who is at once my confidante and my consolation, calls me nothing but "Le chien brisquet qui alla au bois pour manger le loup, et le loup le mangea." But enough of this tedious tale. I congratulate you on the approaching marriage of your nephew: if he is not altered since I saw him, he is one of the prettiest young fellows in England; but you may tell him from me, that if he slays his thousands, there is another *David* who has slain his ten thousands, of which I (one of the slain) can bear witness. May his partner be like yours, and may he make you his model, and I cannot wish greater happiness to either; but, to crown the whole, may you live to see the fruits of the union your generosity has contributed to bless, and to rejoice in the prospect of a numerous and prosperous family.

I am in a dreadful rage with Mr. Eltoft for not delivering the books, &c. but imagine he is not yet got to England; he has taken some religious freak by the way, and is retired to some Chartreuse or other to pass a few months. I am affronted that you say nothing about the translation of Gibbon's work. Are you very sorry for Le Kain's death? I own I am not; for, according to my poor opinion, he was in Quin's style, but much more disagreeable; it would be sacrilege to say as much here. The only subject of conversation is Voltaire; all Paris goes to see him, except me, I should say; but the old saying that one fool makes many, has hitherto kept me away; however, when the crowd is over, I shall perhaps venture. Dr. Franklin has been to see him, and Voltaire told him he was sorry he was not young enough to be an *Insurgent.* I dare say his will would be good, though I should a little doubt his courage. Mademoiselle Clairon has also been, and on entering the room threw herself at his feet; he raised her, and said, "Ah, ça, asseyez-vous, et parlons raisonnablement." He works all night at his tragedy of "Irene," which will be given very soon. Those

who admire him most are sorry for it; it is the weakness of great geniuses never to know when to stop; there never was but one *great man* who had judgment and fortitude to stop short in the full career of applause, and before even envy or ill-nature could say that he declined. Perhaps you do not know the person, but Mrs. Garrick does, and indeed all England. I am glad Pye's letters arrived safe; he expresses himself indeed most warmly on the subject to me; I assure you, notwithstanding all my fears on his account, I am happy that he has hitherto conducted himself very properly; I was particularly pleased with his joining the regiment after a severe illness, at the peril of his life, in the boat that carried provisions through the midst of the enemy's fleet, with the oars muffled. He tells me General Matthews gave him a gentle reproof for his rashness, which amounted to a compliment: for my part, I could not help exclaiming with Cato, "Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty."

I delivered your loves and compliments to the Rue Poissonière, and return you the like with equal warmth; accept mine also, which will ever attend dear Mrs. Garrick and you, whilst I remain (which is to say, as long as I live,)

Your affectionate

J. H. Pye.

I am not surprised at the fall of Henderson.* I never thought he would *prove* [a Hero.]

MR. GARRICK TO MESSRS. LACY, FORD, SHERIDAN, AND LINLEY.

GENTLEMEN, Adelphi, March 16th, 1778.

Mr. Bateman, of Maiden-lane, sent to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk-street, the 14th of November last, to desire an account of Mr. Lacy's mortgage to me, as he, Mr. Bateman, had authority to pay Mr. Lacy's debts. Mr. Wallis complied with his desire; but I have not yet had notice when I was to receive my money. I must therefore desire you, gentlemen, as you are all parties concerned, to take care that Mr. Bateman's notice to my solicitor may be complied with on your part, as I am ready to comply with it on mine.

I am, gentlemen, your most humble servant,

D. Garrick.

Endorsed,

"My letter of the 16th of March, 1778, to Messrs. Lacy, Ford, Sheridan and Linley."

* The "*fall*" of Henderson, indeed! Such an actor as Smith would have looked more of a *stage* hero; but the play was extremely weak and uninteresting,—Cumberland's "Battle of Hastings;" brought out on the 24th of January. Even Mrs. Pye thought she should gratify Garrick, by this silly persecution of a very able man; indeed, the ablest in Mr. Garrick's own school.—Ed.

MR. W. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen-street, Thursday, 1778.

A LETTER from you was left at the treasury, addressed to the proprietors of the theatre, on the subject of your mortgage, informing them Mr. Bateman, of Maiden-lane, sent to Mr. Wallis, of Norfolk-street, to desire an account of Mr. Lacy's mortgage to you, as he had authority to pay Mr. Lacy's debts. Give me leave, Sir, to observe that matter was fully explained to you when we met at your solicitor's in Norfolk-street, and at other times by Mr. Bateman to Mr. Wallis. As I had not found any hidden treasure, or had any large fortune lately bequeathed to me, I could not give an order (*un*called on) to discharge such a sum as two and twenty thousand pounds; seven of that sum I had made an effort to pay you off, but it failed of success. You told me at Mr. Wallis's that you imagined I should have paid you from the sale of my estates. You must have been sensible, from an account you have often had of my affairs, that the sale of these estates would but a very little above discharge the incumbrances on them. The further loan I mentioned to you, and which I *explained* to you was the *reason* of Mr. Bateman's sending to Mr. Wallis, was to get rid of that judgment given to Mr. Frederick on account of a debt of my father's, and to adjust some addition to my debt, which had unavoidably encreased, from my receiving last season from the treasury but five hundred pounds, and being obliged this season to support myself on money entirely advanced, the profits of the theatre being appropriated to the management of your interest-money, and to a discharge of six thousand pounds, a debt on the theatre. If any fears for the safety of your money had arose on the idea *of a third theatre*, I should have supposed that Mr. Garrick would rather have taken measures for the security and support of *that* theatre my father and he had been so long connected in, than have endeavoured to distress *me* by calling at this critical juncture for the repayment of his money. But I beg leave to declare that, as no unkind treatment shall ruffle my temper, or make me decide uncandidly, on the proposals I now wait for—on the other hand no *distress*, no *oppression*, shall force me to consent to what I could not otherwise acquiesce in.

I am, Sir, with all due respect, your very humble servant,

MR. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Street, March 21st, 1770.

As I thought the idea you had taken up of my having intended to give you notice of the payment of your money had been fully explained to the contrary, I could not suppose, from the tenor of your letter, but that you were desirous it should

not be so; and the formal, and, I thought, unkind manner of your apprizing me of it, hurt me beyond expression, which I hope will apologize for any hasty or improper manner I might, in that state of mind, address you. I am fully sensible how much I am obliged to you for the loan of so considerable a sum on my property, nor shall I ever seek for that assistance from any other friend while you continue satisfied with the security, and are kind enough to honour me with your friendship.

I remain, dear Sir, with great respect, your obliged and very humble servant

W. LACY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LACY.

SIR, Sunday, Wimbleton, March 22nd, 1778.

YOUR answer to my brother to my message was very unsatisfactory, and has more convinced me that the trouble you have given me has been very ill returned: as my transactions and my conduct are more particularly known to your relation, Mr. Sainsbury, I must desire you will appoint him to meet us at Mr. Wallis's, when I shall make him a judge of this matter, and not those persons who have instigated you to write me an unkind, unjustifiable, and, let me add, an ungrateful letter. I shall be ready to meet Mr. Sainsbury at Mr. Wallis's any time to-morrow, or the next day, between the hours of eleven and two.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I must desire you to appoint Mr. Sainsbury as soon as possible, that I may appoint Mr. Wallis.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LACY.

(THE ABOVE LETTER WAS INCLOSED IN THIS.)

SIR,

IF you had been pleased to have written your last letter without the first, there would have been no occasion for the enclosed, which I had written at Lord Spencer's before your's arrived; however, there are such particular circumstances in your first letter, that I must again repeat my desire of your appointing a meeting at Mr. Wallis's with your friend and relation, Mr. Sainsbury. I will then open my heart to you, as I hope you will explain something very mysteriously MARKED in yours, which indeed you have promised by my brother. If, after some particular proofs of my regard to you, I am to be suspected of partiality against you, it would be much better that our correspondence should end. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

D. GARRICK.

MR. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

Queen-street, Sunday Afternoon.

MR. LACY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick, he will go this evening to Mr. Sainsbury's to know if he is able to meet Mr. Garrick either of those days he has appointed, and will let him know this evening.

MR. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, Sunday Night, 11 o'clock.

I COULD not see Mr. Sainsbury till very late this evening. He is engaged tomorrow, but will meet you at Mr. Wallis's at twelve o'clock on Tuesday with, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

W. LACY.

MR. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, Wednesday Morning.

I HAD something very particular to have *disclosed* to you when I so *abruptly* called last night. But perhaps it is better as it is. I now sit down to inform you that I am greatly obliged to you for your kind letter, and am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your obedient servant,

W. LACY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LACY.

[The last of the Correspondence.—A note after we had met at Mr. Wallis's.]

March 24th, 1778.

MR. GARRICK'S compliments to Mr. Lacy; in the hurry and warmth of their conversation to-day at Mr. Wallis's, he was pleased to say that he never had any thoughts of taking the mortgage out of Mr. Garrick's hands, though he had it in his power, as if it were a matter of favour to continue it. Mr. Garrick, in answer to that, begs that if he should have such an offer again, that he would accept it, as it would greatly oblige Mr. Garrick to be paid off. On the other hand, that Mr. Lacy may not be *distressed* or *oppressed*, Mr. Garrick will suspend the notice of calling in the money till Mr. Lacy shall have settled his matters with his partners.

Endorsed,
"My correspondence with Mr. Lacy about the Mortgage, in March, 1778."

MRS. CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

Twickenham, March 22nd, 1778.

THERE is no such being now in the world as *Pivy;* she has been killed by the cruelty of the *Garrick;* but the Clive (thank *God*) is still alive, and alive like to be, and did intend to call you to a severe account for your wicked behaviour to her; but, having been told of your good deeds and great achievements, I concluded you was in too much conceit with yourself to listen to my complaints; and would pay no more regard to my remonstrances than the King does to my Lord Mayor's, and therefore the best thing I could do would be to change my anger into compliment and congratulations. I must needs say I admire you (with rest of the world) for your goodness to Miss More; the protection you gave her play, I dare say, she was sensible was of the greatest service to her; she was sure every thing you touched would turn into gold; and though she had great merit in the writing, still your affection for tragedy children was a very great happiness to *her,* for you dandled it, and fondled it, and then carried it in your own arms to the *town* to nurse; who behaved so kindly to it, that it run alone in the month. Poor Mr.—what's his name—Mr. Mountgomery! So Cumberland's, I hear, did not meet with such good fortune, for it died with the *Rickets.*

I must now mention the noblest action of your life, your generosity to nephew David; all the world is repeating your praises; those people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, always declaring you loved money too much ever to part from it, now they will feel *foolish* and look contemptible; all that I can say is, I *wish that Heaven had made me such an uncle.*

I know the young lady, am acquainted with her; she is extremely agreeable, with a temper as sweet as her voice, and she sings like an angel.

I hope my dear Mrs. Garrick is perfectly well; happy she must ever be; she has a disposition which will make her so in all situations; you and I, you know, can alter our tempers with the weathercock. We are all here at present but queer; I have had a violent cold and a little fever; Mr. Mastwin is not sick (but sorry); your Jemsey is neither one thing nor the other—always dreaming of Garrick and the opera.

Everybody is raving against Mr. Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan: what, have you given him up that he creeps so?* The country is very dull; we have not twenty people in the village, but still it is better than London. Let me see you—let me hear from you, and tell me all the news you can *rap* and *rend* to divert your ever

Affectionate and forgiving,

C. CLIVE.

Our brother and sister join in compliments to your lady and self.

* Alas! yes; and the supineness became habitual.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. CLIVE.

MY DEAR PIVY, Hampton, Friday Morning.

HAD not the nasty bile, which so often confines me, and has heretofore tormented you, kept me at home, I should have been at your feet three days ago. If your heart (somewhat combustible like my own) has played off all the squibs and rockets which lately occasioned a little cracking and bouncing about me, and can receive again the more gentle and pleasing firework of love and friendship, I will be with you at six this evening to revive, by the help of those spirits in your tea-kettle lamp, that flame which was almost blown out by the flouncing of your petticoat when my name was mentioned.

"Tea is a sovereign balm for wounded love."

Will you permit me to try the poet's recipe this evening? Can my Pivy know so little of me to think that I prefer the clack of Lords and Ladies to the enjoyment of humour and genius? I reverence most sincerely your friend and neighbour, not because he is the son of one of the first of first ministers, but because he is himself one of the first ministers of literature.* In short, your misconception about that fatal *champatra* (the devil take the word!) has made me so cross about every thing that belongs to it, that I curse all squibs, crackers, rockets, air-balloons, mines, serpents, and Catherine-wheels, and can think of nothing and wish for nothing but laugh, gig, humour, fun, pun, conundrum, carriwitchet, and Catherine Clive!

I am ever, my Pivy's most constant and loving, &c.

D. GARRICK.

My wife sends her love, and will attend the ceremony this evening.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, March 23rd, 1778.

ONCE more I take the opportunity, my dear Sir, of sending some *papier brouillard* to Mrs. Garrick, which my son will have the honour of presenting to her. I beg leave to recommend him to your notice; I think the sight of him must give you pleasure, as it will recall to your mind an act of generosity, and as I have the vanity to flatter myself it will recall also the remembrance of a friend who is most gratefully and sincerely attached to you.

I wish I had any news to send, but public events you know as well or better than I, nor are they of a nature pleasing enough to talk about; and as to private events, they are, as far as relates to myself, too disagreeable also to trouble my friends with. I flatter myself you will be kind enough to let me hear from you, whilst yet the communication remains open, after which our letters must travel by the way of Hol-

* Horace Walpole.—ED.

land. You will easily imagine my anxiety about my husband. God knows what distress he will suffer, or what will be his fate!—Oh, England, England! how are thy glories fallen! This war destroys every glimmering hope that was left me of seeing better days, and a conflict between the country that gave me birth, and that which gives me an asylum, affects me nearly; I love them both, though I must own I prefer this. My dear Madame Riccoboni, and her most amiable friend, both desire to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Garrick and you. I have only to add, that no time, absence, or events, can lessen that grateful sense of your favours, and that tender attachment with which I am, and ever shall remain,

My dear Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant,

J. HEN. PYE.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. R. BERENGER.

DEAR BERENGER, March 29th, 1778.

I DID not hear till last night, and I heard it with the greatest pleasure, that your friends have generously contributed to your and their own happiness. No one can more rejoice at this circumstance than I do; and as I hope we shall have a bonfire upon the occasion, I beg that you will light it with the inclosed.*

I am, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed by Garrick,
" March 29th, 1778. Letter sent to Berenger with his bond for 280*l.* 10*s.*"

[Written by Garrick on the second page of this copy. " March 29th, 1778, with the letter on the other side I inclosed his bond for two hundred and eighty pounds ten shillings, which bore date the fourth of February, the 2nd year of the reign of George the Third, 1762.—D. G."]

MR. R. BERENGER TO MR. GARRICK.

March 29th, 1778.

THOUGH I never can be *surprised* at any mark of your compassion and generosity to me, yet, my dearest Sir, I was so struck when I opened your letter, that for awhile I could only thank you with my tears. What honour do I not receive in receiving such a mark of your approbation and friendship? which, together with the bounty of my other friends, will be the boast and pride of my future, happier life. My heart is too full to allow me to say more than that I still owe, and must ever owe,

* Davies has very idly encreased this obligation to a *note* for 500*l.* a very different matter. The penal sum of a bond is twice the amount lent. 140*l.* with the interest, which might have been unpaid during the sixteen years of its loan, was still a considerable benevolence,—but not extraordinary, in Mr. Garrick's friendships. The Duke of Northumberland used Garrick's *expression*, when he returned the bond of Kemble.—ED.

the debt which your bounty has cancelled; for nothing shall ever cancel the remembrance of your kindness, nor my respect, affection, and gratitude to you, my honoured friend and benefactor.

R. BERENGER.

MR. J. REED TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, April 2nd, 1778.

HAD you a connection with me sufficient to form a perfect judgment of my real temper, I should not entertain the least doubt of your readily acquitting me of impertinent impropriety for venturing an address for pecuniary favours, as you would be easily convinced I would much rather confer a hundred than ask one, and even not that without great reluctance, and most important and absolute necessity. But being almost an entire stranger to you, and as I can hardly suppose that the slender knowledge which you incidentally had of me some years since is still in your memory, I can assure you that after being not a little distressed for some time, respecting excuses in any degree self-satisfactory, I could not presume this freedom till the result of several mental, sharp, and doubtful conflicts determined in favour of self-preservation, the first law of Nature, that superior impulse which you are too perfect a judge of to need my enlargement on. This sacred injunction, a short detail of the calamitous situation which I have, by unforeseen and unsuspected accidents, been suddenly plunged into, and the enclosed memento of my person, ever a true and warm lover, friend, and admirer of the Muses, without the vanity of assuming the appellation of a son, I flatter myself may plead such apologies in my favour, in the mind of a gentleman of your delicacy, penetration, and candour, as may obtain a pardon for the intruding trouble, if not attended with essential success. Permit me, therefore, to acquaint you, that having contracted an intimacy with two gentlemen of reputed very considerable fortunes in estates and other property, transacted several affairs of consequence, received and paid large sums of money for them for several years past,—about nine months since, acquainting me of their shortness of cash through unexpected disappointments, and requesting me to raise them some, I procured them about 100*l.* on their promissory notes and my indorsement; which I readily assented to oblige them in, without the least scruple or apprehension of risk in respect of due discharge. But I happened very unfortunately to be mistaken, to my great trouble, surprise, and detriment; for near a month since I was very unexpectedly arrested on one of those notes of 25*l.* in the promiser's absence, in consequence of his not paying it, and am still in custody of the sheriff's officer, though daily expected the affair to be settled, either by his or some of my professed friends or my debtors. I have been twenty years in London, in or near the very same neighbourhood; sustained many injuries and losses, by humane and generous services to others; my bodily frame very tender, yet by continual frugality and industry lived the whole time in good esteem

and unembarrassed. But this disaster rushed on me like a sudden clap of thunder and a whirlwind, at the worst time that it could have happened, when quite unprovided with necessary aids, being then rendered very short of money by expensive illnesses, and a total obstruction to business for near seven months. The heavy charges, unavoidably arising from the arrest, and the want of the benefit of the air in my infirm and sickly state of health, advance of years, and consequent languors and oppressions of mind, render my complicated afflictions great beyond description, such as I think would be even difficult to bear, was I animated with the patience and piety of Job, the philosophy and magnanimity of Cato. I knew much of the world before, and often felt the smart of its fallacies and ingratitude, but never saw so true a picture of the base and cruel desertions and deceptions of mankind exemplified at full length, as since my late adversities. For some persons, whom I had all the reason imaginable to depend on as sure and firm friends in respect of long intimacy and essential services done them, would scarcely vouchsafe a useless visit; and several others who had previously made the warmest professions of friendship, now in known good circumstances, and had often experienced my kind and friendly offices, declined affording me the little assistance I wrote for on the most futile and evasive pretences, though they must be conscious my request was more a matter of right than a favour, and that I should gladly have tried every method in my power for their relief, in similar or any other distresses that might befall them; and one in particular deceived me after an absolute promise above a week since, and should in justice have served me to his utmost; and to complete the ungrateful scene, scarce any of my debtors will come or write to me.

In this degen'rate age how few sincere,
Grateful and firm, in adverse turns adhere!
Most, Persian-like, adore the rising sun,
But friends oppress'd, like plague and famine shun.
Slight and desert more swift than eagle's flight,
Late their chief glory, boast, and dear delight;
As objects of reproach, insult, disdain,
Of all ingratitude's traducing train,
Assassins vile, of freedom, right, and fame,
Dire persecutors, want an equal name.
More worthy the contempt of noble breast
Than fierce revenge, though worse than viper's nest,
May I e'er soar above such reptile things,
Sublimely brave were they e'en scepter'd kings,
Despise their dazzling gems and idle ore,
Where Gratitude, Truth, Honour, are no more,
Of Justice, kind humanity bereft,
Where scarce the shade of grace or virtue left;
Yet still forgive, strive to avert my eyes
From their atrocious crimes, whate'er the dyes.
Survey sweet Hope, bright anchor of the soul,
To cheer, exalt, and all life's storms control;

Dispel sad glooms, and make the mind serene,
Each trial nobly bear, and tragic scene,
That still may rise a just, a feeling friend
My troubles to alleviate or end,
Though now mountainous roll, like raging waves,
Like lions roar, gape like devouring graves.*

I should not try your patience with comments on false friendships, who have such an universal knowledge of mankind; was not my motive in that respect to show that extreme necessity, after almost a general defection of intimates and cruel injustice of debtors, impelled this appellation, a self-vindication which I hope may appear justifiable, and induce you to favour me with some assistance in my present exigencies. It will be very acceptable; you cannot do a greater act of compassion to any one that can be more sensible of your goodness, and of the great value of a friend in need, or more solicitous to render all due acknowledgments, and I hope not altogether unworthy your benevolence. But whatever sentiments you may have of my request, I shall retain the satisfaction of exemption from every doubt in point of secrecy was I not even to inform you that I have not heard that my present misfortunes are yet known to my neighbours, who, I am told, think I am in the country for the benefit of my health; therefore, still may get matters timely settled to prevent worse consequences. The bearer is my housekeeper; she can fully inform you in regard of any inquiries you may be pleased to make concerning my situation; will convey to me any favour that it may be agreeable to you to confer, which I shall esteem a double obligation at this critical juncture. I have the honour to subscribe myself, with all due respect, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

Jos. Reed.

P. S. As this epistle is written at a place of horror and affliction, with a mind replete of troubles, I make no doubt but you will be ready to make due allowances for all its defects on that account, and my age and sickness. I have nothing to assist and animate, but many discomposing and shocking scenes; you will not therefore wonder at any incorrectness; will pardon inadvertencies and errors of every sort.

MR. GARRICK TO THE EARL OF ROCHFORD.

MY GOOD LORD, April 12th, 1778.

As you are well known to smile upon me, I am addressed on all quarters to befriend some petition or other. Let me assure your Lordship this is at least as dis-

* What a problem is the literary character! that, in the abode of horror and affliction, can delay even its calls upon benevolence, till they can be accompanied by the pride of verse. I have left the lines, without an attempt to construe them; but must not suppress my astonishment, that they should proceed from a man, whose tragedy of "Dido" was acted even for a benefit, at Drury-lane theatre. See Mr. Garrick's letter on the subject, at page 252 of our first volume.—Ed.

agreeable to me as it can be to you—but what can I do? Not to continue the delusion, that I have some interest with Lord Rochford, would be such a loss of importance, that I cannot very readily give it up; and as it will only give your Lordship the trouble of reading now and then my impertinence, I am in hopes, from your usual kindness to me, that you will permit me to indulge my vanity. Mr. Glover, who is too deserving a man not to comply with his request, desires me to apply to your Lordship that he may have the honour of being surgeon to the Essex militia. He is a most skilful, worthy man, is a good writer, and has always been a steady friend to Government. I have known him long, he is much beloved, and the worst thing I ever heard of him was, that by his skill in his profession he recovered a thief after he had hung half an hour, and which thief, before he had quite healed the circle the rope had made, picked his friend Glover's pocket by way of gratitude, and never so much as thanked him for his good offices. Will your Lordship favour me with a line to convince this worthy man that I have not broke my word with him?

I am your Lordship's most devoted and obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

As I am made an Essex gentleman by the purchase of General Clark's farm near Colchester, I had some thoughts of applying to your Lordship for a commission, as you want officers; but I believe that I must confine myself to the command of Bayes's troops.*

THE EARL OF ROCHFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, St. Osyth, 19th April, 1778.

I DID not conceive that a letter from you could have given me pain, but your last really did, as I am under an impossibility of doing what you desire. The case is as follows: the surgeon to the regiment I command, has been surgeon to it and Lieutenant in it for some years; he is a good surgeon, and liked by the *corps;* I cannot therefore get rid of him. He eats more than Dr. Gough, and should he by chance be choked when he over-gorges, your friend, Mr. Glover, shall superintend my ragamuffins, and as Falstaff says, "I will lead them where they shall be peppered," and find him work enough. You will make me very unhappy if my disappointing you now through impossibility prevents your laying any future commands upon me that are in my power to obey, being ever,

Dear Garrick, your most faithful humble servant,

ROCHFORD.

* And that command, alas! he had given up.—ED.

MR. T. HOLCROFT TO MR. GARRICK.

Saturday, April 25th, 1778.

THE Committee for managing the affairs of the Theatrical Fund established at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, present compliments and good wishes to Mr. Garrick, its friend, founder, and patron, respectfully informing him they shall hold a meeting on Sunday, at seven in the evening, the third of May, at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, where his presence will be esteemed an honour.

THOS. HOLCROFT, Secretary.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, 4th May, 1778.

ALLOW me to express my gratefulness for the kind manner in which (Mr. Walsingham and Mr. Sheridan inform me) you have mentioned the little trifles I took the liberty to send you.

It is very good of you to see these exertions in a favourable light; I must attribute your commendations much more to your *feelings* than your *judgment*. You have heard of my embarrassments, and you do not think ill of the motives and principles which involved me in them.

Something too, Mr. Walsingham mentioned, of your wish to speak favourably of me to Lord North and the Chancellor. This thought gave me the greatest satisfaction. I know, indeed, it is too much to wish for; yet I must own there is no recommendation I should more rejoice to be honoured with than that of Mr. Garrick. To rise by any appearance of merit would enhance the value of good fortune; and your praise would certainly raise me in the opinion of every one. I hope you will forgive my intruding on you, but I was anxious to acknowledge the politeness you have shown me, and to assure you of my respect and esteem.

I am, Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, Monday.

I RECEIVED your very obliging letter, and am sensible how kindly you have interested yourself in my welfare.

I have written to Mr. Sheridan to thank him for having mentioned me to you. Your explanation of his expressions has entirely removed my hasty and ill-grounded fears.

I beg you to accept my best thanks for your polite and friendly conduct, and to believe me, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

MR. B. VICTOR TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Drury-lane Theatre, May 6th, 1778.

I AM directed by the proprietors to inform you that it will not be in their power for the future to pay the interest of Mr. Lacy's mortgage until the debts and expenses of the theatre are discharged.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

B. VICTOR.

MR. GARRICK TO MESSRS. LACY, FORD, SHERIDAN, AND LINLEY.

GENTLEMEN, May 7th, 1778.

I AM rather surprised at the letter I received from you yesterday, and as it is impossible for me to know when your debts and expenses will be discharged, and as I imagine that my mortgage is as just a debt as any upon the theatre, and that it is as reasonable for me to expect my interest should be paid as punctually as any other expense of the theatre, I cannot defer a moment giving you notice, gentlemen, that I expect the mortgage to be paid off at the time mentioned in the deeds, taking this day for the notice which is to be given to you by,

Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LACY.

May 7th, 1778.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Mr. Lacy, and is very sorry to find that the proprietors have so ill-managed their affairs as to make it necessary for them to send him such a letter as he received yesterday. He is greatly alarmed at the contents of it, and not much pleased with the manner; however, he has sent an answer to the office, which he hopes will not be disagreeable to Mr. Lacy.

January 3rd, 1777.

BOND from Lacy, Sheridan, Linley, and Ford, to David Garrick, in the penalty of £44,000 for payment of £22,000 and interest.

(Signed) W. Lacy, R. B Sheridan,
T. Linley, J. Ford

Witnessed A. W.

Endorsed,

" An account of my security from the proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre for my Mortgage there. 'Tis a thumper !"

MR. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Street, May 15th, 1778.

I AM very much obliged to you for your polite intimation in your letter sent to my house last Friday. My answer to the business you had occasion to write on is this: although I subscribe to the [ill] management of our affairs, I deny that there was any just cause or necessity to have wrote you the letter you inform me of. Your interest has been completed for this season, and there is no reason to suppose that the theatre is not to admit of a dividend of 2,200*l.*, unless there was a resolution to *ruin* the property, which I believe is not the case. The letter to you was wrote without my approbation, without my consent. I know not in what manner it was worded; I am then not responsible for the contents. I only beg leave to declare, that while I retain any interest in the property through your means, *I* never will give my consent to your interest being otherwise paid than was at first mutually agreed on.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. LACY.

To this I sent an answer by my brother from Hampton, that he might depend upon my not distressing him. Before George saw him, Mr. Lacy had bargained to sell his share to Mr. Sheridan at an enormous price.

D. GARRICK.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, May 11th, 1778.

IT gave me the truest satisfaction to receive the very kind, though flattering, letter you had the goodness to send me.

Your attention to a person, who, so far from being recommended, or even introduced to you, must appear under many disadvantages, is far more than I had the least pretensions to hope for. But, without encroaching on that liberal attention, allow me to repeat my wishes, that in whatever manner is most agreeable to you, the application you proposed may be made to the Chancellor. Nothing could give me greater happiness—nothing could do me more service, or more honour.

I am sorry Mr. Sheridan could think so lightly of those points as to treat either my difficulties or your wish to overcome them with indifference. He has too much sense not to know and justly prize your friendship and patronage: but he should not check your good intentions towards another, who, without any of *his* advantages, is oppressed with misfortunes he has never known.

Whatever may be the result of any services you attempt to render me, let me assure you, Sir, your interference will always be a subject of satisfaction and pride to

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR,

IT was not till this evening that I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind letter, inclosing Lady Bathurst's extract. I shall not attempt to express the sense I entertain of the honour you have done me on this occasion. I feel that it would be wholly impossible to say how much you have obliged me.

Lady Bathurst mentions my having left England, and the improbability of my return. This shows how very unjustly I have been misrepresented to the Chancellor, as I really have never quitted England, nor had any thoughts of it. And as to the other gentlemen of my list complaining of my absence, I wish his lordship could know that they withheld my share of the profits, and that I had given them notice of my speedy return to the business.

You will at once see how hard it is that my place, taken away without the causes existing which are given for it, should now be restored as a favour to my friends, not as a right to the injured.

But your knowledge of the world will say, I must kiss the rod that stings my pride—my consolation is, that this misfortune introduced me in some degree to your notice. I cannot guess how far I may ever avail myself of Lord Bathurst's promise. I am wholly dependent on my grandmother's assistance. For several months past, I have been urging her to extricate me from my brother's embarrassments, and she actually had given her agent here instructions to settle matters. Her pride was interested to preserve this unlucky *place*, and now that it is gone, she does not see the necessity for serving me so soon as she intended. Your friend Tighe is my advocate with her. Good-natured and zealous as he is, I begin to despond. I have written to tell him how kindly you have interested yourself for me. Forgive this detail of trifles, but I thought some explanation was due to what I may truly term your *friendship*;—I am very proud of flattering myself with that word.

Believe me, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

MAURITIUS LOWE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, No. 3, Hedge Lane.

YOUR goodness in promising to assist me in the disposal of the drawing of Homer (of which you have some of the descriptions) makes me hope you will pardon my reminding you, and especially as my now most calamitous situation renders me totally incapable of doing any thing to save myself from perishing, and have no hope but that of disposing of the works I have already done. This, from want of being known and patronized, is out of my power; but with your assistance would be

effected with little difficulty. The drawing has met with universal approbation, and Mr. Cipriani (an artist well known) valued it as *cheap at a hundred* guineas.

Should neither the merit of the drawing nor the circumstances induce any single person to purchase it, it might be done by raffle: were it introduced by such a person as yourself at the Savoir Vivre, I should think it could not fail of success.

Wherever these requests may appear too importunate or improper, I rely on your goodness to pardon me, who well know that necessity will drive a man to do what otherwise he would scarce dare to think.

I am, Sir, with the utmost gratitude and respect,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

MAURITIUS LOWE.

Since I wrote the above, your brother called on me, and gave me the mortifying information of your intention to drop the work that I am engaged in for you, and substitute the above drawing in its place. My being in possession of that drawing is the only reason my creditors have left me so long at liberty, as hoping from the sale of it to get their money: was I to sell it for less than was sufficient to pay them, my fate would be certain to perish *in* a gaol. My parting with it for less than a hundred guineas, instead of essentially serving me, would be my certain ruin. *It is my all, and my only resource.*

Three years' illness has thrown me so far behind, that had I the *whole hundred* it would serve but to stop and pay in part the debts *I have been forced to contract.* I therefore most earnestly beg, and hope you will continue in your first kind intention of patronizing your portrait, which I will (with your permission) finish as soon as my health will permit, and consider the drawing of Homer as a thing apart; the sale of which if you can effect, will greatly repair the miseries which illness hath involved me in, and the publishing your portrait may lay the ground of a future subsistence.

May 15th, 1778.

RECEIVED of Mr. David Garrick the sum of ten pounds by me.

MAURITIUS, LOWE.

The drawing of the Homer is at Mr. Hancock's, Glass Manufactory, the corner of Cockspur-street.

Endorsed,

" Mauritius Lowe's receipt and letter."

MR. LINLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Norfolk-street, 20th May, 1778.

MR. SHERIDAN came to me yesterday, and informed me that you are offended by a paragraph which has appeared in the Morning Chronicle, and of which you entertain suspicions that it was written by me, in consequence of one which had been published in the same paper reflecting upon Dr. Ford and myself, accusing us of absurdity in our theatrical conduct, and of ingratitude towards *you.* As I trust I

cannot tell a lie, so I must be unhappy while an appearance of any thing like dissembling subsists from *me* towards *you*; therefore, for my own satisfaction and your *true* information, I take the earliest opportunity of saying that it was I who wrote it, and that I meant it as a general reply to the paragraph first published, and to many others which have been aimed with the like honest and benevolent intent. I am certain—unless the words are perverted from their *true* meaning—there is nothing said that conveys any idea that does not place *you* in a *respectable* situation; and if I had not *laughed* in my turn, I must have taken no notice at all of what appeared to me to have been inserted with no good intent: nor do I understand upon what ground any person should, thus unprovoked, treat me in so unjust and contemptuous a manner as that paragraph does; and as I never take liberties of this kind with any person whatsoever, I think I have a right at least to laugh at, if not resent, any such behaviour towards myself. I never thought that *you* wrote the first paragraph, but I thought it very possible some humorous sally of yours or Sheridan's—which had I heard, I am sure I should have enjoyed—might have suggested the malicious and impertinent turn given it to some retailer to a newspaper, and I hoped, if you took any notice at all of what was said in reply, it would have been directed to the person who had so wantonly made use of your name as to provoke an answer. It is evident that no inconsiderable degree of insolence, profligacy, and imposition prevails in the theatre, when the proprietors dare not correct a servant for misconduct without being *Chronicled;* but I think they will richly deserve the appellations bestowed upon them should they on that account be disturbed from their enquiries. I beg pardon for thus intruding on you, but I wish not to conceal any action of mine from you. If I have inadvertently given you offence, I am very sincerely sorry for it, and am ready to make any atonement you can require, and to wait upon you the moment I hear you are in town. I can only say I never meant to give you cause of reproach; for, without deceit or flattery, I feel myself more obliged to you than to any man living, and there is no man living of whose merit and worth I have a higher opinion, and am with my whole heart sincerely Yours,

THOS. LINLEY.

Endorsed,
"Linley's letter about a paragraph."

MR. E. CAPELL TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, May 26th, 1778.

WHY will you give me cause to accuse you of breach of promise, repeated breaches of it? I cannot stir to see you, and it is but seldom I hear of you, yet none wishes to do it oftener, and that each hearing may bring account of your welfare. I shall be getting soon (about this day four weeks) into the box that is to bear me to Hastings, where I never visit, am visited rarely; and when my airing is over, another like box will be re-conveyer of me to my winter prison in this place.

My business then will be—putting into the press the work that is promised, and cannot now be receded from; of which you have been some promoter, and I have hopes will be more so, for that person breathes not who has it more in his power: without assistance from somebody, I must be a very great sufferer, which a foe will call hard. The enclosed paper is a list of such persons whose subscriptions I owe to you, as I think; but I have no first payment from them, nor means to get at it: can it be done by you, or through you? you have receipts in your hands for the two managers; and more shall be sent you to such number as you shall name. The gentleman who has waited on you from me is but just arrived from the country, and is something lame; he will tell you by what accident, for he means shortly to pay his respects to you, and impart to you some other matters from me, who am, with truest affection and a grateful sense of your services, Yours entirely,

EDW. CAPELL.*

Favour me with an answer, and the knowledge of your health and Mrs. Garrick's.

REV. H. BATE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Buckingham-street, 16th July, 1778.

TEN thousand thanks for your friendly attention to the "Flitch of Bacon;" every touch tells so admirably, that I shall not lose a tint thereof for the world. Your idea of Edwin's song was perfectly right, and enables me to make it truly comic. I have ended it thus:

Good lack!
His long back
Like a building so weak is, it never can stand,
But would snap short in two, like a twig in this hand!

Bannister's air is likewise much improved: your objection to the blood, &c. was critically just; but I have been obliged to retain

"Revenge (instead of *honour*) desiring,"

on account of a fine accompaniment in the music, though, I assure you, much against my will. I fear you will find an arduous task of it in the second act; but, as your friendship has carried you thus far, you must not look back. I should like a comic procession, of all things, from the church; and indeed a certain space of time must absolutely be employed in that or some other manner, to make it probable that Eliza should have been at church and back again after she parted with her uncle. The first act I have sent to Colman, with the emendations already, who was very impatient for it.—By the by, who do you think is prime minister to the Haymarket manager at this juncture? the atheistical parson Williams, who is shrewdly sus-

* Alludes to the three 4to vols. of his notes upon Shakspeare—the most unintelligible publication of the British press.—ED.

pected of having belaboured Sheridan, &c. so unmercifully last year. Let little George alone for "making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness" in time of danger! And, to complete the rural scene, he is going to bring out a bawdy and blasphemous Welsh farce for him, which, it is conjectured, will entail d———n on the irreligious priest and infidel manager at one stroke! "The Suicide" has already *done its do*, I fancy, for not a word is now spoke of it from one end of the town to the other. The passengers who have hitherto taken places in this new *four-wheeled* machine complain sadly of the springs, and its disjointed construction; so that the only chance the proprietor seems to have is to cut it down (according to the prologue) to a two-wheeled *Buggy*, when perhaps, with a little more *dramatic greasing*, it may run the season out.

News we have none—except that all the world talk of peace! With my most respectful compliments to Mrs. G. Yours in great haste, but most truly,

H. BATE.

MR. W. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Cork, July 24th, 1778.

I TAKE the first opportunity after my performance to express my acknowledgments for that very kind and friendly mark of your attention in the introduction you favoured me with for this place, which had the desired effect, and has been the means of the very kind and favourable reception I have met with in the character of Hamlet, which I appeared in on Wednesday last. Miss Younge makes her first appearance this evening in the Countess of Salisbury. The next character I perform is Lord Townley. Mr. Heaphey's "Belisarius" answers every expectation I had formed. We had a very pleasant journey best part of the way, and a passage of twelve hours from Holyhead to Dublin; the travelling from Dublin here was very tedious, having the same horses all the way. Cork is a very pleasant place, but the town is all up in arms; every gentleman of the place wears uniform, and is under military discipline. The ladies are very dressy; one of the streets is a sort of Mall, where the ladies walk in full dress.—Dear Sir, I hope to be favoured with a few lines from you, and that I shall have the pleasure of hearing that you and Mrs. Garrick are well, to whom Mrs. Lacy joins with me in compliments; and believe me,

Dear Sir, your much obliged and very humble servant,

W. LACY.

P. S.—DEAR SIR,

I took the liberty of requesting your assistance relative to a draft I received of Mr. Moody, in part of the payment of purchase of my share in the Bristol theatre. Should be obliged if the request made in the letter was not agreeable that you will favour me with that draft, or be so obliging as to send it to Mr. Moody, as in its present form it is not of any use to me.

MR. GARRICK TO THE NEW PATENTEES.

GENTLEMEN, Saturday, Aug. 16th, 1778.

THE rudeness of your letters, which is always the sign of a bad cause, I shall pass over with the utmost contempt; but as you have proposed to my friend Mr. Wallis, and my brother, an arbitration, I cannot, as an honest man, refuse to meet you upon any ground; I therefore desire that your attorney will, without delay, in concurrence with Mr. Wallis, settle and prepare this matter, and that all other correspondence may cease between you and Your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. W. JACKSON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lyon's Inn, Aug. 28th, 1778.

DOCTOR SCHOMBERG yesterday favoured me with the sight of a card which he had received from you. It contained a complaint that I had made use of your name in a very unfriendly manner in The Ledger. Whoever, Sir, gave you that information, made a very improper use of my name, by ascribing to me a conduct which I am incapable of adopting. That two or three unfavourable pieces have gained admission into the paper, I admit. That my pen gave them existence, your candour, I trust, will permit me to deny.

To this ingenuous declaration give me permission, Sir, to add, that I have exerted my influence with the printer to obviate any complaint of the kind in future. I did this with alacrity, because I found it conformable to the wishes of my good friend Doctor Schomberg; and it is my boast that I perfectly coincide with him in entertaining the highest esteem for the abilities, and respect for the character, of Mr. Garrick. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. JACKSON.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, Sept. 15th, 1778.

I HAVE been much alarmed by an account in the papers of your having been ill, and yesterday I ordered my servant to call at the Adelphi and inquire into the real state of your health, where he was informed you had been very ill, but was now in effect recovered. This does not quite satisfy me, for I cannot be easy till I receive this account confirmed by your own hand. I have arrived at a time of life when the loss of an old friend is irreparable; and however it has happened that we have not

lately met as often as formerly, my friendship is as warm as ever, and I am sure there is not one among your large catalogue of friends who is

More affectionately yours than

CAMDEN.

We are all well, and desire our best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. Study Cornaro, and you 'll be as well as I am.

Endorsed,

" Lord Camden—most affectionate."

MR. E. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Sept. 16th, 1778.

AFTER an absence of fifteen months, (which is longer than I ever was from London since I can remember,) I cannot forbear entering into a little theatrical gossip, although at so great a distance from Roscius.

A quo seu fonte perenni
Actorum Aoniis ora rigantur aquis.

I have many subjects—Your friend Wilks, " The Law of Lombardy," Henderson, &c. As to Wilks, I have mentioned him often, so often that Sir Richard says, " I see you know how to speak for your friends, &c." But, in truth, these people have had nothing to give, and the parliamentary monster has a large swallow, and nothing to feed him.

A place executed by deputy of a thousand pounds per annum to Sir R. Heron, and a trifling addition of about two hundred to myself, are all the favours in the civil way which Lord B. has had it in his power to bestow. But your pretensions shall not be suffered to die away whenever any opportunity shall offer.

As the time of my return to London is as yet very uncertain, I must early remind you of " The Law of Lombardy." The poet has your promise of assistance in the green-room and upon the stage (by daylight, I mean); but I begin to fear that, as the Oxford bucks supposed of Foote in the orators, you must *do it all yourself*, *i. e.* not only instruct and animate the soldiery, but blow the trumpet, stick the bills, &c. Manager Sheridan, *i. e.* Scandal Sheridan, has promised to produce the play whenever the author pleases, and I, for the author, have named the beginning of January for the first reading. I hope that time will suit your convenience, and is agreeable to your judgment: I take January 29 to be the best day that can be given for the first night.*

Henderson was very well received at Dublin and its neighbourhood for the space of ten weeks. He played with great *éclat* and moderate profit. I believe

* Alas! some days before this, Mr. Jephson's very sincere friend had closed his acquaintance with " daylight"—and all service was to be *expected* from negligence itself!—ED.

he made about 250*l.* and about 100*l.* more at Liverpool, in August. Jephson and Dean Barnard are particularly pleased with him, and he was invited to the country-seats of Mr. Conolly, Mr. Clements, Mr. Mason, the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Gardener, and the Lord Lieutenant.*

I am unwilling that he should play Palador, the gallant and amorous hero of "The Law of Lombardy." It is clearly the best part, and Henderson is not equal to it. Who is then? is the natural question both for him and others. Why, *not* Smith, and yet he must do it. There is a noble villain fitter for Henderson, and fitter, indeed, for Smith; for, in fact, Palador is too magnificent a character for modern shoulders. He is a Posthumus. Bireno is of the cast of Iachimo, but inferior, and seems to me to be the part most fit for either of the generals.

Henderson has so much humility and good sense added to the highest veneration and respect for you and your abilities, in spite of appearances, that Jephson, Barnard, and I, cannot help wishing that he should be restored to some degree of your favour and protection. Indeed I think he deserves it. His Shylock, Falstaff, Don John, and King Richard, have surely very great merit. They astonished the Prime Serjeant, Gardiner, Jephson, &c., and the other few knowing ones about Dublin.

I beg (in order to carry on the plot better) that you will write to Robert Jephson instead of me, speak of "The Law of Burgundy," and mention your friend for the copy, or for half of it. It is not yet disposed of. Poor Davisius was to have given 200*l.* Advise your friend to offer that sum, and the copy will be his.

I am now, however unwilling, forced to remind you of a vile piece of fraud which you and your eldest nephew, Carrington, have committed against me. I had a list of above a hundred characters which you had performed in my memory, most of which I myself had seen. You promised me a perfect list, and took away forcibly my old one. I now have neither my own list nor an amended one. I beg in earnest that the Rev. Mr. C. Garrick may be presented with my best respects and regard with a memorandum of this matter, which he can easily adjust by enclosing a genuine list of your characters from 1741 to 1776. I could gossip on in this sort of scratching way for another hour, but must now have mercy on you, (not, however, without paying mine and my wife's respects to Mrs. Garrick,) by assuring you that I am Your sincere, faithful, obedient, and affectionate friend and servant,

EDWARD E. TIGHE.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Sept. 22nd, 1778.

I SHOULD not think of giving you the trouble to read a letter from me after the very alarming accounts we have lately had of your health, but that Mr. Johnes told me he saw Mr. Wallis in town a few days ago, who assured him you were pretty

* St. Wolston's (a seat of Dean Barnard's, inhabited by his Excellency).

well recovered. I long for a confirmation of this most excellent news under your own hand, which will relieve many aching hearts in this house. I was exceedingly distressed how to get any news of you that might be depended on, and thought of writing to Dr. Cadogan, but recollected he was at the camp, and probably not near enough to attend you. I have been like to die myself, for that matter; but what signifies half a hundred such lives as mine? Mrs. Barry that was, did very well here; I believe she got near three hundred pounds the few nights she played. She took *Percy* for her benefit. Her husband is handsome, volatile, and noisy, a dozen years younger than herself, and by his own account not worth a penny, but in debt. He is most desperately in love with his new wife, and in mourning for his old one. I was very civil to her for certain wise reasons; and this marriage has put her in such good humour, that she was all smiles and graciousness. Poor man! I believe he thinks her an angel;—pity these fine delusions cannot last. I could think of nothing but of Horace's *miseri quibus intentata nites*. The man has one great merit in my eyes,—he perfectly adores you, and frequently hints that Barry was no actor.* She also, to do her justice, spoke of you in the highest terms of esteem and gratitude, and told the story of her behaviour at the Rehearsal, very much to her own discredit. Your friends Messrs. Williams and Jones are absolutely wild with your Baldwin verses. I have longed to show them once or twice to some people, but did not gratify my desire at the expense of my veracity. I congratulate you, dear Sir, on your prologue to *Bonduca*:† it is admirable! I happened to dine at our Bishop's the day it came out; he was quite in raptures, and read it to me till he could repeat the best part of it. He has a doubt, however, about the last line of the first triplet: he says it is far from a bad line; but the two preceding ones are so noble, that he is of opinion there cannot be a finer ending to that thought than the second line, "And Edward's valour shone the leading star:" I believe that's it, but have not the book by me. I told him I would write you his criticism, and he bade me add that the whole is written in the true spirit of poetry, and the compliment to Lord Chatham truly noble. I hear a sad character of our little friend's comedy; Lord Shelburne, and Lady Corke, and Mrs. Poyntz, told me the other day that it was a wretched thing, and dishonoured him both as an author and a man; this paper would not hold all the severe things they said of it, especially Mrs. P. who spoke of it with an aversion that almost approached to abhorrence, as she said the most intimate family secrets were exposed and ridiculed.‡

My very best respects attend your dear good lady, and Miss Furst.

All here beg to assure you of their joy at your recovery. It would be impossible to tell you that of, dear Sir, Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

H. More.

* As to Crawford, he was a fine figure; but, as he hints, it seems, of Barry, certainly "no actor."—Ed.

† *Bonduca*. Recently altered by Colman, and produced at his theatre in the summer. The Caratach (Caractacus) of Digges was a performance absolutely *perfect*.—Fd.

‡ I never understood the critical and fashionable persecution of "The Suicide."—Ed.

LADY BATHURST TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Cirencester, Sept. 28th, 1778.

ONE such head as yours is worth all our six put together; however, I must, in the name of them all, thank you for the entertainment your obliging letter gave us; you were very good to be at the trouble of answering so much stuff; the only merit we have is, it was a true picture of the very sincere regard and esteem every part of this family have for you. The Wilmots left us before I received your favour, but I have transmitted them a copy. I am amazed you could decipher the giant's writing; I never saw any thing so ill-wrote and so full of blots.

I do not venture to direct this to Lord Palmerston's, because I think you are too volatile to stay more than a week in one place. My Lord joins with the rest of the family in compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, Sir, your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

T. BATHURST.

PRINCESSE DE DASHCKOW TO MR. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR,

LE goût, le génie et l'art réunis en vous ne laissent de place que pour l'indulgence, qui n'est la compagne que de ce degré de perfection qui n'est donné qu'à peu de mortels. C'est à cette dernière qualité, que je nommerai volontiers vertu, et que l'on nomme *indulgence*, à qui je m'addresse: elle guidera doucement votre *goût* pour découvrir dans le musique que je joins ici, les traits que la sensibilité, avec un peu d'harmonie naturelle, sans le secours de l'art, a produits, et alors *elle* vous fera passer par dessus les defauts, *qu'il* pourroit y decouvrir. *L'art* que vous possedes vous fera sentir que quand l'on n'en a point, l'on a un certain mérite à n'y point prétendre. C'est ainsi que je mettrai à profit vos talents, et que ce qui vous rend supérieur m'aidera à faire passer à vos yeux (peut-être) pour bon, ce qui n'est que passable. Mes complimens s'il vous plait à Madame Garrick, j'espère l'année qui vient la voir à Hampton, et vous assurer de vive voix de l'estime parfaite de votre devouée

PRINCESSE DE DASHCKOW.

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Oct. 10th, 1778.

I NEVER in my life felt more real joy than on receiving your most kind letter from Hampshire, with the account of your recovery; yet it was not a very mirthful kind of joy, for I shed many tears at a part of it, which is not to be answered, nor even thought of; and when I read it to the rest, we had a concert of crying.

Few things could vex me more than that that little bard should get into the winter management (if that can be called management which appears to me all anarchy and wild uproar; but at this distance I cannot pretend to judge): should he get in, it would be the greatest mortification to me ever to have any transactions with him; and I am very sure he would do all in his power to crush any attempts of mine. I hear he is in this country, so I shall probably see him. I am not at all astonished that "The Monthly Review of the Wreath of Fashion" has been of such service to the poem; I read it over twice with great pleasure, though I could have no notion who the author was. It was written with so much warmth, liberality, and so far removed from the common routine of criticism, that I was much pleased both with its spirit and elegance, and I have heard it taken notice of by other people. If you, my dear Sir, are at a loss about marginal notes in the Dean of Glo'ster's book, what must I be? I have told him about your delicacy and your scruples, and he will be greatly hurt and disappointed, if you do not criticise. I really cannot, for I know as much of the art of war, as of the subjects of which he treats, though I always find his reasoning very perspicuous.—*À propos* of the art of war! I had the pleasure of hearing you looked perfectly well in the field at Winchester: a sweet girl, a friend of mine, stood near you, and forgot to look at the King or his troops.

Did you know your friend Wallis was a poet? Whether he has caught the inspiration from the Shades of Mona, or carried it with him from the Adelphi, I know not; but this I know, that I have received two copies of verses dated from a *cottage in Carmarthenshire;* one on you, and the other on myself; and if he is not the author, I know not who is, as he called on me and told me he was going thither.

I have taken the liberty, dear Sir, to send you my first act. I have greatly changed my plan, as you will see: *Emmeline* is now my heroine, and *Orlando* my hero. Be so good as treat me with your usual candour, and tell me how I have failed or succeeded in unfolding the story and characters; and, above all, if you can recollect any other tragedy that it is like, as I shall be most careful of that.

Mr. Johnes and I are great friends: he treated me with a sight of your letter.

Pray make my affectionate respects to my dearest Mrs. Garrick, and accept the grateful esteem of this whole house, as well as of, my dear good Sir,

Your ever faithful and obliged,

H. More.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

St. James's, Nov. 3, 1778.

Your letter, my dear Sir, is so truly kind, that I want words to thank you for it. Give me your own language, and I would tell you with what gratitude I accept the assistance of your pen. Without it I had determined to let the opera sleep upon my shelf. But now, "Liber, ibis in urbem!" I only regret the trouble I shall give you.

Many will be the necessary alterations: I know they will. All I can urge in return is, that I shall wait your own time patiently and thankfully. I am not urgent for this season; I shall be content with the next. And however formerly you may have served *unworthy men*, be assured in this instance that you help a man who most loves, values, honours you. I wait now only for your directions, *when* I shall send you *the acts*, and *where* to? Respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick.—Are you settled? Do you like your situation? Do the waters agree with you? Take great care of yourself. Remember, even now, *Prodis publica cura!*—Farewell!

I am truly, that is, unalterably yours,

SAM. NOTT.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Friday, Nov. 6th, 1778.

I HAVE sent thrice to *the Oracle of Drury*, not Delphos, without obtaining any answer! Had the priests of the latter been as carelessly silent as *he*, their altars would have ceased to blaze. I shall make one effort more this afternoon, and you shall know my success.

I have done my possible with Mr. Le Texier's third act: I think it improved, but am still of opinion that it is much too long, particularly that capital scene between Somerton and Westfield. Do, my dear Sir, use your judicious *style*, and strike out all the languid parts of it. I have left in part of the first scene on account of the song, as I think the act is barren of music. I have also translated an addition which Mr. Le Texier has thought proper to make at the end of the piece; which I by no means approve, as I think the former conclusion was much better; but this matter will be submitted to you, and I am certain your judgment will be right.

I have not been one hour well since I came to town; the noise and bustle of London have hurried my spirits, and given me a constant pain in my head; but patience and shuffle the cards, *you fancy*, is my motto.

My servant is again returned with a *non est inventus* from Queen-street. What's to be done? as Mrs. Candour says. Do, my dear Sir, give me a line of advice, for I am quite at a loss how to act with such an eccentric genius. With best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and every grateful and good wish for you,

I am, my dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate,

E. GRIFFITH.

Kitty insists on my sending her love, but I think you have it already.

MR. R. TICKELL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, Nov. 7th, 1778.

I WAS not in town when Becket sent me your message, which contained so flattering a mark of your good opinion. You may be assured Mr. Garrick's wishes shall always have the force of commands with me; but when I acquaint you that at present (as when I have the pleasure of meeting you I can more fully explain) I am employed in a work that may make or mar my fortune, I can scarcely think you would wish to interrupt my attention to it by a matter which certainly, if I undertook it, would take up much time; for I could never think of executing any plan you suggested in a careless manner; besides, a prologue must be laboriously finished to keep pace with one of your most hasty epilogues. A couplet of yours in the prologue to "The Invasion" saved the whole prologue and farce. After so recent a proof of your established superiority, how can you be so ungrateful to your Muse to suffer the least degree of rivalship? In short, in every view, good-nature, propriety, effect, &c. &c. believe me, you ought to dispense with repeating your request.

Believe me, Sir, very truly, your most obliged and obedient servant,

R. TICKELL.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

Althorp, Nov. 13th, 1778.

DID not you promise and vow, when first we entered into correspondence, that you would never expect me to be punctual, but write on from time to time, whether I answered your letters or not: I own this reproach is but an ungrateful return for a letter that gave me much real satisfaction, for I was seriously alarmed by the accounts I had had of you, and sent Townsend himself twice to your house; but no information from him could be so satisfactory as a letter from yourself, only this should have been followed in due time by another to tell me you continued well.

I will promise never to ask you to read when Lord March (that was) is by; but then I will make a *wow*, which is, never to have him with me, if I can help it, at the same time with you. Who the other person is, I cannot guess.

Pray, Mr. Garrick, where are you now? what are you about? and how do you do?—these are three questions I must have answered. We shall be in town for the meeting of the Parliament, and hope you will be ready to return with us here as soon as that sets us at liberty. Give my best compliments to Madame, and tell her, if her winter habiliments are not bought, there is a certain scarlet and white silk to be had at Mr. King's, the mercer's, which we have fixed upon as a sort of uniform for the ladies of the Althorp party. I would not have her make it up till I see her in town; but if she is so gracious as to intend to have one, she had better send Mr. King notice, lest there should be a scarcity of the silk.

The Duke and Duchess and George are all arrived here from their respective camps, and look extremely well. They desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick.—Pray write soon, and send me some news, if there is any.—Adieu!

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

November 20th, 1778.

I REALLY have some unavoidable business upon my hands to-day, which allows me but a moment to write to you; but I must just thank you for your letter and prologue, both of which gave me infinite pleasure. The opening of the latter is beautiful, and the characters, if well spoke, must have a good effect, and are admirably hit off. But to show my obedience, I made Lord John Cavendish, Lord Spencer, and the Duchess, summon up the utmost malice of criticism, and then read it twice over with attention; the result was, that some of the characters might perhaps bear a little shortening, and that the lines they least approved were the two last of Parson Adams and those of Slip-slop.

This is the first time I ever played the part of a critic, and with your leave shall be the last; for it is a vile occupation to set one's wits to pick out a fault where one may be so much better employed in admiring a thousand beauties.

I shall attend you with pleasure to the play on Saturday. Have you room for Harriet? tell me truly; and give my best compliments to Madame.—Adieu!

I wish you would call upon me at eleven o'clock next Thursday.

Endorsed,

" Lady Spencer's letter Nov. 1778,
upon the prologue to Fielding's posthumous play."*

CURTIUS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, November 21st, 1778.

I ENCLOSE you the letter of Curtius to the Bishops. It is Curtius *himself* pays you the compliment of a copy. Do not affect to undervalue what you will feel to be important. What Curtius writes may, without a sacrifice of time, be read by Mr. Garrick: but this is not the motive for sending. It is a labour, Sir, which Curtius hath imposed on himself to show to his countrymen, popular men and popular subjects in new lights. The State and the Stage are both his objects. The name and the nature of the best actor living will occupy three letters. Plume yourself, Sir, on being sufficiently important to engage so amply even the generous *severity* of Curtius.

* It was called " The Fathers," and was acted for the first time at Drury-lane Theatre on the 30th of November, 1778. It lived the usual nine nights.—ED.

The public have hitherto seen you only in the polished mirror of a parasite's adulation, the flattering glass hath shown its figures falsely; but, in the position wherein Curtius will place it, the public will perceive it neither magnifies nor diminishes. Yet the exact reflection will astonish; for the universe will see its mistake, and Garrick's nature must be humbled to the dust. Indeed, Sir, my Lord North will scarce blacken under my pen like the man who, for many years, has enjoyed the *idolatry of affection*, without meriting one single sentiment of *sufferance* abstracted from his mimical talents. Yet Curtius can praise as well as blame: his resentment has no rancour. Perhaps he may be possessed of some facts that are distorted, and others that are unjust. He will therefore show to Mr. Garrick a lenity, not to say a *generosity*, which will be refused to statesmen, who, perhaps, are not quite so well entitled to it; for Roscius hath rags. Curtius then (if desired) will send a fair *copy* of three letters, which in a short time will appear under Mr. Garrick's address: they shall be lodged with him two days; and if, in examining the swelling heap of charges they contain, Mr. G. *can* obviate some, they shall be expunged from a publication which, it is conceived, shall travel to posterity with the mistaken character which it analyzes. No eye but that of Curtius sees his letters till they are sent to the printer of The Ledger; and it is impossible any traces should be found of the author even by the ministers of Mr. Garrick. The veil may one day be voluntarily withdrawn, and whenever that happens it cannot be to his disgrace—it must be to his triumph. Would to God it was not necessary to enroll the downfal of Roscius, as a *man*, in the list of his victories.—Farewell, Sir! Treat me respectably for my frankness. If your wisdom can, for once, prevail over your horrid timidity, you will keep this letter to yourself. But should you think fit to reject the clemency I hold out, it shall be *published*, to show that Curtius is a noble enemy. No man shall see your answer except myself, and it may be directed to H. L. T. X. under a cover, to the care of T. Brewman, Globe Court, Shoe Lane.

CURTIUS.*

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

Winchester, Nov. 22nd, 1778.

IT is not to trouble you with business, but it is to enquire after your health, that I am now sat down to write to you. You know not with what anxiety I at any time hear of your illness, or with what truth I love you. Ah, my friend! I like not these frequent applications to different medicines. Mind and body, at your time of life,—and having deserved as you have deserved,—you ought to be free, and to be at ease, and to be happy! Instead of "wandering about" for health, public honour and domestic tranquillity ought to sit smiling at your door, and to say to every one who passes by, "Here lives *a man!*"

* The gulf to be leaped by a Curtius of Shoe-lane, is clearly Fleet-*ditch*.—ED.

I speak not this out of flattery—why should I flatter? Thank God, my wishes and possessions, like two friends, go hand in hand. But I speak it from conviction; if there be any virtue in the warmth of friendship, any merit in sincerity, or any value (as surely there is) in parts uncommonly blended,—elegant, and fine,—that you have a demand upon our gratitude, our praise, our esteem!

With regard to the opera, I have determined it shall not be offered this season, so that there will be abundance of time to revolve that matter over in our minds frequently. I shall return to St. James's about the 12th of next month for the winter, and then, if in the course of many weeks you can pick out some few leisure hours, and will always tell me when to call on you, I will catch each improving hint from my friend's lips, and perhaps work up the performance more to your liking and *my own*. At present, I acknowledge every objection.

The songs, I agree with you, are not void of merit. Indeed, they laid the foundation for the opera. For having written one or two I scarce knew why, I liked them, and then first thought of some vehicle to write more. So that in fact, and between ourselves, the opera was written for the songs, and not the songs for the opera. Farewell!—assure me of your health, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

SAM. NOTT.

Endorsed,

"Rev. Mr. Nott about an opera."

MISS H. MORE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bristol, Nov. 23rd, 1778.

I SHALL make no apology to Mr. Johnes for the trouble of carrying this packet of nonsense, as he will be so richly rewarded by having the honour and pleasure of giving it into your hands.

I plague you, my dear Sir, most unmercifully; but I consider that the sooner I have done, the sooner your trouble as well as mine will be over; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go to Bath and drink like a fish, which I am advised to do, for my bilious torments. Nothing in this world can give me more happiness than to know that you are well, and nothing more pleasure than to know you are writing.

My kind respects attend my beloved Mrs. Garrick. All here are yours with true devotion, as is from the very bottom of her heart, with more gratitude and affection than words can tell, My dearest Sir, your ever obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MR. GARRICK TO CURTIUS.

SIR, Hampton, Nov. 24th, 1778.

THOUGH it is not customary to answer letters written in a disguised hand, and with an assumed signature, yet I shall pay Curtius a compliment, in return for his, to trust myself with him in spite of that *horrid timidity* which, with as little justice as politeness, he has attributed to me. There is such a mixture of harsh language with a seeming regard for me, that I am at a loss to guess how I could deserve the first and yet be favoured with the last.

Curtius says, that he can praise, as well as blame—his "resentment has no rancour"—and yet "I am to blacken under his pen," and "my nature must be humbled to the dust."—How can these matters be reconciled? Does Curtius really think of me as he writes? I hope, I believe not; for, if I am not mistaken, this terrible, most abominable culprit, has received some marks of good-will from his present accuser. Would not Curtius laugh at me, should I take any notice of the *spies* and *flatterers* which he has made part of my present retinue? No flattery has reached my retirement, but that in which Curtius seems to join with others, viz. the praise of my talents as an actor.—Now, Sir, for the friendly part of your letter.

You kindly offer "to send me a fair copy" of the three letters, written purposely against me, "and if I can obviate some of the heap of charges against me, they shall be expunged from a publication, which, it is conceived, shall travel to futurity with the mistaken character it analyzes." Will Curtius take the word of the person accused for his innocence? He cannot surely do it; nor can Mr. G. obviate any charge against him in this way. "Would to God that it was not necessary to enroll the downfal of Roscius in the list of his victories." He will, he ought to inquire after the character, not from idle reports, from malicious or disappointed men, nor from Roscius himself (as you are pleased to call him), but from those who have known him long, and will speak of him, "Nothing extenuating, or setting down aught in malice:" do this calmly, *assiduously*, and impartially, and then spare or give no quarter (as truth will warrant) from the stage to the state, from the lowest note to the top of the compass. "All, all but truth drops still-born from the press!" By saying thus much frankly, I hope that Curtius will not think himself treated disrespectfully for *his* frankness. I will honestly assure you, that I had much rather have your praise than your blame;* but I would as much scorn to obtain it meanly, as you would scorn to grant it. I will likewise honestly assure you, that the *horrid timidity* you accuse me of will not be in the least alarmed, though the pen of Curtius was to drop its gall to-morrow upon the private character of Your very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

* "Much rather have the *praise*"—Nothing upon earth ever more astonished me than such a declaration from such a man. A ruffian writes three anonymous letters, which he offers to the inspection of the person whom he chooses to assail—he intends them to destroy the fame, the *moral* fame, of his victim; and yet the gentleman thus threatened would prefer the scribbler's praise to his blame!—Oh, where were his friends Wallis and Patterson at this weakest moment of his life, to snatch the great man from his present humiliation?—ED.

The letters, as you seem to desire, and I would wish, shall never be seen by any eyes but Curtius's and my own, as far as that power is in me.

This answer should have been sent sooner, had not I been from home for some days.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Nov. 29th, 1778.

I WROTE to you in September last, hoping at that time to have had the pleasure of waiting on you at the Adelphi before this time. Partly upon that account, and partly because I heard you had been very ill, I released you from the obligation of an answer. But I must tell you that I by no means released you from your actual debts.—Where are my goods, my property, Mr. Quidnunc? Did not I one Saturday evening, in your own box at Drury-lane, give you a list of more than a hundred characters which I had seen you perform? and did not you promise me in return a *complete* list?

You did, you did, and never have performed.

For God's sake, take care of "The Law of Lombardy," as I fear I cannot be in London for some time to come.

The author depends upon its being read to the green-room on January 2 or 3; that it shall be brought out upon the stage *in a morning* about 15, and appear before the public on Friday 29.

There is no man on the stage fit for the part of Palador, and I foresee that the *old King* and *Alinden* will both be savagely butchered.

If you have a mind to urge the cause of Wilks, you have a glorious opportunity. Sir Richard Heron is now in London. Tell him I sent you to him. You will hear where he lives at Lord Buckingham's in Bond-street, and I am sure he will be glad to see you.

Our true regards, &c. wait upon your honour and Mrs. Garrick.

Your very sincere, obedient, and affectionate servant,

E. T.

Send me your titles, or you will hear of it.—My compliments to Mr. Carrington—he can write them.

Both Jephson and I have written to old *Bubble-and-squeak.**

THE RIGHT HON. R. RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Pay-office, Sunday Morning, Dec. 6th, 1778.

I AM sorry I missed seeing you when you did me the favour to call. I have had a meeting with *Anticipation*,† and like him very much; I wish to have some dis-

* The elder Sheridan.—ED. † Mr. Tickell.

course with you upon that subject. Could you call here to-morrow morning about eleven? and you will oblige Yours sincerely,

RICHARD RIGBY.

Tell Madame, with my best respects, that I have heard nothing of her mercer.

MR. T. FOSBROOK TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Drury-lane Theatre, Dec. 7th, 1778.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you we have got a very fair house to-night; the best we have had to the play, the first excepted. The account is as follows:—

FIRST ACCOUNT.

Boxes.	Pit.	First Gallery.	Second Gallery.
234	310	330	210

SECOND ACCOUNT.

80	30	160	80

As I suspected, Mrs. Abington has sent word she is ill and cannot play to-morrow, and, I am sorry to say it, "The Fathers" is given out for to-morrow with "Harlequin's Invasion." This, I am afraid, will greatly injure the piece; I wish I may be mistaken. I am, Sir, Your greatly obliged and most humble servant,

T. FOSBROOK.

MR. T. BECKET TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Saturday Night, 1778.

YOUR letters have made me truly miserable.—Good Gop! how has this happened? You seemed in good spirits when you set off; but I am happy to think all is safe. I wish you was at home. Do not think of the W——; we can do without till next Saturday. There are two good letters in to-day's paper addressed to the author; the printer has made an apology for not sending them to the author, who, he hopes, will be satisfied. We carry on this affair charmingly together, and not a soul knows it. I will trouble you no more now, only that I am yours,

T. B.

ANTONIO CARARA TO MR. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Venise, ce 11me. Decembre, 1778.

SI je suis quelque chose au monde, si je respire, si j'existe, pour ainsi dire, c'est à vous, Monsieur, que je le dois; je m'en souviens de tout ce que je vous dois, et je trouve gravé dans mon âme le délicieux souvenir d'avoir trouvé dans votre cœur bien-

faisant un protecteur, un ami; permettez-moi de grace, Monsieur, cette digression, c'est un tribut qui vous est dû, mais le seul que je suis en état de payer. Connoissant votre belle âme au fond, et sachant que lorsque vous le pouvez, vous y trouvez du plaisir en vous intéressant pour les personnes qui ont eu le bonheur de vous approcher, j'ose vous demander une grace.

Vous n'ignorerez pas certainement que ma femme chante au Théâtre; vous ignorerez peut-être ses progrès; elle a rempli le poste de première chanteuse avec beaucoup de succès sur les premiers Théâtres de l'Italie, tels que Florence pour deux saisons, Venise pour autant, Turin le Carnival passé en compagnie du Chatré, que vous avez actuellement à Londres, Genes le printems passé, Treviso avec le fameux Aprile cet dernier automne, place que l'occasion rendoit respectable. À Turin elle doit retourner, lorsque elle se trouvera desengagée, et le choix de l'année lui est accordée, pour preuve de son succès. Vous sçavez déjà, Monsieur, que Turin est, sans contredit, le Théâtre plus respectable de toute l'Italie, sans en excepter Naples, où elle n'a pas encore été, quoique recherchée en trois differens tems, faute d'être engagée ailleurs. Tous ces brillans succès de l'Italie ne peuvent suffire à mon âme, ni à celle de mon épouse. Nous désirons de revoir Londres, et par choix, et par intérêt; cette bénite Isle a trop d'attraits pour nos âmes, et c'est à vous, Monsieur, que je m'addresse; c'est vous, Monsieur, que j'implore pour l'accomplissement de mes vœux; votre crédit, votre pouvoir pourra, sans doute, dissiper les nuages qui s'élèvent contre notre bonheur. La voix de la vérité ne parvient pas jusqu'à Londres pour cet choix. Encore dans cette année on lui a préferé une femme, qui ne la vaut pas certainement. J'en sçais toute la ruse, mais en vous l'exposant, je craignerois de vous ennuyer davantage. Soyez, Monsieur, mon bienfaiteur encore dans cette occasion, vous le pourrez, au moins je m'en flatte, et soyez assurée que vous n'aurez point des reproches pour votre recommandation. Si vous ne voyez pas possible d'obtenir l'engagement du Théâtre d'Haymarket pour elle, je serois charmé qu'elle fut engagée au Pantheon; je désire qu'on l'entende à Londres; après six années d'absence, on ne la reconnoîtra plus. Je vous donne plein pouvoir de fixer le prix, que vous trouverez apropos d'accorder; je signerai vos offres, ou, pour mieux dire, les engagemens, que vous pourrez établir avec les directeurs ou de l'un ou de l'autre spectacle, sans y ajouter que mes remercîmens. Vous êtes à portée déjà de sçavoir ce qu'on donne à la première chanteuse ou de l'Opera ou du Pantheon. Faites agréer à Madame Garrick mes très humbles respects, et ceux de ma femme aussi, et priez la de vouloir bien s'intéresser aussi pour notre sort, vous qui avez un aussi grand pouvoir sur son âme. Je suis, avec le plus profond respect,

Votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

ANTONIO CARARA.

P. S.—La réponse, si vous plait, à moi, ferma in posta, Venise.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, Dec. 19th, 1778.

I HAVE great doubts whether the place of Poet Laureat of Ireland is yet engaged. Sir Richard Heron, who I believe is returned to his house in Grosvenor-square, can inform you. If it does not suit the gentleman to whom it has been offered (which I think very probable), I think it will suit your friend Wilks, whom you recommended to his Excellency, to Sir R. Heron, and to

Your very faithful servant,

E. TIGHE.

Why should not young Bannister have a part in "The Law of Lombardy?" Enter a caveat against *J. Aickin* and *Bensley*.

I wish you would write to the Lord Lieutenant in favour of Wilks for the place of Laureate.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, Dec. 22nd, 1778.

I AM obliged to put my love to dear Mrs. G. at the top; but when there, she is in her proper place, for she still remains, with me, the first of her sex.

I cannot defer one instant, my dear Sir, returning you my thanks for your most kind letter, and also for your most friendly manner of acting in the affair I took the liberty of mentioning to you. I am quite of your opinion concerning the publication; and have laid aside all thoughts of that nature, as it might widen the breach, and could produce no good effect. As to the letter I wrote to Mr. Adolphus, the warmth of my feelings might give a certain energy to my expressions, which cannot be wondered at in a person who was eye-witness to the distressed situation of that poor young woman. But because I would do nothing rashly, I showed it to a very prudent and sensible friend of mine, a man advanced in life, who is here for the education of his daughter, a fine girl of seventeen, and he much approved it; however, when you see Adolphus again, desire him to show you the letter, and I will abide by your judgment. I have also been busied for her here; we have presented a *Mémoire* to the Prince de Montbarie (Minister of War) to obtain a pension for her; we went and presented it ourselves at his audience; we met with a most gracious reception; but as yet there is nothing decided. Her friends insisted on my drawing up the *Mémoire*; and if poor Madame Depiennes gains nothing from it, I however have gained vast credit by it; I wish with all my heart that it were the reverse, for I really believe her to be a very deserving, and I am sure she is a much injured woman. If you could obtain from her uncle his countenance and protection,

it is all she desires, for she means to go to England. Do you think she should write to him?

Long before this reaches you, you will know that we are all disappointed by the birth of a Princess; however, Paris will be in a blaze this and the two ensuing nights. It must be confessed, they do not welcome the fair stranger into the world with true French gallantry; but may say one thing, the first moment of coming into life is the only time a woman has to complain of in France, for they are happy here from fourteen to fourscore, if being put on an equal or superior footing to the men can make them so. We have a noble tragedy going on, "Œdipe chez Admete;" great strokes of the sublime,—no love,—strong passages, and in short, in the Shakspearian style; it is wonderfully approved by the very best judges, from some of whom I have my accounts, for I never go to *Spectacles*. I am extremely concerned to hear that you have been ill; I hope, however, you have paid the tax for the whole winter, and that you will enjoy perfect health, and all the happiness I wish you. I will certainly deliver your message to our dear and worthy friend; but I advise you not to send her your picture through me, for I do not answer for being honester than the Irishman, though from a far different motive. I own I should greatly like to see your late prologue and epilogue; I have no doubt of their merit; and I own it would gladden my heart to read any production of yours, for time and absence have no other power on my mind than to strengthen and confirm my tender and grateful affection for the best of friends. Except yourself, the ties are all loosened that held me to my native land; and though I glory in the name of a Briton, my first wish on earth is to be an inhabitant of France. My boy indeed—but Mr. Pye's family would have him from me; they tore from me one-half of my existence; and I wish it may answer, but I doubt it. I had a letter lately from my wild American; he writes in amazing spirits, which gave me the greatest pleasure. I have but just room to assure you how sincerely and gratefully I am ever yours,

PYE.

THE COUNTESS SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

December 28th, 1778.

We shall [be] happy to see you on Thursday, either well or ill-dressed; but do not put us off any longer.

Will it not be more convenient to you to dine at Holywell House than at an inn? if it will, you know you may always command it; and as it is constantly aired, a line addressed to Mrs. Maitland, (that same prating civil dame you remember,) and sent over-night by the post, will reach her time enough to have it in readiness for you the next day, as the post gets in there by nine or ten o'clock in the morning.

Poor Lord Jersey has been very ill, but is recovering.—Adieu!

My love to Madam. I have told our people, if they have any packet to send, they may trouble you with it.

CURTIUS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, December 31st, 1778.

THERE is, inserted in The Ledger of *to-day*, a reason for the silence of Curtius, which, it is presumed, will serve to excuse him to the public and to *you*. Taken up by a duty to the *political sovereign*, he hath been obliged to defer that which he owes to the *theatrical potentate*. But the hour of leisure is again returning, when he will re-devote himself to Roscius. He however pledges his honour to transmit a private letter to Mr. Garrick previous to any public expostulation; and in the interval, the whole subject is deposited in the bosom of the person who chooses to assume the signature of

CURTIUS.

MR. J. WALKER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, January 1st, 1779.

I YESTERDAY heard the author read the farce I told you of. Perhaps I am growing too crusty for a modern critic, but must own it does not please me at all; the thought is a good one, but it wants language, humour, character, wit, and even good sense. Mr. Sheridan, I hear, is to have the inspection of it to-day. The author told me that Mr. Bate, and several others whom I know to be men of sense and taste, approved of it highly; but, for my part, I could not be so complaisant to him. He seems, however, to be in raptures with it himself, and will therefore be the more mortified at a disappointment. I need not beg you will keep this opinion of mine an entire secret; for the poet seems to have one quality of his art in great perfection, and that is the *irritabile*.

I am told by a friend of mine, that one Mr. Gordon of Aberdeen (a priest, by the by) has written imitations of Horace, so as to gain the admiration of many of his most sensible countrymen. An Irish gentleman, who tells me this, adds, that there is at least ten per cent. discount to be allowed in the character of one Scotchman of another: perhaps I am partial to that nation, but I think we seldom give them sufficient credit for their real value till they have proved it by their books. I cry you mercy for the pun. I hear you have had the perusal of these admirable imitations; and, if you should write a line in answer to this stuff, which, take notice, I do not expect, should be glad of your opinion. I met Mr. Racket to-day, who says Mrs. Racket is well, and your niece in high spirits: we have had a dreadful storm of wind; the streets are covered with bricks and tiles. I just made a tack round the terrace of the Adelphi this morning, to see how the hospitable roof of an old friend of mine was, and did not see a single brick or tile out of its place. I hope this cold weather does not disagree with you or Mrs. Garrick; it cannot at least be said to come unexpectedly. Mr. Airey desires to be kindly remembered to you and Mrs.

Garrick: his great joy this new year is, that he has one less to live. Dr. Johnson is not in town, or I would have stirred his gall a little by a praise of acting and reading, and by insisting upon a possibility of their being in some measure taught. Well, I dare say you have not received so bad a new year's gift as this I present you with, but heartily wish we may both live, that, stupid as it is, it may be often repeated. My most respectful compliments wait on Mrs. Garrick, whom I include in the same wish with, Sir, yours most cordially,

J. WALKER.

MR. T. BECKET TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, January 4th, 1779.

I AM very unhappy at your letter just received. I wish you was at home and at rest in your arm-chair, for I am afraid they will make too much of you, and make you ill. I am to see George after he comes from the pantomime to-night, so he will write you about it, and the *trees* also; but I hope they are safe, as he said nothing to me of any damage. I shall send you "The Morning Chronicle" of to-morrow, and of Wednesday, as I suppose he will give you an account of the pantomime. You mistake, my good Sir, the "Whisperer" was *promised* for Saturday. I sent you "The New Evening Post" in my last. I am told Covent Garden is very full;—Drury-lane but so so. I am ever and ever yours,

T. BECKET.

MR. W. HOPKINS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, Jan. 6th, 1779.

I HAVE been silent thus long in hopes to have sent you an account of the new pantomime which is again obliged (on account of the scenery's not being ready) to be deferred till Friday. This delay has been attended with very bad houses, having nothing ready to perform but the common hacknied plays, as you will see by the papers.

"The Touchstone" at Covent Garden was performed on Monday, and, by what I can hear, it will prove successful.

We played last night "Much ado about Nothing," and had an apology to make for the change of three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson sent word he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis from Covent Garden, who supplied the part of Benedick. Soon after Mr. Parsons sent word he could not play. Mr. Moody supplied the part of Dogberry; and about four in the afternoon Mr. Vernon sent word he could not play. Mr. Mattocks supplied his part of Balthazar. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act, a message was brought me that Mr. La Mash (who was to play the

part of Borachio) was not come to the House. I had nobody there that could go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and got Mr. Wrighten to go on for the remainder of the part. At length we got the play over without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in "The School for Scandal" to-morrow night; do not yet know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation.

I shall write again on Saturday, as I am pretty certain the pantomime will come out on Friday. Mrs. Hopkins joins with me in duty to you and Mrs. Garrick; wishing you both all health and happiness. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. HOPKINS.*

LORD SANDWICH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Admiralty, Jan. 8th, 1779.

THE enclosed letter is from a very honest and ingenious, though indigent man, who, from civilities shown to me in the University of Cambridge, has certainly a just claim to any proper support that I can give him. I believe he has lost some emolument he had in Trinity College, of which he is a Fellow, on account of his attachments to me, which led him to oppose the Master upon some points in which I interfered; but this cannot be proved, and therefore must remain as a surmise only between you and me under the seal of secrecy.

I have a good deal of vanity in my composition, and therefore should be very sorry to be godfather to a bad play. I am determined not to read it, lest I should find myself obliged to strangle my child before its baptism; you are of course hardened in all business of this kind, and therefore, if our play is a bad one, will, I conclude, have no compassion for poet or patron: all therefore that I apply for is, that you should act the part of Minos and Rhadamanthus, and give a just and peremptory decision. When your sentence is passed, I will read the play, and not before; but I shall read it with a prejudice against it; for if it is worse than most of the tragedies that have been produced lately, it must be very bad indeed.

I am most faithfully yours,

SANDWICH.

MR. T. BECKET TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, Saturday Night, Jan. 10th, 1779.

I HAD wrote you last night to go by the coachman this morning to St. Alban's, but your packet, which came late last night, prevented it. I now send you a packet

* Here was a management to succeed that of Garrick.—ED.

from George, and "The Morning Chronicle" (3) which has the account of the pantomimes. He abuses Drury, which is unkind, as they have been at such expense; to be sure, the business should have been better, but yet it will do; the scenery is grand indeed. *Grimaldi* is the life of it, and the second night he was much more laughable, and the tricks had an excellent effect; the pit and gallery thronged, but the boxes so so. I have not seen Covent Garden, but hear it will be of great service to them; indeed it is much wanted.

I have this night received your letter dated *Friday night,* and have made the alterations as you desired: "it was after they had drew," &c. I have made it *drawn.* I have struck out *Sir H. P.* and put in Dr. H—t-y; *spiritual* instead of ecclesiastical, and added the two new ones. It is a good one, but how you could write it in your state is astonishing: it will make a noise. Woodfall is in high spirits about it, but very low to hear you have been so ill. You will see by my note last night there are two answers in yesterday's paper, which is now sent you. I send you the magazine and review, and the St. James's of last night. I cannot find the others at the Adelphi, nor what they have done with them.

Your two last notes have given me fresh spirits, for I find you are coming round again. Pray take care of a relapse, and do not come out *too soon;* get quite well and strong first—what a hard bout! I will take care of every thing, and so God bless you. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged,

T. B.

The King, Queen, and the young ones, come to-morrow to Drury, to the "As you like it," and "The Peak."

CURTIUS TO MR. GARRICK.

London, Jan. 12th, 1779.

It is this moment that *Curtius* has heard of the illness of Mr. *Garrick,* and Curtius assures Mr. G. nothing shall pass from him to the press till he has heard again privately from Mr. G. or at least till he understands that gentleman is in a state of body to *answer* any public charges, should he deem any such answer requisite. Curtius does not threaten—he will only expostulate, "Nothing extenuating or setting down aught in malice:" nor shall a single accusing sentence be uttered but in appeal to the *memory of the public.* The reply will still be to L. S. P. when Mr. G. recovers; which, to preserve amongst us a relique of stage genius, Curtius wishes may be speedy. He is not the foe of Roscius's talents or person. He hopes to be the explainer and corrector of his affectation, and tyranny, and jealousy, and partiality.*

* I know not who this fellow was, and hardly wish to know,—but when, eight days only after his impertinence, this Curtius heard of Mr. Garrick's death, had he then leaped any gulph of *destruction,* his despair would have somewhat improved his character.—Ed.

MR. J. TAYLOR TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bath, Jan. 14th, 1779.

IN the long list of your friends, there is not one who more sincerely wishes your health and happiness than myself. The account therefore which I saw in the papers of your late attack gave me great uneasiness and anxiety. Pray let me have a line (if you are able to write) letting me know how you are at present; for newspapers are such false vehicles, that no reliance can be placed on them, even in matters abstracted from politics.

Presuming and hoping, however, you may be well enough to kill a moment with looking over a few dull lines from a *real* friend, I will venture to add a paragraph relative to our stage matters; and it is only to do justice to an excellent actress which has appeared here this season, (a Mrs. Siddons,) who I really think is as much mistress of her business as any female I ever saw; I have attended to her with the most critical attention I was master of, and I declare my opinion of her to be all that my ideas can reach. You must know I have ever in my mind that excellent rule of our great bard:—

"Not to o'erstep the *modesty of nature*."

Her Portia, Belvidera, and other pathetic parts in tragedy, are, I think, exquisitely fine. You have seen her on your stage. Am I right or not? For your judgment will ever weigh with me against any other.

Palmer goes on bravely. I wish, however, Sheridan would write no more, for nothing now will go down but "School for Scandal" and "Duenna." "The Camp" too is just pitched, and as many go to see it as did to Coxheath.

I go on painting away, and wish to show you some of my late works. I flatter myself they would please your critical eye.

Pray, do you ever intend to come to Bath again?

My wife joins, as does my young fry, in sincerest and best good wishes and compliments to yourself and Mrs. Garrick, and

I am, dear Sir, most truly your faithful and obedient,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. T. WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Jan. 14th, 1779.

I WAS favoured with your two letters, for which I return you most sincere thanks; I am certain of your kind intention to serve me. I have been several times at the Castle, but cannot hear a word; it is said there that not any one as yet is mentioned to succeed Mr. Victor; perhaps time may operate in my favour, and

hope you will remind Sir Richard Heron when you see him. Dublin is very dull at this time. Yesterday died Mr. Leyster, husband to Barsanti; on the death of his father he was entitled to an estate of upwards of 1500*l.* a-year. Fielding's play is printing here; we have not as yet seen your prologue or epilogue. It was reported at our coffee-houses last week, that old Sheridan had behaved in a very unpolite manner to you at the theatre; but the story is told here in so many different ways, that I should wish to know *the truth of it.* The only dependence poor Ryder has left is from the opera of "King Arthur," which has cost him for scenes, &c. upwards of 300*l.*; it is to be performed next month. A Mr. and Miss West, dancers from Drury-lane, have performed here a few nights with some applause. I am wishing you and Mrs. Garrick the return of many happy years.

Dear Sir, most sincerely your much obliged humble servant,

THOS. WILKES.

It is reported that Sir Richard Heron is expected here in a few days.

MR. YOUNGER TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday, January 18th, 1778.

MR. YOUNGER'S respectful compliments wait on Mr. Garrick, is extremely concerned to hear he has been so ill, but hopes every hour brings him better health. Mr. Younger would have paid his respects to Mr. Garrick in person, to return him thanks for the civilities which Miss Farren tells him she has received from Mr. Garrick, and the notice he has been pleased to honour her with, but that he thinks it would be inconvenient at present. He begs to assure Mr. Garrick, he shall ever retain a most grateful sense of them, and hopes his pupil will use all her endeavours to deserve his favour.

LETTERS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tavistock Row, Friday noon.

RETURNING home last night too late for the post, I found the favour of yours on my table, and I now embrace the first opportunity of making my answer, which I am afraid, from the nature of the subject, must run into some length. I am extremely sorry to find myself reduced to the disagreeable necessity of defending and proving, which I was determined to avoid, if possible, with you, as I should be glad that all intercourse between us subsisted upon terms of mutual good-liking. If my letter was extraordinary, (for having wrote it with the same ease and freedom that I would speak, I do not recollect a single passage of it,) I hope you will allow that it was occasioned by a very extraordinary meeting. As my expedition to Richmond was in consequence of your own appointment, I could not help being surprised at the reception I met with; and when you tell me that your darkness proceeded from my want of light, I cannot induce myself to consider Mr. Garrick as an *opaque body* that wants to be shone upon. However Shakspeare may irradiate your mind, I cannot pretend to it; and indeed I always thought you had internal light enough of your own, and, in a case, where the only question is whether I am or am not worth your while, the managers of Drury-lane can discern what is expedient for themselves. I am obliged to you for any delicacy you may entertain towards me, but must say that I think my conduct has deserved more frankness than I have met with at your hands, as I persuade myself that I behaved in every respect like a gentleman to you and your whole company. A review of my connections with the managers of Drury-lane will set this matter in a clear light.

When Mr. Lacy treated with me last summer, he may recollect that I was reluctant to engage, and that I yielded at last to his fair promises and very warm persuasions. His words were, "Murphy, be advised by me—you will find your account in it: do not stand out for money; we always make additional presents to our actors at the close of a season; we gave such a one fifty pounds, and such a one an hundred," &c. Upon my hinting a suspicion about Mr. Garrick's partiality to Mr. Mossop, his words were—"By God! Mr. Mossop nor no man shall supplant you. If Mr. Garrick should have a mind for him, I will oppose it—depend upon me, Murphy—Mossop has two left legs and two left arms," &c.

Induced by expressions of this nature, I agreed with Mr. Lacy, and at my first interview with Mr. Garrick, he was not so fervent in his promises, but his words were that Mr. Mossop nor no man should ever hurt me; and he went so far as to mention to me some persons, who had wished him joy that Mr. Mossop was gone. I have now by me a list of parts, in your prompter's handwriting, which I was to perform on Drury-lane stage; in consequence of all which things together, I had a pleasing prospect before me, until I heard from a gentleman, who had conversed with Mr. Mossop, and an intimate of his at Tom's Coffee-house, that Mr. Mossop dined with Mr. Garrick at Hampton the very day after my first appearance on Drury-lane stage; that every thing was made up between them; that were it not for a misunderstanding, they never would have parted, and that he should return to Drury-lane from Dublin, it never being intended that his place should be filled up by me, as was, he said, pretty visible from my having played nothing but Osmyn twice, in about six weeks. You may believe, Sir, that all this threw a damp upon my spirits, and the impression was farther increased, when I was informed that all the players of Drury-lane made it their business to propagate this, and to abuse me, which last, I am credibly informed, they never dare do towards a person to whom they think Mr. Garrick means well. I must assure you, Sir, that Mr. Davies never was a whisperer of mine, but rather seemed to me desirous of teazing me with Mr. Mossop's return, and I must add he was not the only person of the company who used to ring that affair in my ears: particularly young Holland told me that you deferred playing Othello until his return to play Iago, and he farther said an agreement was made before the season was any thing advanced. I could name a few gentlemen to whom Mr. Mossop boasted of his treaty; and I have seen those from Dublin who have given me the strongest assurances of his declarations there; and in the city it has been asserted, long before I appeared in any of his characters. With all these discouraging circumstances, it is not surprising that my spirits carried me through at any rate. But whatever my feelings might be on the occasion, I was determined to suppress them, though I was sensible I was not in my proper cast of acting, of which I was convinced by Mr. Garrick's own judgment, who told me the year before, that I should always make the best figure in the Jaffier way.

But the deceased Mr. Tray, you say, made free with you: if he did, it is more than I know; and I assure you he had no commission from me so to do. Mr. Ross has whispered to you that I have complained. I do not desire to enter into any sort of competition with so frivolous a man as Mr. Ross; and I think I have some right to be believed when I aver, however I might be jealous of Mr. Garrick's intentions towards me as an actor, Mr. Ross never heard me say a disrespectful word of you; and if I thought it worth my while to put him to the test, I am convinced he would make a very sorry figure. I will go a step farther; I never heard, during the last winter, any person speak in depreciatory terms of you, but I was your warmest advocate; and it is notorious that Cibber's impertinence carried me beyond bounds. I do not mean to make a merit of any thing of this sort, but surely it is a proof that

I never was the author of disagreeable givings out. I will venture to add, that most of the enemies I have in the theatrical way were created by the over-warmth of my zeal for you, when I wrote a weekly paper; and though perhaps you may say—

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget—

I think, at least, it may serve to evince my disposition towards Mr. Garrick. As you would not have me mind the reports of this or that person, why will you, on your part, be accessible to tale-bearers, and the insignificant false suggestions of Fanny Murray's Cull? Upon the whole, I have nothing to say against Mr. Mossop; and if I had, I should suppress it on this occasion: he is, with my free consent, most heartily welcome to the whole race of tyrants, from Bajazet and Barbarossa, down to Gothmund in the last new play: but whether it is compatible with my ease and reputation to be in one company with him, must be decided by the manager, who can employ both in their proper walks, to his own advantage and their mutual satisfaction. As I have acquitted myself with integrity in my last articles, I cannot see why an indignity should be put upon me now; and therefore, if the managers of Drury-lane think an agreement can be made with me as an actor and a dramatic author, I shall with pleasure meet them when and where they please; but if they are determined to think me a dog not worth whistling for, in that case I very heartily wish them farewell, and am Mr. Garrick's

Most obedient humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

If I hear nothing to the contrary, I will be at Mr. Lacy's at eleven o'clock on Monday morning next.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR,

I NEVER had a political illness in my life. I was at Covent-Garden not with my brother, but with Becket, and there I believe I caught what now I suffer. I came to town from Hampton after four, and took it on a sudden in my head to see "Rosamond:" a finer creature than Mrs. Hartley I never saw—her make is perfect. Yesterday morning I was seized with the gout in Southampton-street, and have kept house ever since. I love your suspicions; they are friendly ones, but ill-founded. You may depend upon my secrecy, but I cannot think, as I am situated, that the scheme can ever take place. I thank you for your *loisirs;* I shall look into the book this afternoon. In the mean time I am, dear Sir, very weak, but yours truly,

D. GARRICK.

I am free from pain, and have my cloth shoe on. I am subpœnaed by Mr. Foote in a cause with him and Mr. Ross.

MR. GARRICK TO THE REV. MR. SMITH.

SIR,

WE have granted all our charity plays and tickets for this year, and our list is full for the next. If twenty pounds would make the family happy, I am surprised a lady of fashion, consequence, and humanity, should debate a moment about the means. I wish it was in my power to oblige and serve all. I do as much as I can, and I would I could do more. How you come to imagine that you had no interest with me (as well as the coldness of your letter) surprises me!

But as I must imagine that your notion is merely the result of your inclination, you must give me leave to subscribe myself as coldly,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick joins with me in compliments to Mrs. Smith.

MR. GARRICK TO THE REV. MR. SMITH.

DEAR JOSEY,

I WAS out of town when your obliging letter came to my house. I most sincerely thank you and Mrs. Smith for thinking of me and mine. I met with such a kind of treatment at Grove, that I have conceived resentment and dislike against the place. We are told that some persons of family and fortune are about it;—I shall therefore not contend with my betters, especially as the bone in question does not absolutely hit my tooth.

To have been near you, would have been my principal inducement; but as that must be had upon very unreasonable and some disagreeable terms, I shall content myself with the bank of the Thames. I have a place in my eye that I think will suit us; and if I should purchase it, let me tell you from my heart, that nobody will be more welcome to me and my wife than Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

I am yours most sincerely,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Our playhouse meeting was to-day, and I am so hurried, vexed, and what not, that I beg you will excuse this scrawl.

MR. GARRICK TO THE REV. MR. SMITH.

DEAR SMITH, From Mr. Vaillant's shop, Monday.

MRS. GARRICK and your humble intend to travel your way to-morrow, *for reasons and causes, look ye.* We cannot pass by Stanmore without asking old friends

how they do. We shall be with you between nine and ten; and if your water boils and your heart is willing, why we will adjourn with thee and thine for half an hour. My best compliments to Mrs. Smith, and believe me thine ever and sincerely,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I hate to give trouble or be impertinent, I am afraid that I am going to do both. I have not the least right to solicit your Lordship's favour; and if I escape with a denial only, without being thought too presuming, I shall think myself very happy. I have met with such success in my applications before now at Devonshire House, that I must fail there before I can apply elsewhere. The person for whom I have ventured to ask your interest is a brother whom I esteem, and who, if he had the least right to it, is not unworthy of your Lordship's favour. Though a promise from the late first Lord of the Treasury may be of no service to us, yet I shall conceal nothing from your Lordship. Mr. Carrington, my brother's father-in-law, applied to Mr. Grenville that my brother might succeed a Mr. Fitzgerald in a place which he now holds, the particulars of which are in the enclosed paper: I likewise used my interest with Mr. Jenkinson to assist us. We had their promises for it, but Mr. Grenville pleaded the abruptness of his leaving the Treasury in excuse for not performing his part. Thus, my Lord, it stands, and thus have I dared to ask your Lordship's favour in my brother's behalf. He is the bearer of this letter, should you honour him with asking any questions about this affair. I shall say no more, my Lord, but I wish that I had services to offer that might lessen the impertinence of this letter.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LLOYD.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Friday.

WHENEVER I am happy in the acquaintance of a man of genius and letters, I never let any mean, ill-grounded suspicions creep into my mind to disturb that happiness. Whatever he says, I am inclined and bound to believe; and therefore I must desire you not to vex yourself with unnecessary delicacy upon my account. I see and read so much of Mr. Churchill's spirit, without having the pleasure of his acquaintance, that I am persuaded that his genius disdains any direction, and that resolutions once taken by him will withstand the warmest importunity of his friends.

At the first reading of his "Apology," I was so charmed and raised with the power of his writing, that I really forgot that I was delighted when I ought to have been alarmed. This puts me in mind of the Highland officer, who was so warmed and elevated by the heat of the battle, that he had forgot till he was reminded by the smarting, that he had received no less than eleven wounds in differents parts of his body.

All I have to say, or will say, upon the occasion is this:—if Mr. Churchill has attacked his pasteboard majesty of Drury-lane from resentment, I should be sorry for it, though I am conscious it is ill-founded. If he has attacked me merely because I am the Punch of the puppet-show, I shall not turn my back upon him, and salute him in Punch's fashion, but make myself easy with this thought—that my situation made the attack necessary, and that it would have been a pity that so much strong, high-coloured poetry should have been thrown away, either in justice or in friendship, to so insignificant a person as myself.

In his Rosciad he raised me too high; in his "Apology" he may have sunk me too low: he has done as his Israelites did, made an idol of a calf, and now—"The idol dwindles to a calf again!" He has thought fit, a few weeks ago, to declare me the best actor of my time (which, by the by, is no great compliment, if there is as much truth as wit in his 'Apology'); and I will show the superiority I have over my brethren upon this occasion, by seeming at least that I am not dissatisfied, and appear, as I once saw a poor soldier on the parade, who was acting a pleasantry of countenance, while his back was most woefully striped with the cat-o'nine-tails. To be a little serious: you mentioned to me some time ago, that Mr. Churchill was displeased with me—you must have known whether justly or not:—if the first, you should certainly have opened your heart to me and have heard my apology; if the last, you should, as a common friend to both, have vindicated me, and then I might have escaped his "Apology:" but, be it this or that, or the other, I am still his great admirer, and,

Dear Sir, your sincere friend and most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. CHURCHILL TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR MR. GARRICK,

HALF drunk—half mad—and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would enclose and send by the bearer five pieces, by way of adding to favours already received by Yours sincerely,

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CHURCHILL.

DEAR CHURCHILL,

I SENT to you last night, but could not hear of you. I cannot conveniently this week obey your commands, but I will the latter end of the next. I have made a purchase that has beggared me; however, should you be greatly pressed, I will strain a point before that time, though I suppose it is the same thing to you. I was in hopes your ghost was laid, or at least your acrimony against the Laureate, for still I cannot get it into my mind that your attack upon *him* is a justifiable one.

I must intreat of you, by the regard you profess to me, that you do not tilt at my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot sure be angry at his print? there is surely very harmless, though very entertaining stuff in it. He is a great and original genius: I love him as a man, and reverence him as an artist. I would not, for all the politics and politicians in the universe, that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am sure you will not publish against him if you think twice. I am very unhappy at the thoughts of it. Pray, make me quiet as soon as possible, by writing to me at Hampton, or seeing me here.

I am, dear Churchill, your most obedient,

At the Rev. Mr. Porter's, Woolwich. D. GARRICK.

MR. CHURCHILL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Wednesday Night.

I AM this moment come to town, or would have sent to you sooner.—Poor Garnier! I much lament that such men should die. Remember me in Italy, and know me, with the greatest sincerity, Ever yours,

C. CHURCHILL.

Thursday Morning, five.

I HEARTILY beg pardon for breaking time with you, but the reason was this. The above was written whilst my man was gone for the notes. On his return I learned that my mother had lost or mislaid one of twenty pounds. The search after that made it impossible for me to send last night; and the not finding it, together with your haste, hath made me ten pounds worse than my word, which will not, I hope, be material.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. KENRICK.

Monday, March 26.

MR. GARRICK'S compliments to Mr. Kenrick, he is very sorry he had not Mr. K.'s play the time he desired to have it. He may be assured of having his play acted in its turn; but it is proper that he should know that there are no less than three plays to be acted now in Mr. Garrick's hands before Mr. Kenrick's can have its

turn. If that gentleman will trust his performance with Mr. Garrick, he will give him his opinion directly, and he may be assured of having all the justice done to it in Mr. Garrick's power. He may likewise depend upon secrecy. Should any of the above-mentioned plays be withdrawn, Mr. K. may depend on having the advantage of coming sooner. Mr. G. writes in a great hurry, having several gentlemen with him.

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* * * * * TO MR. GARRICK.

A VERY sincere friend of Mr. Garrick's acquaints him that the unheard-of attack which that desperate villain Kenrick has made upon Mr. G's character is, since the publication of his letter, more than ever the subject of conversation in all companies: it is a justice, therefore, that Mr. G. owes to himself to *repeatedly* show to the world that he did not bring an action against this villain till he refused giving him the satisfaction of a gentleman.

This cowardly rascal, to recover his reputation, and the contempt with which he has been treated amongst his acquaintances, now declares in all places where he goes, as he has lately done in his Appendix, that he is ready to give Mr. Garrick the satisfaction of a gentleman; and to cover his cowardice, he now swaggers with a sort of Hussar's spadron by his side, and hints to people that laugh in his face that he wears it to fight Mr. Garrick, though it is well known amongst his acquaintance that his cowardice is even superior to his infamy.

A Swiss gentleman, about a year ago, wrote a History in French, which was put by a bookseller into Kenrick's hands to translate into English; but, during the translation, he behaved to the foreigner with so much brutal insolence, that he was forced to demand satisfaction as a gentleman; and he wrote Kenrick a challenge, but he behaved in the affair like a coward, and locked himself up in his chamber for several days.

No man, from spleen, malice, and envy, ever took so much pleasure and pains to blacken distinguished characters as this fellow has done: he sits hours together writing in his garret anonymous paragraphs against his brother authors; but against Lord Chatham he has long been most infamously scurrilous; for, during the time he was Secretary of State, this fellow was employed by Government as a spy in Holland to communicate intelligence of what passed in the sea-ports in France; but for his insolence and misdemeanors Mr. Pitt turned him out, and since that he has not ceased to vilify him; but it is to be hoped that now Mr. Garrick will bring him to condign punishment, and clear up his own character. It seems likely that Kenrick has made this attack with the hopes of recommending himself to the managers at Covent Garden house: if Mr. Garrick has prudence enough to keep this letter a perfect secret, he shall hear what reception he meets with there.

Endorsed,

"A letter about Kenrick's business, supposed to be written by himself."

MR. GARRICK TO DR. KENRICK.

SIR,

I AM really sorry for the figure you have made in the late transaction with me. Could not you have finished a little better for the sake of that honour which so readily drops from your pen? What, talk of dangers and attacks which were never conceived, and which even you could not be frightened enough to believe! Your suggestions about Griffin, Becket, and your publisher, is a poor tale from the beginning to the end. Do you imagine that I would have risked my reputation to have acted unlike a man even to him who has been ungratefully vilifying me in every manner that his falsehood and malignity could invent? No, Sir; I would have honoured you by giving the satisfaction of a gentleman, *if you could* (as Shakspeare says) *have screwed your courage to the sticking place,* to have taken it. What single instance of my neglect or injustice to you can you produce? You say that the comedy ought to have been acted four years ago. Gentlemen of your cast should have better memories. The first offer of your comedy was in March 1770; and if you would have put it into my hands, (for I have not yet seen a line of it,) provided it had been approved, it had been played the last season. You have now withdrawn it from me, till it shall be an honour to be one of my literary favourites. My literary favourites are men of the greatest honour and genius in this nation, and have all had the honour with myself of being particularly abused by you. Your pretence of my having, in conjunction with Dr. Goldsmith and others, abused you in the Morning Chronicle, I most solemnly protest, is false; nay, more, I never saw such abuse, or heard of it till within this hour. But it is vain and needless to answer all these inventions, for you cannot wish to be convinced of what you never believed.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I will thank you as I ought, for your past and those future favours which you are pleased to say you will confer upon me.

I am, Sir, with a proper contempt for all you can scribble,

D. GARRICK.

MAY every enemy I have, whether open or secret, behave as you have done! There can be but one answer given to your falsehood and malignity, which may be as *speedy* as you please: I will take care that it is explicit.

D. GARRICK.

N.B. This not sent to the scoundrel Dr. Kenrick.

This note was intended to be sent, but it was judged best not to answer any more of Dr. Kenrick's notes, he had behaved so unworthily.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. BROCKLESBY.

MY DEAR DR. Hampton, July 20th.

I KNOW your very friendly disposition, and therefore address myself to you. You have the honour of conversing with Mr. Townshend, which I once had. *Meminisse juvabit*—why I have lost it, my stars must tell you, for I cannot. I may truly say with Œdipus, " my hands are guilty," &c.

A plague on all scribbling, still say I—but no more of that. All I have to beg of you is, that you will prepare that gentleman for seeing his name among the subscribers to the Calas family. The case was this—Mr. T. promised me, at Mr. Cowper's, to be in my list. I was so proud of the honour, that I did not rest till my good friends at Paris were made acquainted with it. I likewise signified as much to Dr. Maty and others. I ventured very lately to trouble Mr. T. with a card upon this subject, but was not honoured with an answer. Thus I was left to think for myself, and the fear of being thought a boaster abroad, and making a ridiculous figure at home, induced me to make use of a name for which indeed I had some kind of sanction. However, all I have to wish now is, that that gentleman will be pleased to feel the awkwardness of my situation, and not impute his name being there to my impertinence or insolence. This is all the favour I have to ask. I would not dare to write to him again, and am very sorry that I am obliged to trouble him with a message from me even at second-hand.

I am, dear Sir, you most obliged and obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
" Letter to Dr. Brocklesby about
Mr. Townshend."

LORD SANDWICH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, May 24th.

THE Duke of Bedford and myself are greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about our scenes; and if you will let my servant, the bearer of this, know how much is due to you on that account, I will order the money to be paid directly. We are under one distress that you may possibly help us out of: the opera not being yet over, we cannot have the scimitars that we borrowed the last year, and we can think of no way of furnishing ourselves unless you would be so good as to speak to Mr. Fleetwood to lend us four scimitars and a Spanish toledo: if you have any such things that are not now in use, I will take care that they shall come to no damage, and be returned in a fortnight's time.

We think to begin our performance on Friday se'nnight, and I believe it will last all the next week: if you in that time should find leisure to straggle to Woburn,

you may have an opportunity of seeing both tragedy and comedy very ill-treated by a set of bunglers. I would have called on you myself, but that I am this instant going out of town, and am Your obedient humble servant,

SANDWICH.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD, Sunday night.

THOUGH I have been forbid the use of pen and ink, yet I shall break through all rules to pay my duty to your Lordship. I have indeed suffered, though an unworthy sinner, the martyrdom of saints for ten days last past. I am still very weak, or I should pay my respects to your Lordship.

When our old friend Quin was once ill, and had received a present, (I believe, from the same bounteous hand that has sent me mine,) his doctor told him that he would not be fit to touch such a thing for a fortnight. "Sha'n't I?" says Quin; "then by G—it shall travel with me till I am fit!" I am in the same predicament with Quin, and shall most certainly take the wild turkey with me to Bath on Tuesday morning. I am, my Lord, with the most grateful sense of your Lordship's goodness to me, Your Lordship's most obliged and most devoted humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

My hand shakes so, I can scarce write legibly.

Endorsed,
"My letter to Lord Halifax, in answer to his sending me a turkey, &c."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. MACKLIN, IN DEFENCE OF HIS JUBILEE ODE.

DEAR SIR, 1769.

I MOST sincerely thank you for your observations upon the ode. I am sure you are sincere, and therefore will excuse me to be as sincere in my turn. I shall write loosely, and to be returned to me when you have read it. I am afraid (God help me!) that I differ totally with you, and yet I have an humble opinion of the performance.

"Blest Genius of the Isle" can mean no other but the Isle we are upon, and in my opinion is more poetical than *this*,

"The envious nations round."

I am surprised at your objection to this expression; it is constantly made use of by the best poets—*vide* Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c.

I agree that *unconquered* is not the characteristic epithet. Clutterbuck would have had me change it to *all-conquering*. It would be better, but is not quite right.

" Done with men"—and, " The deed had done."

I stand by the expression, because it is Shakspeare's, and a very favourite one of his, " I've done the deed"—" If it were done." I know no word more emphatical, and which Shakspeare has made use of more forcibly.

The poet may either create or narrate as he pleases. Homer and Milton both *tell*, and why not poor Garrick?

" To *tell* how sitting, &c."

I cannot possibly give up my telling, because I am much more able to *tell* than to *show;* and as all the great poets do both, I may take my choice.

" *Unaided* and *alone*,"

by his own powers from his own source, unassisted by classical knowledge, or by other dramatic writers,—Greeks, Romans, French, or English. I say again, and again, " *unaided* and *alone!*" the great characteristic difference between Shakspeare and all other poets whatsoever. I know you think you have caught me about the passions, but I will try to break through your sophistry. Such is the power of Shakspeare, that he can turn and wind the passions as he pleases; and they are so subjected to him, that, though raging about and unchained, they wait upon his commands, and obey them when he gives the word. It appears to me a strong figure, and consistent from the first word to the last. But, my dear Sir, do not say *with the skill of a jockey*, but rather say with the skill of Harry Monmouth,

" To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship!"

What do you really mean by saying that here the dreams are realized, and there they *seem*—and why not?—his plays are the appearances or images of persons and things, but are so much in Nature that they are realized by his pen and deceive you, and yet they do but *seem*. This would pass in warm figurative prose; pray, your worship, let it pass in poetry.

" Ingratitude would drop a tear, &c."

I differ totally and essentially with your criticisms upon this passage. I say, and will confirm my saying by fact, that the person who has been ungrateful " may drop the tear," and even cruelty be softened. I will give you a hundred instances of the effect of the drama upon *hardened* hearts: there is a particular story in " The Comedien of St. Albini," will overturn all the logic; but the facts are innumerable to contradict the assertion.

" Art or bribe."

Art is the only word. *Power* may mean *riches*, the same as *bribe*. I meant by " art or bribe," *cunning* or *power*.

A *monster* may *feel;* but to make the *marble-hearted* monster feel, is an operation for the genius of Shakspeare.

"When our magician, more inspired."

It certainly, in the poetical language, requires more inspiration to create new worlds and imagine new beings, than paint those you see and converse with.

"But soon these horrors pass away,
Through storms and night," &c.

Surely the day may be said to break through night and storms—a very common piece of philosophy;—and if he smiles and inclines to write comedy, the horrors of tragedy may figuratively be said to vanish from his mind, as the witches into air; and, of course, all the pomp of tragedy, the buskined heroes, disappear with them, &c. You cannot have the horrors without the buskined heroes, and therefore if you have one you must have the other, and so I flatter myself your objection falls to the ground.

"Spurious birth—"

a false unnatural birth, like the mouse from the mountain. Mine is the reverse of that fable. I find, in my hurry, I have let pass some of your criticisms, by your papers being loose and my not regarding the pages of them:—to go back, then, to answer your long passage upon *wonder-teeming mind*, as short as I can. When Shakspeare wrote his "Tempest," in which are Ariel, Caliban, &c. I say that his mind in particular then *teemed with wonders*—they were monsters and spirits of his own creating, and therefore *wonders*. What does Shakspeare mean by *wonder-wounded* hearers? That the stars stand still, to hear something out of the common——And here, Sir, let me remark upon a position that you have laid down, that all poetry must be *fact*. I say not, and that a mere matter-of-fact poet is a damned poet: the poetical figures will allow stars to be *wonder-wounded* hearers, when, God knows, they mind no more what we are doing, than you perhaps what I am writing.—But now for a stroke of humour on your part, which might pass in a comical man's mouth, but not from your philosophical pen. You have heard of *raising cabbages*, &c. but never of *worlds* before. I am sorry for it. You have heard of *raising palaces and monuments*, I believe:—would not that phrase have been less severe and more friendly?

But I will convince you that heaven and earth may be raised. See Milton's "Paradise Lost," book xii. line 546.

——————— "Then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New heavens, new earth," &c.

These are not cabbages or cucumbers:—there is likewise something better than cabbages raised in book v. line 757:

"Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs,
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold.
The palace of great Lucifer!" &c.

"What Nature had disjoined," &c.

Sure, Poetry may say that Nature intended children to be grateful and old age to be calm,—and the reverse of mad, from its powers being wasted and enfeebled. Lear is

a very singular character, and has nothing like it in the whole circle of the drama; and what happens to him could happen to no other being; and I really think no poet but Shakspeare could have introduced such a wonderful tragedy upon the stage.

"Should harass'd Nature, &c."

I really cannot answer your objections, for I really do not understand them. All that is meant is,—"Should the guilty man, worn out with fatigues and watchings, sink to rest from mere weakness, or forgetfulness of his crimes, the scorpion is waked, &c." Can any thing be more plain? If *penitential* is a religious technical term, sure the poet who by long representation makes the guilty partner feel and repent of his crimes, may be said to draw forth the tear of penitence.

"In transport dies."

a common expression with poets. What think you of the famous line of Pope's, in which he makes Eloisa *dissolve away in Hallelujahs*?—figurative, my good friend.

"And dies in joys unknown before:"

I do not see how I can make Shakspeare *lie* in transports, as I am afraid the last time we saw him he was *sitting*. I am glad you do not meddle with my bees; I believe they would sting you if you did. I have the best opinion upon my hive; and the laughers may enjoy their joke, as I will that part of the ode.

The rainbow is a rich subject for ridicule, you say. I beg leave to think otherwise; and I know no comparison that seems to me to suit Shakspeare better.

Endorsed,
"Critique of my ode by Macklin
answered by me.
"I might have spent my time better than supporting
a foolish business against a very foolish man."*

MR. B. WILSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

WHENEVER Mr. Wilson *overflows*, you may be assured, it is only to his friends. If M. Delaval has thought proper to please himself by acquainting Mr. Foote, the humorist, with the painter's adventure, be assured, it was contrary to my advice and inclination.

I do admit that there are secrets you keep very well, particularly all those that

* Very ingenuous, at all events. In all the points noticed the objections were frivolous. As an ode it was too theatrical; but whatever it wanted of the majesty which Gray could have given to the poem, I am quite sure that it produced more effect from the great actor, than even the "Bard" would have done had he recited it in public. Actors have always been fond of speaking it. It has no stage rival but Collins' "on the Passions," where they *act* the description of the passion, as though the passion itself spoke the verses.—ED.

respect my German friend, Zoffani. And I think a conversation-piece upon that subject might, if properly executed, make a most excellent picture. Perhaps it would merit being in the collection of your right honourable neighbour the Admiralty Lord. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

B. WILSON.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Wilson's letter and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. TELLTRUTH.

DEAR MR. TELLTRUTH, Hampton.

MR. WILSON may, if he pleases, tell you that he only overflows to his friends; but I have heard lately of his complaining in the streets to other people: he may likewise say that it was contrary to his advice and inclination that his friend should tell again; yet, as he gave his promise that it should not be told at all, his overflowing can be no excuse for the breach of his word. But, that he may be quite easy for the future, be pleased to let him know that he may release his tongue from any tie with me; and that I beg he would make use of all the skill in his profession, to colour highly the curious tale which has occasioned these, perhaps, involuntary overflowings of his lips: he will stick to truth for many reasons, and for his own sake, as there are now no more secrets between us. He need not employ his out-runners and spies to discover what Zoffani is doing at my house; it will save some expense in feeing them, and save themselves from a ducking if they should be caught near our part of the river. By your friend Mr. Wilson's letter, one would imagine that he has an article with me as he has with Zoffani about pictures and painters; but, that he may not vex his poor heart about secrets and suspicions, I desire that you will inform him that I shall do his German friend all the good offices in my power; he was warmly recommended to me by my acquaintance, is a man of merit, and well behaved in my family; and that my right honourable neighbour is not the only nobleman that will employ him through my means;—and therefore he will be now at liberty to begin the conversation-piece he mentions: I rely on his fancy to make it a most excellent picture; and I shall endeavour, in my way, but at humble distance, to prepare a proper companion for it. I shall be obliged to you if you would add a little advice to him from an old friend:—as Providence has blessed him with genius, he should not descend to little jealousies with his friends about pictures, as he formerly did with Dr. and Mr. &c.; and lastly beseech him, as he loves his own quiet, not to meddle any more with wit and humour; they are at best but small game, and much below the consequence and attention of a great philosopher.

I am, dear Mr. Timothy, your most obliged
And obedient humble servant,
D. GARRICK.

MR. [WILSON] TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Monday.

ON coming to town this morning, I could not resist the temptation to inquire after my very worthy brother artist Zoffani. But, alas! how unlucky! he had left his work, and was gone to breakfast loaded with pencils, &c. in an invisible conveyance. As you will chance to see him before I shall, you will oblige me by desiring him to fulfil his engagements, and act, if he can, like an honest man.

In that case, he will not only deserve your favour, but that of every other person who shall choose to employ him.

I am, with respect, your simple friend and admirer,

TIMOTHY LOVETRUTH.

MR. R. B. SHERIDAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Great Queen Street, January 10th.

I HAVE been about finishing the verses which were to have followed you to Althorp every day since you left town; and as idle as such an employment is, I have been diverted from it by one thing or other still more idle even than rhyming. I believe I shall give up all attempts at versifying in future, for my efforts in that way always bring me into some foolish predicament: what I write in a hurry, I always feel to be not worth reading; and what I try to take pains with, I am sure never to finish. However, such as it is, the poem shall salute your return, and it will then have the advantage of finding you less at leisure to be critical; though indeed, but that I am not sure of your even receiving this at Althorp, I would endeavour to acquit myself of my promise, though *something* after the time. I mean to be vastly civil to female talent of all sorts, and even to the affectation of it where the person is very handsome, (for the grace of Venus, which passes all understanding, atones for an abundance of frailty,) and my bards shall be very easily recompensed.

> In due proportion she rewards their toils,
> Bows for a distich—for a stanza smiles;
> Familiar nods an epigram attend;
> An ode will almost rank you as a friend;
> A softer name fond elegy bestows;
> But nearest to her heart a sonnet flows.

I need not attempt to write you any news. I hear every where how valiantly you are fighting Cumberland's battles for him. I hope the bugle meets with due honour.—I must send this away, or I shall be too late for the post.

Your most sincere and obedient,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

MR. G. KEATE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Margate, August 23rd.

WHILE you are sitting by the side of the placid Thames, under shades of your own planting, planning the operations of a next winter's campaign, we are in the wish-wash way at Margate, amidst deep caverns, high cliffs, and expanded waters, enjoying the less calm, but more sublime objects of Nature. Could you treat your Muse with a ducking by the sea-side, in the group of characters that are imported and exported to this place, she might meet with some not unworthy her notice. Though, if report says right, (which once in an hundred times it does,) your imagination is at sea at this time, for we learn that the British navy is to sail over your trap-doors, and that all Drury-lane will be laid under water. The idea of a sea on dry land is far from new, though the actual execution will be so. We acknowledge Canterbury, York, Durham, and about three-and-twenty more churches, though built on *terra firma*, to be in the midst of *Sees*, yet know for certain there is not more water about them than will serve to christen a child—no bad fishing or rowing, my master, neither; and the lawn sleeves worn by those who win the badge, may be analogous to the clean white shirt in which competitors contend who row for the prize on common water.

I called two or three times at the Adelphi before I left town, to know if you had any vacancy in your dominion, as I wished by a recommendation to serve a sober, handy, industrious woman, and to serve you by a person who would, I think, discharge her duty by you. She is neither fit for comedy, tragedy, pastoral, or farce, nor can sing or dance, unless you could give her a little employment, which would probably make her do both. To be serious, she is, I believe, between forty-five and fifty; is very sober, very honest; her profession is a mantua-maker, in which she is ingenious; but a life of perpetual sitting and labour but ill agrees with her health: if you was in want of a person about the wardrobe, to assist in taking care of the clothes, of managing or putting them up, or any business about the house, (except a mere dresser,) I would, I think, be bound for her integrity, and I conceive she would do you all imaginable justice, and her profession might render her also useful: —if you should not at present want such a person, you may possibly at another time.

I have the pleasure to inform you, my good Signora is well, and begs to be remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick in the kindest terms, as does your humble servant. The Infanta grows apace, talks almost every thing, and still speaks of your rapturous kisses.

Your neighbour, Mr. Lovibond, and his son are here, and dine with me to-day, when, like good friends, we will drink your health in a bumper.

I write in great haste, to save the post: excuse the scrawl, and believe me,

Dear Sir, your affectionate and obedient servant,

G. KEATE.

MR. SHERIDAN, SEN. TO MR. GARRICK.

As Mr. Sheridan intends to pass the ensuing winter in London, in order to prosecute a point which will take up a good deal of his time, yet not so much but that he shall have leisure also to do something in his theatrical capacity, he is willing to enter into an agreement with the Managers of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, to perform there in such a manner, and at such times, as may be consistent with his other pursuits.

He has two plays, never performed in this kingdom, nor published, but which were represented on the Dublin stage with success; either or both of which he will undertake to get in readiness for acting in as short a space of time, and with as little trouble to the managers, as possible.

He is ready in a number of plays which have not been acted these many years at Drury-lane; most of which might be revived with reasonable hopes of success, even without the advantage of Mr. Garrick's performing in them.

He is prepared in several plays which have been for some time in the stock at Drury-lane, in which Mr. Garrick has no part, and in each of which at present a capital character wants to be supplied.

He is ready also in several plays in which Mr. Garrick performs, in any of which, at the choice of Mr. Garrick, he shall at any time be ready to appear. The managers are best acquainted with their own plan of operations, and can best judge how far, and in what proportion, Mr. Sheridan's performance may be of use to them. In his treaty with them, Mr. Sheridan would govern himself by the following maxims:

He neither expects nor desires that any part of the general views and interests of the theatre should give way to his particular views or interests.

If it should appear that there will be but seldom occasion for Mr. Sheridan's assistance, and but few opportunities offer of his contributing to the advantage of the whole, it will fall very well in with his system that he should perform but seldom.

If upon trial it should be found advantageous, or by unforeseen accidents it should be thought necessary, that his performances should be more frequent, he will extend his theatrical plan as far as he can consistently with his other undertaking, and borrow as much time from the pursuit of that point as may be spared without endangering its success. Mr. Sheridan is desirous that the emoluments which are to accrue to him from his performances, may be proportioned only to the benefits which will result from them to the theatre; and therefore would choose to run the risque of their success, by receiving such a share of the profits on the nights of his performance as shall be agreed upon. What this modus should be may easily be settled on sure grounds and equitable principles to both parties.

If these general outlines of his plan be approved of, he is ready to enter upon a more minute and circumstantial delineation of its parts whenever the managers shall think proper to appoint a time for that purpose.

Endorsed by Garrick,
"Mr. Sheridan's plan for acting with the managers of Drury-lane."

CHITTY'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in Mr. Charles Macklin, Mr. Samuel Foote, Dr. John Hill, Mr. R. Dexter, my wife, and myself.

I believe the first to be the greatest scholar, the second to be the greatest wit, the third to be the finest writer, the fourth to be the best actor, the fifth to be the sweetest singer, and *myself* to be the greatest critic, that ever England saw. I believe myself superlatively happy in taking Miss Betty Norris to wife, as I believe Miss Betty Norris superlatively honoured in having me for a husband. I believe, now my wife has left Drury-lane Theatre, that Garrick is the worst actor and manager that ever the stage was cursed with, and that nothing is done there with the least genius, decorum, or propriety. I likewise believe just the contrary of my worthy friend Rich, who has certainly some intentions of taking my aforesaid wife into his service next year.

I believe (for reasons best known to myself) that Woodward is a very sad fellow, and that the cascade of real water which he has introduced in "The Genii" at Drury-lane, is not half so natural as that of tin which is exhibited in the fair at Covent Garden.

I believe that the late poem called "The Hilliad" is the dullest of all compositions; not that I believe this from my own knowledge, but because I am informed so by my worthy and learned friend Dr. John Hill, who, I most sincerely believe, has not told one single lie since he knew me and praised my wife.

I likewise believe in all the virtues of tar water; that they will be able to rectify the acid juices of my body, blunt, lubricate, and sheath those pungent particles which corrode my mind and heart, strengthen the present debilitated state of my carcass, and preserve it some time longer from the worms.

Lastly, I believe there is no such a thing as a soul; for, as I have had no feelings of one here, I cannot believe that I shall be troubled with one hereafter.—Amen.

MR. SAMUEL REDDISH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday afternoon.

As I know your time must be greatly taken up with the business of the season, I would not wish to intrude on it by a personal explanation of my conduct and sentiments relative to "The Heroine of the Cave," on which matter you just hinted the other morning at rehearsal, but could not afford time to hear my answer.

The attention and applause with which this play went off the first time it was acted here in its very imperfect state, and want of due attention to the music of the ode and solemn hymn, and the manner in which it has been received since at Bristol by an intelligent and candid audience, where it was performed three times, convince me, was it worthy your notice for a few hours to plan one scene for the representation of the cave, and to regulate the order of the music, a very *nouvelle* play might be launched at a trifling expense, at this early season of the year, that would excite curiosity, and give no more trouble to your company than any of the old stock-plays; and by the performance of which, I trust, no small credit in the acting would redound to Miss Younge and me, as well as emolument to the theatre. It would at the same time give great respite to your numerous company to get ready in all your other business.

The play is up, the characters in general well cast, and, was it approved by you, might be done next week. The prologue and epilogue are well adapted, and have been well received when spoken by Miss Younge and me.

From the situation of the theatres in this early part of the season, and the prospect of the play's success under your correction and alteration, I must confess my partiality for the theatre in which I am concerned warmly recommends it to your attention. Be assured, Sir, I am possessed of none of that lukewarmness you was pleased to mention to me in your first letter; but am determined to use every effort this season, not only to convince you of my utility, but desire to improve in my profession, in which, as nature has not been very niggard, I will be vain to say I can; and, which perhaps may please you more, I am resolved to regulate my future conduct by the principles of strictest punctuality and honour, both to myself and all mankind.

I ask no advantage from the play's being done; being well convinced, should it exceed your expectations, and answer mine, you want neither justice or generosity. Nor have I the least doubt but the sale of the copy will amply compensate Hiffernan for the first act and the last, which he wrote by my direction.

I remain, Sir, your truly obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL REDDISH.

Endorsed,

"Reddish to me about 'The Heroine of the Cave.'"

DR. P. HIFFERNAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Sept. 11th, 1774.

IN consequence of my last, relative to "The Heroine of the Cave," it cannot be amiss to observe to you that it has been most favourably received at the Bristol theatre by the greatest audience ever known there, for Mr. Reddish. The strong impression which it made, induced Mr. Clarke, the other manager, to change his fore-chosen play of "Elfrida" for that, granted to him as a favour by Mr. Reddish, and for which purpose appeared Mr. Clarke's congratulatory address to his friends in the playhouse newspaper of that city. He indeed has amply reaped the sweets, his receipt falling but little short of the former's; and the piece met with increase of applause.

I am hence encouraged to hope, being served by a gentleman who, in the cause of truth, or of any the least pretensions to merit, needs neither advocates nor accumulated arguments to influence him; and were it necessary, I might adduce an evidence in two lines, which I am sure he would not dare to oppose, and that deserve to be written in characters of gold.

"Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same."

I am, Sir, your much obliged, most obedient, and very humble servant,

PAUL HIFFERNAN.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Hiffernan's letter to the same purpose with Reddish's. Par nobile!"

DR. P. HIFFERNAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 8th.

THE intimation, by my friend Mr. King, of your indulging me with the freedom of the theatre, since most courteously confirmed by Mr. George Garrick, calls upon me for a written acknowledgment of gratitude, lest an occasion of personally acquitting myself may not so soon offer as were to be wished for.

Perhaps, conformably to the strict *etiquette* of polite life, I ought to wait upon you at your house; but, as the Romish casuists phrase it, although more reconciled to, (than for some time past,) I do not as yet feel myself "regenerated to a sufficiency of grace" for that step; and till I shall be deemed so, remain,

Sir, your very much obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant,

PAUL HIFFERNAN.

Endorsed,
"Curious letter of Dr. Hiffernan's."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WILLIAMS.

SIR,

I ADDRESS you as a public writer of Ethics and a private teacher of them. Give me leave to put a case to you, and entreat your reason and your learning (of both which I have a great opinion) to determine for me. The matter is this:—There is a person of no small abilities has been lately discovered, beyond a doubt discovered, (for many proofs are in my hands,) to have been writing the most false, wicked, and scandalous papers and pamphlets against a person with whom he has not the least acquaintance, and of whom he can know nothing but by hearsay. This you will pronounce sufficiently scandalous and infamous; but what will you think when you are told that the same person, under a false signature and pretence of friendship, writes to the person he has so injured and calumniated, points out himself as a person of great talents whom he has discovered to be his most inveterate enemy, and intending to pursue his rancour, with a hint that he should endeavour by all means to conciliate matters, and blunt the edge of his displeasure? To bring this about, he tells him with whom the libeller (viz. himself) is acquainted, and subscribes himself his friend, but with great threats of vengeance if he should give any kind of hints about the writer of the anonymous letter. Such a complicated scene of treachery and falsehood was scarce ever heard of, and of which I am sure you have a proper detestation. Will you give your advice to an admirer of your talents, whether you think it would be best to publish the whole matter, with the evidence, to expose the monster, or whether you would advise the injured person to desire a meeting with the party, and, as he is a man of abilities, make him conscious of his evil doings, and like a true Christian and a Philosopher forgive him? A line directed to P. M. at the Somerset Coffee-house, will be safely delivered to your

Well-wisher and admirer.

The writer of this letter will see you whenever you please.

Endorsed,

"A letter intended to be sent to one Williams, a dissenting parson, upon his abuse of me."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. RAMUS.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Oct. 30th.

NOTWITHSTANDING all my pains and care to have a correct copy of the trifle which I was in hopes to lay at her Majesty's feet, with the alterations and additional characters, I find, upon examination, that the transcriber has not done his duty.

I have therefore got a person with me who has undertaken to make it less unworthy of her Majesty's acceptance. I shall therefore desire to see you and my other friends to dinner on Friday se'nnight instead of next Wednesday, when I hope to put it into your hands a better dressed gentleman than you saw yesterday, though, like other fine gentlemen, I fear he will be found to have little wit, and not deserving of the honour to be introduced into her Majesty's company.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,

" My letter to Mr. Ramus, about the manuscript letter I sent to her Majesty."

TO THOSE CHOICE SPIRITS AND ENTERPRISING GENIUSES WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE TOWN.

[In Garrick's handwriting.]

GENTLEMEN,

As I look upon gratitude to be one of the chief moral virtues, I dedicate the following performance to you; for, from my intimate acquaintance with your persons, my knowledge of your abilities, and my observations upon your conduct and behaviour, I have been able to collect materials for a treatise upon the "Art of Modern Criticism," by which "any young gentleman of a moderate fortune may attain the character of critic in a very short time, without the assistance of parts or education." Many people who are ignorant of the town and this art will wonder that I have made it necessary for a gentleman who would be a critic to have a moderate fortune: in the first place, as a professed critic cannot well follow, nor indeed is fit for any other business, he will find great convenience in some hereditary assets; and in the next place, as I chiefly confine the art to the playhouse, where its professors chiefly exert themselves, there is no admittance into the pit upon credit; not but by the great ingenuity and intrepidity of some of you gentlemen, the expenses there are considerably diminished, particularly in the boxes; and I do not doubt but by a proper economy, and an occasional use of your crab-sticks among the box-keepers, (who must not resist,) you may obtain that by conquest which has been hitherto got by contrivance only. This scheme is well worthy your attention, and, if accomplished, will greatly redound to the honour and interest of your community; and I dare affirm, upon a just calculation of the expenses, that if this is brought about, any young gentleman may be a perfect master of the whole Art of Modern Criticism for about one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, including taxes and repairs. I have indeed known some few gentlemen of no fortune, who, having commenced critics upon the slender foundation of a small running credit and some little address, have bustled one winter through the box-keepers, taylor, haberdasher, shoemaker, &c. meat, drink, washing, lodging, &c.; but as I look upon such experiments to be not only troublesome and dangerous, but often fatal too, I can never propose their examples for imitation.

This Treatise is designed as preparatory to the use of the Catcall, which instrument I shall slightly touch upon at the end of the work; and that it might be of real benefit to those youths of vivacity and spirit who are or shall be members of your "Critical Society," I have taken care to adapt it to the meanest capacity; and as there are many among you, gentlemen, who, either from the weakness of their eyes or some other natural imperfection, do not care to undergo the fatigue of reading themselves, I humbly beg leave to propose myself for that purpose, and am willing to read lectures upon Taste and Judgment one night every week during the winter, at the easy rate of threepence a-head; and if any of the young gentlemen of the Society have a mind to recover their reading, I will attend them privately, at their own time and place, at half-a-crown a-month per youth, which, I believe, considering the pains I must take, cannot be accounted unreasonable.

That the Rules I have laid down in the following work, for modelling and completing a man of taste, might not be looked upon as merely imaginary, I must beg leave to relate the case of one Mr. Christopher ———, only son to Abraham ———, Esq. justice of peace, of a small fortune, in the hundreds of Essex. I happened to spend a week at the justice's house with a relation of his, about last Christmas was two years, in which time Master Kit came home from school for the holidays. I found he was a young man of a most hopeless capacity, which was not much improved by his country education. The old gentleman, who had rather more sense than his son, though not over-wise, taking a liking to me, made me the confidant of his uneasiness, and lamented his son's inabilities, and with tears in his eyes told me one day, "Sir," (said he,) "my disappointment in my son Kit almost distracts me: I had once made myself happy with the hopes of seeing him make a figure as a justice of peace when old age had rendered me unfit for the business; but, alas! Sir, I am not so blind to my son's defects but I can perceive he wants capacity for it; and the utmost I can do now is to send him immediately to one of the universities, and breed him a clergyman." I did not approve of the justice's intention, and told him if his son was to see the world, dress a little, and take upon him the man of taste, he would find a great alteration for the better. "Ay," said the old gentleman, "I wish I could see him aim at wit once, I should have hopes of him, and would indulge him in any thing." In short, I took upon me his education. I brought him to town, put him clerk to an attorney, and by the method I laid down in this Treatise, the next winter he became one of the ringleaders of taste, and principal deciders in all theatrical controversies: his natural dulness was changed to smartness and vivacity: he has run his father in debt some hundred pounds; and has acquired, by his particular talent of humour, the nickname of Kit the Smoker. And the justice has very readily mortgaged his estate for the pleasure of seeing his son a wit, and has never failed expressing his gratitude to me by continual presents of hares and partridges.

MR. GARRICK TO R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Thursday night, almost eleven.

You must oblige me with the sight of Fielding's play, or it will be impossible for me to write an epilogue, which I suppose you intend for Miss Younge. Pray assure your father that I meant not to interfere in his department: I imagined (foolishly indeed) my attending Bannister's rehearsal of the part I once played, and which your father never saw, might have assisted the cause, without giving the least offence.* I love my ease too well to be thought an interloper, and I should not have been impertinent enough to have attended any rehearsal, had not you, Sir, in a very particular manner desired me. However, upon no consideration will I ever interfere again in this business, nor be liable to receive such another message as was brought me this evening by young Bannister.

You must not imagine that I write this in a pet:—let me assure you, upon my honour, that I am in perfect peace with you all, and wish you from my heart all that yours can wish. Ever and very sincerely yours,

D. GARRICK.

I was well diverted to-night at Covent Garden with "Three Hours after Marriage," which I never saw before.† It is well acted, and very entertaining. Was likewise glad to see a good house.

MR. WILMOT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Thursday evening.

I AM very sorry to send you the enclosed: the Vicar of Wrexham is the Bishop's own son. What does he mean about "performing quarantine?" has Mr. Lloyd any enemies about him, or is the Bishop dainty in his clergy? or is Mr. Lloyd too lively for his cloth? I am inclined to believe he has too much wit for his neighbours to be his friends, and I am very much inclined to wish him well for his wit, and as your friend. What therefore is this living of St. George that he mentions? Is it easily within Lady Apsley's interest with the Chancellor? for if it is, I would try my interest with her. Tell me if I shall; that is, whether it is probable to be granted, and suitable to Mr. Lloyd if granted. I will do any thing you would wish me to do; and whatever is done should be done directly, as you know how early applications are made for all crown livings. Sincerely yours,

S. WILMOT.

* The part of Zaphna. This is a lively proof of old Sheridan's insane importance.—ED.

† This, I apprehend, was the three-act comedy, so named, written by Pope and Arbuthnot, and fathered by Gay. Dennis and Woodward would always be diverting to those acquainted with *critics* and *naturalists*.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. WILMOT.

MY DEAR MADAM, 18, Adelphi.

I WISH you were not half so good, that I might have an opportunity of being a little angry with you sometimes for neglecting me. Your friendship and affection is all turnpike, and there is not a single jog upon the whole road. Now, thanks to the frailty of human nature, my other connexions keep me in good exercise, and like the old pavement, do not suffer me to sleep in my coach. When I am with you or write to you, my passions are so subdued and made stagnate, that if I were to see you often and stay long with you, my blood would grow too thick, and some morning I should be found dead of an apoplexy in the conservatory among your balsams and geraniums. I therefore never choose to stay long with you at a time, but get home with my dear wife, who takes care by proper exercise to keep my springs in motion, by which I throw off those heavy particles of ease and happiness which have too much clogged them at Farnborough.—*Mais retournons à nos moutons.* Why are you to plague yourself about four years old sheep? three year old, or partly one and partly the other, (if that is possible,) will do very well for me. I want the sheep to feed upon my land, and not for me to feed upon:—however, a piece of mutton of my own feeding, though it be tough and tasteless, would certainly give me an importance in my neighbourhood. Therefore, my dear Madam, you must get me what you can easily get. Pray, should not they be marked with a *red* G. to ascertain my property if they should be given to wander? If so, pray let your *marksman* do that business; but let him be particularly careful not to spoil the wool, as I intend to run it into France at a very great price. And now, my dearest Mrs. Wilmot, do not vex yourself from morning to night that you cannot get the oldest, the smallest, and the finest sheep in the county for me: let me have a score of what you will of the first that come; for, without a joke, I want to make my grass finer than it is, which I am told sheep will do; and if I can get a good chop into the bargain, so much the better: but I shall hate my flock, and will never touch mutton more, if you have the least trouble about this matter.

My love to your amiable sister and sweet daughter. My wife sends *her* best to you all, and I am, My dear Mrs. Wilmot, most unalterably yours,

D. GARRICK.

I must desire you, with your usual benevolence, to cement my friendship with Dr. Butler more and more. Tell him what a prodigious agreeable creature I am: he will take your word, and not mine.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. MARSH.

Wednesday morning.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Mr. Marsh, and is greatly obliged to him for his friendly solicitude about the play to-night. It never entered the least into Mr. Garrick's mind that any application could be made by the most malignant foes of loyalty; and would not the gentlemen whose zeal prompts them to take notice of this matter be the *makers* of the application?

The play of "Hamlet" was promised the week before last to the public, and before any news came from Denmark. It was deferred on account of Mr. G.'s indisposition, and now performed to keep his word. Would not the stopping the play have given great offence, and occasioned enquiries why it was put off. If Mr. Marsh will reflect a little, he will find there is not a single circumstance in the play like any of those many stories (supposing them all true) which have appeared in the papers.* Mr. Garrick hopes he is well known to be as loyal, as far as in him lies, as any gentleman whose sensibility may be hurt on this occasion; and that he would rather forego any reputation or profit that might arise from acting any character, than have his loyalty called in question. The moment his brother told him of Mr. Marsh's obliging message, he sent to St. James's to hear if any thing was imagined there of the impropriety of acting "Hamlet."—The answer was,—Not at all.

Endorsed,
"Note to Mr. Marsh about 'Hamlet,' in answer to an impertinent one of his."

MR. W. RICE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Suffolk-street, June 22nd.

I DID myself the honour to call at your door, and not being so fortunate as to meet with you at home, I take the liberty to trouble you with this note; I do it on the circumstantial information of a gentleman, respecting a few lines which lately appeared in the Morning Post, so particularly pointed to me the application could not possibly be mistaken. The civil and gentlemanlike behaviour I have always received from you on the one hand, and the illiberal cast of the matter in question on the other, never could admit of any suspicion on my part of its proceeding from Mr. Garrick; however, from the serious manner in which this circumstance has been communicated to me, I think myself under the necessity (even in point of justice to you) to intreat you to satisfy me fully that you are in no shape whatever the author of the enclosed libel. I have the honour to be, Sir,

With great respect, your most obedient humble servant.

WOODFORD RICE.

* The reader will remember that the Princess Caroline Matilda of England married, in the year 1766, Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark; and Mr. Marsh, it appears, ran hastily into an application where there was not the slightest parallel; and would have suggested all that he wanted to veil.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. RICE.

SIR, Hampton, Sunday at dinner.

I AM most sincerely obliged to you for your very polite manner of communicating the false and scandalous suspicion of my being the author of the enclosed libel. I have always been treated by Mr. Rice with the greatest civility, and I have never done any thing that could forfeit that civility. I am as incapable of doing so base an action by a gentleman who never offended me, as I think *him* incapable of truth who could, in a serious manner, hint to you that I was the author. Let me assure you, upon my honour, that I never in my life wrote a single line upon you of any kind whatsoever, and that I am totally ignorant of the author of the enclosed printed lines. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Rice's letter about verses against him in the Morning Post, with my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

I SHOULD not have dared, with all the sins and follies of my profession on my head, to have approached your Grace, could I have had recourse to Lord Kinnoul's interposition in behalf of the poor old woman I once ventured to recommend to his Lordship. His absence from town makes me take this great liberty; but as we are told that charity, and consequently that even the endeavours to be charitable, will hide a multitude of faults, I flatter myself that your Grace will pardon me for mentioning again the poor old woman whom I last year recommended to Lord Kinnoul, and who has lived ever since in hopes of receiving some small relief from your Grace's bounty. I am, may it please your Grace,

Your most dutiful and most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

TO THE KING OF DENMARK.

SIR,

AMONG the numerous instances of your royal condescension and favour since you honoured this kingdom with your presence, your permitting me to offer this small tribute to your Majesty will be accounted one of the greatest; however, I should

not have dared to have indulged my vanity, had not the public approbation of the following trifle made my ambition less ridiculous.

It was my lot to produce the only dramatic performance during your Majesty's stay in England—thus my good fortune has given me an advantage over my more deserving brethren.

I have read that an Indian sent a feather from his cap to a great Prince, and thought he had conferred a great honour upon him. I am not so ignorant as the Indian, for I am truly sensible that I have presented your Majesty only with a feather, but your accepting of it so graciously is doing me an honour which will be remembered hereafter, when this trifle and all the others I have written shall be totally forgotten.

Endorsed,
" My Dedication to the King of Denmark
for Bickerstaff." *

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. BRADSHAW.

MADAM,

WHEN the Pope takes possession of his spiritual government, he is presented with keys to show that he has his *entrée* into heaven. You are made, Madam, the infallible disposer of our Eden by having possession of the inclosed key. Every angel that we leave behind, whether male or female (for we have of both sexes, and equally angelic,) will obey your commands in the temple of Shakspeare; and whenever you give orders for any fruit, such as it is, (though forbidden to all other mortals) you will be most punctually obeyed. I am, Madam, your most, &c.

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
" Mrs. Bradshaw, with the key of a
tea-chest at Hampton."

MR. GARRICK TO ——— †

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was busied about that foolish hobby-horse of mine the Jubilee, my good friend Master Steevens was busying himself every other day in abusing me and the design; into which he drew an old friend of his, a Mr. Keate, a most worthy sensible man, and who to this moment has not the least idea how he could offend Mr. Steevens.

As I found that this gentleman's rancour, and fun as he calls it, was not confined to ridiculing the business, but at times became personal, I was resolved to come to an

* A Dedication of " The Padlock."

† Perhaps Baldwin, or Woodfall.—ED.

explanation, and a very grave one, with this unaccountable satirist. He heard of my intentions, and spoke to a Mr. Zach. Stephens, in Chancery-lane, to desire him to assure me, upon his word and honour, that he did not write those things which I had particularly marked out as personal and slanderous; but confessed he was the author of three pieces against the Jubilee,—the parody of "Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia," a humorous paper upon the ingredients of the cauldron, which the Witches prepare in "Macbeth," and another, the subject of which I cannot recollect.

Some time after, he had totally forgotten that he had given his honour to Mr. Zach. Stephens and me; and bragged to the partners of "The St. James's Chronicle" that he had written them all, thirty-five or forty in number, and likewise confessed the same to you, Sir, with this liberal addition, *that it was fun to vex me.* In the midst of a most friendly correspondence he began an abuse on me and Mr. Colman in "The St. James's Chronicle," after which I would never converse with him. Many other stories of his behaviour, too many to trouble you with, being told and well vouched, I was resolved to keep no terms with him, and will always treat him as such a pest of society merits from all men. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. G.

He is continually talking about me, and that I have said so and so. If he will be pleased to speak to me, I will answer every question with great truth, for I never *lie.*

MR. GARRICK TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR, Nancy, (no date.)

I THINK myself greatly honoured by a paragraph in a letter which you were pleased some time ago to write to Mr. Camp, at Lyons, and had it been in my power to have followed my inclinations, I should have paid my respects at Ferney long before this time; but a violent bilious fever most unluckily seized me on the road, and confined me to my bed five weeks at Munich, and now my affairs are so circumstanced that I am obliged to go to Paris as expeditiously as my present weak state of health will permit me. You were pleased to tell a gentleman that you had a theatre ready to receive me: I should with great pleasure have exerted what little talents I have, and could I have been the means of bringing our Shakspeare into some favour with Mr. de Voltaire, I should have been happy indeed. No enthusiastic missionary, who had converted the Emperor of China to his religion, would have been prouder than I, could I have reconciled the first genius of Europe to our dramatic faith. I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Though I have called Shakspeare our dramatic faith, yet I must do my countrymen the justice to declare, that notwithstanding their deserved admiration of his astonishing powers, they are not bigoted to his errors, as some French journalists have so confidently affirmed.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday 3 o'clock.

I HAVE been so impressed by "Macbeth," that I have read the whole play over, and I have had you in my eye all the way. Though I think the performance greatly superior to your former outdoings, yet there are two places, which, upon reflection, you seem to me not to have executed so happily as before. This is but fair play: for as your acting at maturity is the only criticism that could be upon what we have heretofore seen you do; so now, by way of reprisal, the youth of Mr. Garrick seems to correct his riper judgment.

The scene I mean is the first in the second act, where you converse with Banquo. For a man just going to commit a murder, and so strongly possessed with the horror of the deed, as in a moment after to see a dagger,—were you not a little too disengaged, too free, and too much at ease? I will tell you how I have seen you do it:—you dissembled indeed, but dissembled with difficulty. Upon the first entrance the eye glanced at the door; the gaiety was forced, and at intervals the eye gave a momentary look towards the door, and turned away in a moment. This was but a fair contrast to the acted cheerfulness with which this disconcerted behaviour was intermixed. After saying, "Good, repose the while;" the eye then fixed on the door, then after a pause in a broken tone, "Go, bid thy mistress, &c." If I had been to give an account of the manner with which Mr. Garrick acquitted himself in this scene, it should have been to the above purport. Pray observe, that as you assume a freedom and a gaiety here, it will be also a contrast to the fine disturbance of mind and behaviour, in the night gown, after the murder is committed, when no cheerfulness is affected: I am sure this was the way formerly, and I own it strikes me most. If I am wrong, you must thank yourself for it.

The other passage is, "Doctor, the Thanes fly from me;" it used to be a strong involuntary burst of melancholy, and the other night I thought it sounded very differently. You see I have had my telescope at the sun for the dear delight of finding a few spots, and if I have found them, you are the optician yourself who furnished me with the medium to look through.

You will excuse all this nonsense, for it is well meant by, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

How piously you have made me pass the morning!

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR, Monday morning.

THE next best thing to saying your prayers was certainly reading "Macbeth," so you have not much to answer upon my account.

I am always happy to agree with you, and which I do most sincerely in your opinion of the scene with Banquo. I was indeed not quite master of my feelings till I got to "clutching the air-drawn dagger." I like your description of the state of Macbeth's mind and body, at the time he affects cheerfulness to Banquo; it is a well painted picture, but I will not flatter myself that ever I played up to your colouring.

You are certainly right in your account of my speaking—"Doctor, the Thanes fly from me"—but I differ a little with you in opinion, that I formerly spoke it in "a burst of melancholy."—Macbeth is greatly heated and agitated with the news of the English force coming upon him; his mind runs from one thing to another, all in hurry and confusion: would not his speaking in a melancholy manner in the midst of his distraction be too calm? "Come, put my armour on"—"Give me my staff—Seyton, send out"—"Doctor, the Thanes fly from me!"—"come, Sir, despatch"—"pluck it off"—"bring it after me, &c."*

You have flattered me much by your very obliging letter; and I shall profit by your criticisms this evening, if I should happen to be in order. I am an old hunter, touched a little in wind, and somewhat foundered; but stroke me, and clap me on the back, as you have kindly done, and I can make a shift to gallop over the course. Once more, I thank you for your letter, and am most truly,

Your obliged humble servant, D. GARRICK.

P. S. I returned too late last night from Hampton to answer your letter.

MR. PITT TO MR. BERENGER.

Friday, one o'clock.

LADY HESTER and Mr. Pitt hope Mr. Berenger is better, and return him many thanks for his obliging good offices with Mr. Garrick. Inimitable Shakspeare! but more matchless Garrick! always as deep in Nature as the Poet, but never (what the

* It should be remembered that Murphy's expression is "a *strong*, involuntary, *burst* of melancholy"—it is a varied emotion, but has no *calmness* surely about it, and I think is finely descriptive of the deserted tyrant's condition. Mr. Garrick forgot that Macbeth, who had received no fresh news since, in the very speech preceding, puts to this same doctor the most truly *melancholy* question that human misery ever articulated into language.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" &c.

In hurry itself, he sees and feels *all* his wretchedness.—ED.

Poet is too often) out of it. Continue to give us your good offices if you like to be truly thanked, or your friend to be truly admired.

On the back of the note:

"THE note on the other side I received from Mr. William Pitt, and it is in his own handwriting.

"RICHARD BERENGER."

In Garrick's handwriting:

"A NOTE from Mr. Pitt to Berenger about ME—having at his request acted Macbeth. Rich and exquisite flattery!"

MR. GARRICK TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of offering my small poetical tribute to the first genius in the world. As nobody has written so well and so forcibly against the principles of intoleration, as Monsieur de Voltaire, I hope he will excuse the excess of zeal with which I have endeavoured to paint in this Ode the powers of our great dramatic poet, Shakspeare, who is both the founder and chief supporter of the English stage.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, and sincere admirer,

D. GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO GENERAL HALE.

MY DEAR GENERAL, Adelphi, July 2nd.

I AM glad you have broke the ice; I wanted much to write to you, but was told, and think with great propriety, that I should but keep your wounds open, which ought, for all our sakes, to be healing, if not closed.

Though I am far from valuing myself upon my powers of argument, yet I could wish to have thrown in my friendly feeling, and if I could not have convinced your reason, I might at least have sympathized with you, and have partaken of your affliction. You have paid me a compliment and done me an honour, which at this moment, as I am writing, fills my eyes with tears. You may depend upon every affectionate endeavour in my power to answer your fatherly wishes. Yes, my dear friend, I did love your son; and had he not had every qualification to soothe the cares and indulge the pride of a parent, I should have loved him, for I saw with sorrow that your soul was wrapt up in him—I say, with *sorrow* I saw it, for, alas! I feared that the thread on which your joys depended was too finely spun. I foresaw *your* misery, and feel it at this moment, though I think the dear object of it is released from *his*. Let that, my worthy, afflicted friend, in some measure be your consolation. Every comfort in my reach shall be administered unto you, and happy,

truly happy I shall be, if I can produce any thing worthy of the child and pleasing to the father. I am, my dear General, most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

We set out to-morrow morning betimes for Mistley. As I would obey your commands as your friend, and to my credit, I shall perhaps not please myself so soon as you may wish—but you must give me time.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Bath, Tuesday, six o'clock.

WHEN your brother, my dear Sir, first met my eyes, I never beheld such a spectacle of sickness and despair. His death appeared inevitable and near; I was shocked. Behold the change of two or three days! he is now as safe as you and I; has been out in his chair, drank the waters, and is established. So that I have laid down my charge and my care.

I leave this town on Saturday evening next, or Sunday morning; but I beg you will give me a line on Thursday *night* from the theatre directed to me hither, to inform how the comedy went off, and pray write without flattery, faithfully.

Henderson is on the point of agreeing for a new contract with Mr. Palmer: if you would take my judgment, you should engage him; the more I see of him the more I am persuaded he would be the most valuable accession you could possibly make. His agreement with Mr. Palmer would have been made this day, if I had not stopt it; I think you should by all means empower your brother to strike a bargain with him. I am most sincerely,

R. CUMBERLAND.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bath, Thursday, six o'clock.

I THANK you for your obliging letter. I think that the cast of the comedy will be strong in the parts of Jack, Andrew Nightshade, Lætitia, Lucy, Dibble and Gregory; and that being the case, I beg you will please yourself in the part of Charles: I rather lean to Reddish, as thinking his figure tallies better in some respects with that of Weston than Buxton's, and as Jack is to wear his clothes, it seems more consistent. But I believe we have comedy enough and to spare, without being exact about it; I entreat you will fill it up most to your own ease and content. I approve much of Baddeley; I beg you will favour me in your next with the bill of fare, and tell me when you think it will come out. I cannot help persuading myself it will be highly successful.

I have attended Mr. Henderson* once in the part of Benedick, and am greatly disposed in his favour; if he pleases me as well in other casts, I shall write very warmly. I sent for him to me, and desired him to play his principal tragic part, and he has chosen "Hamlet," in which I hear he excels. I am thinking of going to-night to see him in Posthumus, and on Saturday he takes you off in the prologue to "The Rehearsal." I advised him against it, but it was too late and printed in the bills. Nature has not been beneficent to him in figure or in face; a prominent forehead, corpulent habit, inactive features, and not a quick eye; nevertheless he has great sensibility, just elocution, a perfect ear, good sense, and the most marking pauses (next to your own) I ever heard: in the latter respect he stands next to you, very near you. His memory is ready to a surprising degree, and he is (as he tells me) sober and regular. I shall be able soon to speak more particularly to you, but I am confident he would at all events be a great accession to your theatre; and what is more, he is to be had, and will give the preference to you, though he thinks you do not esteem his performance. Mr. Palmer has this morning very politely sent me the entrance into his theatre.

As for Lord Camden, it is a long story, and is a losing one on his side. Every one here is against him. The place is in confusion; the rooms in separation. I am at present too ill to write particulars. I am so much fatigued by attending the whole morning to the business of accommodation on the part of the new rooms, that I am grievously reduced. I spoke long and often, gave in a string of qualifying resolutions to sheath the angry spirits which Lord C. has enflamed, and received the thanks of the meeting. These things are too ridiculous in the latitude of London, but here they are mountains, and indeed much may depend upon them. The worst is, I am ill, weakened very much by medicine, and not relieved from my disorder; I have a heavy cold besides, and the waters lie heavy, and must, I doubt, be suspended. In short, I have just strength to tell you,

I am ever most faithfully yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

LORD NORTH TO MR. GARRICK.

Sunday Evening, 1775 or 6.

LORD NORTH presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick. He was so unfortunate as to be prevented from seeing "Lear" on Monday last, by attending, much against his will, his duty in the House of Commons. He determines to neglect his duty on Tuesday next, if, as he hears in the world, Mr. Garrick is to perform either King Lear, Macbeth, or King Richard, and if Mr. Garrick can let Lady North have

* This character of Henderson is honourable to Cumberland. The other people who write about him seem to set out with two erroneous notions—first, that nobody but Garrick could act at all—and second, that Garrick would be pleased that they should think and say so.—ED.

a box. Although Lady North lives in a house where unreasonable requests are sometimes made, she is not yet grown impudent enough to desire him, after his repeated civilities, to procure a box for her on Tuesday, and therefore she has employed Lord North to ask it in her stead.

LADY OSSORY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Ampthill Park, Sept. 19th.

ENCOURAGED by Lord Ossory, I venture to take this liberty, and I trust you will show me you do not think it impertinent by granting the request I mean to make. You will not be surprised that any thing you do or say should be known, but it is very tantalizing only to hear of your verses and not see them; I therefore should take it a very particular favour if you would be so good to send a copy of your "Petition to the Custom-house Officers," which is so much admired in Bedfordshire. Lord Ossory desires to offer you and Mrs. Garrick his compliments: I hope she will also accept of mine. I am, Sir, with great regard, your most obedient, &c.

ANNE UPPER OSSORY.

LADY OSSORY TO MR. GARRICK.

Tuesday.

LADY OSSORY sends her compliments to Mr. Garrick. At the same time that she enquires after his health, she also begs leave to offer her mite of praise. It is quite impossible to say what she thinks, and if she could, it would not be worth Mr. Garrick's attention.

Lady Ossory is much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his civilities in procuring her a box. Lord Ossory, who is just gone out of town, left his best compliments to Mr. Garrick.

LADY EDGCUMBE TO MR. GARRICK.

Friday Morning, Dec. 8th.

LADY EDGCUMBE presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and desires the favour of their company on Wednesday evening next soon after eight o'clock.

She supposes it impossible Mr. Garrick should not have heard Monsieur Texier. If he has, he certainly will like to hear him again. If it should happen that he has not, she ventures to recommend it to him as an object of great curiosity, and shall think herself equally happy to be able to obtain for Mr. and Mrs. Garrick a very great pleasure, and for Monsieur Texier the satisfaction of receiving applause from the auditor most capable of all to do him justice.

MRS. BUNBURY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Barton, Sept. 8.

I SENT yesterday by the Bury coach a waistcoat I have worked, in the hopes you will do me the favour to accept it. I am quite ashamed of troubling you with a letter about such a trifle; but, as parcels are sometimes forgot to be delivered, I was afraid that might be the fate of this, if I did not mention it. We hope Mrs. Garrick is quite well, and join in best compliments, and I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,

KATHERINE BUNBURY.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Night.

I CANNOT go to sleep till I thank you for the honour you did your country, your wit, and your friends, and the infinite delight you gave to their excellencies and the rest of the company. I dare not repeat to you what was said, lest it should look like flattery; but I will tell you, that Madame de Noailles thanked me above an hundred times for the pleasure and surprise: she was thanking me, and wondering at you all the way she went down-stairs so earnestly, I was afraid she would fall and break her bones. Though they had heard so much of you, they had not the least idea such things were within the compass of art and nature, though their sphere is great. To hear my friend and my countryman so admired, was delightful; but all worldly joys have their allay, and apprehensions began to torment me, that you might catch cold going out into the air, when warmed with that fire of genius which animated every look and gesture. The ambassador added to his admiration great sense of your good-nature and politeness; and, in short, there was such a chorus of praise and thanks as cannot be represented; and while they were uttering, Lady Spencer's eyes were more expressive than any human language. Then she amazed them with telling them how you could look like a simpleton in Abel Drugger, and many comic arts equally surprising, when murderous daggers and undutiful daughters were out of the question. With what pleasure shall I reflect on this evening, if you have not got cold!—Accept, my dear Sir, my sincerest thanks; and though you have added to my pride, you have made me more than ever

Your humble servant, and most obliged and devoted,

E. MONTAGU.

Best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. The Duchess of Manchester, who called on me after the play, tells me it was much applauded.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

"THE Wonder! a Woman keeps a Secret," has been as well acted in Hill-street as ever it was in Drury-lane. Donna Felicia feasted on the hope of seeing "Lear," and said nothing of her internal joy; she hid it in smiles, which time has deepened so far as to look somewhat like the wrinkle of age, so that Mirth and Care might dispute to which they belong. As to Madam Vesey, she can do any thing for her friends but keep a secret. I will give her a place in the box you are so good as to provide for me, if you continue your intention of appearing on the stage; and I think it would be civil for me to offer places in my box to the Prince and Princess Czartorinski; and he is such a favourite of mine, I wish to give him so fine an entertainment; but in this I will not proceed till I hear your intentions. I see "The Alchymist" is advertised: if you appear in it, I will hope for a box above or below, or where you please.

I had the good fortune last night to meet at Lady Darlington's with a very polite, agreeable woman in the dress of Mrs. Ford:* she showed me a face which was a very good assortment with her pleasing and agreeable manners, but, being short-sighted, I could not be sure that I knew the face; she said I did not; her brother she called Mr. Pye. I found she was an intimate friend of yours, and from your partial report had conceived a much better opinion of me than I deserve. Now I must beg of you, at some convenient opportunity to help me to lay hold on this lady in her proper character. I am afraid she should escape me through the help of her disguise. She has prepossessed me as much in her favour, as you have prepossessed her in mine. I have indeed personal security for my good opinion; you have a little cheated her out of hers by a report; but it is your business to keep her deceived as long as you can, and you may safely answer for my being very grateful for her goodness to me.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am a little worn out with the late hours of last night. The decayed Maccaroni sang an admirable ballad.

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

THE verses are indeed very pretty, and I thank you much for them, for I should not have sought for so beautiful a muse in a newspaper. How I envy all who are to see Lear to-night! Dr. Beattie says he dreamt of Lear all last night, and he counts the moments till the curtain draws, more than ever impatient lover for the hour of assignation with his mistress. I will get the poem you mention; I heard

* Her Ladyship, I suppose, saw masks; and Mrs. Pye was dressed as *Mrs. Ford*, in "The Merry Wives." Mrs. Montagu could not but distinguish her. The reader has not forgotten the *naïve* character of this lady, written by herself in the French language, nor her sprightly and affecting letters to Garrick.—Ed.

much in its praise, but that it was satirical, and I am such a pigeon-livered thing that I rarely meddle with satire. Mr. De Luc told me some days ago, that, if he met a promise of being admitted to Lear, he should not be able to sleep all the night before; so you see how you make some see visions, others lie awake in pleasing reveries.

I am getting well, I hope, and shall take the first opportunity to thank you for your indulgence to Mr. De Luc, who is happy in his ticket, and I dare say would as easily surrender the Charter of Geneva as the precious ticket.

I am, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

I MADE your compliments to the Lord and Lady of Hayes, who received them with great cordiality, but would receive Mr. Garrick with a more enraptured welcome: Lady Chatham will bring up all her family to attend you on Saturday. I had fixed my journey to Tunbridge for to-morrow, but should have been tempted to have stayed in town for the great delight of Saturday night's play, but, as Lady Chatham brings all her little ones, I must sit in a back row, and should be quite fainting for want of air: I will therefore depart to the Wells a disconsolate invalid. If you could have bestowed another box on me, I could not have separated myself from Lady Chatham, who wants me to be of her party, and I could not civilly tell my reason. If the box reserved be a stage box, I believe I might venture.—I am in the greatest haste, dear Sir, Your infinitely obliged,

Best respects to Mrs. Garrick. E. M.

I have acted "The Wonder! a Woman keeps a Secret," as you act—*to the life.*

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

As I had always said Mr. Garrick was one of the very few who with great genius and talents had yet the good gift of common sense, how could I suppose he was an inhabitant of London in the month of July? Do you prefer the screams of brick-dust Moll to the morning-hymn of the lark? Oh that I had even guessed or suspected you could be guilty of a blunder, an absurdity; then had I availed myself of my friend's weakness, and turned it to my own advantage, as is very usual in the way of this world. I intended to stop a few days in town merely to dispatch a little business, and to see you and Mrs. Garrick, and to dine with Mr. Cambridge, to whom I had promised a visit for these three years, and said promise is yet unful-

filled. The day after I came to town, my little nephew was taken very ill of a fever; so all my projects were suspended. Dr. James, I thank God, set the little man upon his legs very soon, and he is to be carried into the country to-day. My anxiety being over, I intended to call on you yesterday at Hampton, but I was indisposed by a cold. It occurred to me you might be gone to Mount Edgcumbe, or to some friend at a distance; so I ordered a servant to inquire, and lo! I found you were at your house in London. How did I grieve at that! and the more, as my horses carry the servants to Sandleford to set out with the coach to-morrow; so that, after this day, I shall not have the means of seeing you at Hampton. My servant says you had some thoughts of calling on me this morning, but was uncertain. He says also, you are going to Hampton. I must contrive to get a glimpse of you here or at Hampton. If you will call here, I will wait for you; if not, I will go to Mr. Cambridge's to dinner, and drink tea with you in the evening at Hampton. I do not leave London till Tuesday; so, if you return to town on Monday, I might profit thereby. I long to see you; so, pray, contrive that I may enjoy that happiness. I have heard of your generous and noble behaviour to the Adams's: I never can be surprised, though I am pleased, at hearing any instance of noble conduct in Mr. Garrick; because I know the character of his soul is noble, and he full of the enthusiasm of virtue, which acts with an energy unknown to little minds.—Best respects and tenderest love to Mrs. Garrick. Miss Gregory presents her adorations.

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hill-street, Saturday Morn.

IT is a shame that Mrs. Garrick keeps her eyes shut when you and Phœbus rise so early and so bright! If her ladyship's jealousy was equal to little Gregory's love, she would never sleep at all. My little nephew is quite wild about you. The other day, having a tableful of guests, I ordered him and his governor to dine in their study; "With all my heart," quoth the little man; "I do not desire to dine at table, unless when Mr. Garrick comes." I assured him you did not keep such paltry company, but promised he should peep at you in the afternoon; and I have led a weary life ever since to know when you would come, and he did not at all approve of my forbearing to solicit the performance of your promise. On some accounts I will fix you for Wednesday, though I should naturally name the first day. Whenever you want hares and partridges, send to me, for I am rarely unprovided, and they will be ever at your service. Your estates near London are better furnished with nightingales; but our frozen regions furnish more game, or, at least, more comes to the lord or lady of the manor's share. Respects and love to her, who, "sleeping or awake, shoots forth peculiar graces." I will endeavour to allure Mr. Texier hither on Wed-

nesday: when I have your name to conspire with, what can withstand me?—Dear Sir, remember Wednesday. I shall anticipate the day with pleasure, and recollect it with delight. How few things in this life bless the future, the present, and the past! I am ever, with perfect regard, yours,

E. M.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 22nd.

I FIND that Apollo has left off physic, and addicts himself entirely to poetry; so, while he guides your hand as it strikes the lyre, he quite forgets that your toe is in pain. As great wits are apt to be absent, we would have some indulgence for this frailty in the god of wit in any other case:—let him refuse his healing art when the gouty alderman begs to be enabled to take a turn in the alley, or the judge sues for ease, that he may take a nap on the bench, while the poor man's cause is trying unpitied by the unpitying spoilers of the East. But can the great Apollo forget that, in vain, if you are sick, has he inspired what, in any age,

"Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage?"

Not only Shakspeare, Jonson, and all our bards, will fade away, but the Tragic Muse will be robbed of her terrors, her pathetic, her sublime; and her laughing sister, of all the archness of her smiles. I will hope that you will soon get well, and shall be happy when I receive a summons to come and congratulate you on the return of health. I was ashamed of not answering your obliging card; but Mr. Montagu was taken very ill with the asthma, and I was in constant attendance upon him: he was very ill for three days, but is now better. I must tell you that Lord Lyttelton and I suspect you of the verses upon the advertising a new edition of Shakspeare. The fame of the verses reached my ear before I met with them; they seemed to me to be of a very superior kind. I showed them to Lord Lyttelton, who says they are as good as any in Pope's Dunciad. This is enough to fix them upon you:—but I have a stronger reason; I think no one but Mr. Garrick would have done me the honour to have joined me to him as another supporter of Shakspeare. Alas! he leans his whole weight and person upon you, while I only can perform the little office of keeping the fringes on his train out of the dirt, or drive off the malicious [ape] who would tread on his imperial robes.—My best wishes attend you; and when Mrs. Garrick has nursed you well again, I shall be glad of the honour and pleasure of seeing her; and I know I shall then see in her that cheerfulness which is so natural to her disposition, and so agreeably diffused through her conversation. With perfect esteem and regard,

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged, obedient,

And faithful humble servant,

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

SEVERAL weeks' indisposition, a little dastardly fever lurking about me, has hindered my coming to the Adelphi, though I longed to see you and Mrs. Garrick. I had hoped to call on you as soon as you returned this week from Hampton, but was last night obliged to put myself into the hands of a conjuror, who with cups and lancets (not cups and balls) conveyed away some of my feverish blood; so I am better to-day, but dare not expose myself to the foul fiend, the black north-easterly wind. I assure you, it gives me great concern to find a certain person has behaved in such a manner to you; and I rejoice that the great personage acted so properly on the occasion. Envy can have no poize upon you. In your profession, not only unrivalled by all your contemporaries, but unparalleled from the beginning of time. Greece and Rome, which have produced the best geniuses in every other art or science, never gave an equal to you in yours. As to the famous Roscius, he could not have shone like you in either Lear or Benedick, much less in both. In private life, who so beloved and respected as Mr. Garrick! It seems to me a perfect act of insanity in Mr. ——— to attempt what he undertook.

Dr. Beattie has called on you two or three times, but unsuccessfully. I dare say, you will stuff him in some corner to-morrow night. Mr. De Luc was transported with Don John; he longed to see you again, but I was afraid to be too importunate. I have applied to your prime minister, Mr. Johnson, to put Mr. De Luc into some corner to-morrow night; and if he does not grant my request, I must trouble you; for Mr. De Luc, I really think, would run distracted if he should be disappointed; he admires you with an enthusiasm that shows him worthy to be admitted to this noblest of all entertainments.—My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, grateful, and affectionate,

E. MONTAGU.

Mr. De Luc has been reading "Lear" this week, that he may the better enter into the action, not being under any difficulty to understand the words.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Morn.

I AM quite mortified that the thaw should have brought me a rheumatic headache to-day, when I might have enjoyed an hour of your conversation. I will tell you the state of my future engagements. To-morrow, if I am well enough, I dine at the French Ambassador's. You know, at such places dinner is not easily over, from the multitude of guests and of dishes. The next day I dine at Lord Lucan's with

the said Ambassador, but I presume the dinner will be sooner over; if you will accept of me then, I will wait on you. On Tuesday I shall have company at dinner at home, and they will probably stay late. On Wednesday I dine at the Dean of Derry's, and perhaps stay the afternoon. I long to see you; and did not you promise that still Shakspeare should be under your protection? I flatter myself that you are doing something now to defend him from foreign foes; at home you had made (him) triumph even over envy; for the ugly thing durst not trip, but silently fed on the venom of its own spleen.

Best compliments attend Mrs. Garrick. I am much concerned that you are indisposed. May better health attend you, with every joy in her train! With most perfect esteem, I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant.

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

LORD LYTTELTON is more *volage*, more difficult to fix, than any of *Messieurs les Maccaronis;* I believe we shall hear of his making a figure upon the turf, and being a favourite of the coterie. He is horribly *le bon ton*. I have endeavoured to engage him to meet you here at dinner; he has more appetite and relish for such a guest at table, than an alderman of London or Bristol has to turtle; yet he answers me that he is engaged, or apprehends there will be business at the House of Lords; but on Saturday or Sunday we might get him, for the Peers are as inactive as Jews on Saturday, and as jolly as the idlest Christians on Sunday. I mean for Saturday or Sunday se'nnight; for, being engaged on Sunday evening and Saturday morning, my spirits will not be all dedicated to enjoying your conversation, to which I would give the attention of an hundred heads if I had them. Mr. de Castuelan has been with me this morning; he is to bring me some of his translations of our Bard on Saturday morn. When does "Don Felix" appear?—Pray present my respects to Mrs. Garrick, and I hope you will both fix on some day to give me the greatest of pleasures, your conversation. I should have waited on Mrs. Garrick before this time, but I have been hurried to death with assemblies, and I am forced to manage *mon souffle de vie*. By the by, there are hopes of seeing Dr. Beattie in the South. Pity so sweet a flower of Parnassus should for ever shiver and wither in a northern climate! but I cannot get any thing done for him.

Fie upon the great! He talks of coming to England for his amusement this summer. Answer all this nonsense only by one valuable line, when you will give us the happiness of seeing you. Ever your most obliged, &c.

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR,

CONSIDERING how much I admire and regard William Shakspeare and David Garrick, Esq. and how very tenderly I love the author of the Essay, I may hardly be received as an impartial witness in the cause of the verses, but I assure you they have been universally admired. Mr. Montagu, who rises early, was impatient till I got up, to present them to me. Before dinner, great numbers of my friends sent them. Some attributed them to you, some to Lord Lyttelton, some to the Wartons. From a certain masterly stroke, I suspected you. There are many rhymers, few poets: it was plain they were the work of a poet. Every body was charmed with the verses, though they might not think the subject deserved praise.—I am glad you did not venture to the masquerade last night. During this severe weather, I dare not venture to any great distance from home; but if the frost becomes less severe, I will be ready to wait on Mrs. Garrick any afternoon, except Friday, that she will favour me with her commands. With great admiration, warmed by gratitude,

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

Best compliments attend Mrs. Garrick.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF MRS. MONTAGU.

AMONGST the many accomplished characters that do honour to the fair sex, Mrs. M. may justly be reckoned. This lady is possessed of a sprightly genius, a sound judgment, and an unprejudiced understanding. She is visited by almost all the literati of the age, who know too well what they owe themselves not to respect her. She ~~is admitted to~~ the houses and assemblies of the great, who are too sensible of her worth to neglect her. Yet, while this lady receives all these marks of respect from persons of the greatest note, she preserves the most modest and engaging deportment towards every one, and is equally friendly, courteous, and charitable.

As a proof of Mrs. Montagu's literary abilities, her Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare will be handed down to future generations; as a proof of her benevolence, it will be at the same time recorded, that she appropriated the profits of that well-finished performance, to wipe the tear from the cheek of sorrow, to comfort the distressed and afflicted: she bestowed the monies which arose from the sale of her book, in relieving a poor widow, whose necessities rendered her a real object of such a charity.

It is superfluous to add more here concerning a character which is its own panegyric; what has been said is such a tribute paid to truth, as all that know this excellent lady can testify, as none but the envious and ungenerous can entertain a thought or wish to suppress.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose maiden name was Robinson, is the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of Horton in the county of Kent.

She discovered a lively imagination in the early part of life, and had a peculiar talent for epistolary writing, and her person was handsome.

She married Edward Montagu, Esq. grandson to Admiral Lord Sandwich, a gentleman of very considerable fortune in the county of York, with whom she has lived many years.

Her literary productions are: "An Essay on the writings and genius of Shakspeare, compared with the Greek and French dramatic poets; with some Remarks upon the misrepresentations of Monsieur de Voltaire." A work which is deservedly applauded by men of true taste.

Also the three last dialogues, published in an octavo volume by Lord Lyttelton, under the title of "Dialogues of the Dead."

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday Morn.

You know that I am too apt to presume on your indulgence, yet still your goodness is equal to all possible presumption; on my part, I flatter myself therefore, that you will excuse my telling you, that my friend Mrs. Vesey is very solicitous that Mr. Vesey should be admitted of the Club, and one favourable word from you, who are the Minos of the club, would at once put him in elysium. Such an honour would make Mr. Vesey more fond of England; and his wife loves England, and is beloved by many. Mr. Vesey is good-humoured and obliging in society, an admirer of every species of merit, and more desirous to be thought an amateur than ambitious to be esteemed a connoisseur; so he has no impertinent pretensions to criticism and cavil, but will love and honour the whole Society, and think himself under infinite obligations to it if he is admitted. I beg of you not to take the trouble to answer this letter, only pardon it, and believe me with perfect esteem and attachment, dear Sir, Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

My foreigners were transported with Don John, and I return you a thousand thanks for them. My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. I have been confined by a cold, which has prevented my waiting on her.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. MONTAGU.

MY DEAR MADAM, Hampton.

I MUST open my heart to you, because I know you have an excellent one; but it is not upon that account only that I address myself to you,—my business too requires

judgment and friendship; and indeed I should not have given you this impertinent trouble, could I have known where to find the *needful* (a polite phrase) any where else. I will enter upon the matter:—Two very particular friends of mine dined lately with Foote, where, much to their surprise, and little to their pleasure, they met Mr. Lyttelton; in the course of conversation, my name was brought up (you must know, to my credit be it spoken, that Foote hates me); Mr. Lyttelton had a mind to flatter his host, and was pleased to say, *Garrick is so mean*—one of my friends stopped him short—"Sir, I shall hear nothing against Mr. Garrick, he is a man of honour, and my friend, and you do not know him;" my other friend seconded him, and were too partial on the opposite side. If Mr. Lyttelton meant, by mean, having principles and qualities the very reverse of his own, I am *very* mean indeed! nor should I have regarded what he had said, had not he intimated that his father, who knew me better, was of the same opinion, or something tantamount. They desired him to desist, for if his father said so, he knew as little of me as the son did, or words to that effect. Now, Madam, though I have no concern for what a young crack-brained profligate may say of me, yet even to have it said by the devil himself that one of the most virtuous characters, and most esteemed and honoured by me, should be of the same opinion, has a little alarmed me. My sensibility, perhaps, may go too far, and therefore I have not hinted the least word of this business even to my wife, nor will I; my Lord too shall not know a syllable of the matter, for if he bears me the good-will which I have long flattered myself he does, his delicate mind would suffer for it. All I would wish to know is, whether it may not be possible from any action, or behaviour of mine, or my not writing to his Lordship upon his son's marriage (which I certainly did not, and upon principle, as I believe I told you), that his opinion of me may be somewhat altered, and so have given a little ground for falsehood and malice to build upon;—should this be the case, I should most sensibly feel it. Now, my dear Madam, if you have in the least perceived any change in his Lordship towards me, I should esteem it as an additional act of friendship to the many I have been honoured with, if you would not suffer the least mist to lie upon me where I would wish to be seen in the clearest light. Though I value myself upon being blackened by the one, I should be miserable to be even slighted by the other:

May Heaven my blessing to my wish bestow,
The Sire to be my friend, the son my foe.

I hope I have not imposed too difficult a task upon your goodness.

I am, my dear Madam,

D. G.

I came here very ill and feverish, but good nursing and quiet have recovered me: I shall be in town on Wednesday night: a line from you of information and advice would make me happy.

Endorsed,

"To Mrs. Montagu," &c.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 21 Sepbre, 1754.

Mr. Silvain vient de me communiquer la lettre que vous lui avez écrite à mon sujet. Les propositions que vous me faites ne peuvent me convenir, puisque je gagne à Paris, pour cinq mois, deux cents cinquante louis, sans compter mes écoliers.

Si vous avez envie de m'avoir à vôtre théâtre, Monsieur, je demande trois cents cinquante guinées et un bénéfice, sans remboursement d'aucun frais; et comme je sçais que vôtre talent est supérieur, et qu'il entraine les suffrages de vôtre nation, mon intérêt, et le plaisir de la patrie, me détermine à vous engager à y réprésenter.

Si mes propositions vous conviennent, nous ferons un engagement pour un hiver; si je vous conviens, nous le rénouvellerons ensuite. Ayez la complaisance de vous informer de moi, et vous verrez que je ne me sers point de l'agrément que j'ai de plaire, pour demander plus que je ne vaux.

Au reste, Monsieur, c'est mon dernier mot: ayez la bonté de vous décider, parce que je ne veux point répondre aux propositions de la Cour de Bavière, que je ne sache vos dernières intentions. J'attends vôtre décision, et j'ai l'honneur d'être, avec respect, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

NOVERRE.

J'ai ma sœur, qui est une jolie danseuse, pour laquelle je demande cent guinées.

Mon addresse est dans l'Abbaye St. Germain des Près, commune des Moines.

M. PATU TO MR. CLELAND.

Covent-Garden, Sunday, Nov. 31st,* 1754.

At length, my dear Sir, I send you back "The Ipermestra," a play which, in my little opinion, is pretty far from being the master-piece of its great author, Metastasio. I keep still upon my table the first volume of his works, the perusal of which is almost over. I had returned it to you with my thanks many days ago, were not

* It is extraordinary to see such a man as Patu adding a *day* of fogs to the month of November.—Ed.

I reading for the third time, but always with the first pleasure, your well-named * * *

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 10 Janvier, 1755.

J'AI eu l'honneur de voir Mr. Silvain, qui m'a communiqué la lettre que vous lui avez écrite à mon sujet. Comme les propositions que je vous ai faites dans ma dernière me semblent justes, je ne puis rien en rabatre; je sacrifierai cependant à mes intérêts en payant les frais du bénéfice mentionné dans votre lettre, moins pour me conformer aux usages de vôtre théâtre que pour vous donner une preuve du désir que j'ai de me trouver avec vous.

Je ne m'engagerai que pour une saison seulement, et si mes talens vous conviennent, nous renouvellerons l'engagement. Cette conduite de ma part doit vous prouver que mon dessein n'est ni de vous tromper ni de profiter de l'opinion que vous avez de ma capacité.

Voici, Monsieur, les clauses de mon engagement.

Primo, Trois cent cinquante guinées pour mes appointemens, et le troisième bénéfice; c'est à dire, immédiatement après les deux premiers que vous accordez à vos deux premiers acteurs ou actrices.

2°. Que la pièce de mon bénéfice sera à mon choix, et que vous vous engagerez à y représenter comme vous me faites la grâce de me le promettre dans votre lettre à Mr. Silvain: comme encore de lever tous les obstacles ou difficultés qui pourroient retarder ou porter préjudice au dit bénéfice.

3°. Cent guinées pour ma sœur, qui s'engagera à danser seule, pas de deux, &c. et figurer même dans mes ballets pour l'utilité de votre spectacle, et que vous lui fournirez toutes les choses nécessaires à son emploi.

Quand à moi, Monsieur, je m'engagerai pour être Maître des Ballets *en chef;* et pour composer et faire exécuter à votre choix les ballets d'invention en tous genres, tels que je les donne à Paris, en me procurant toutefois les choses nécessaires, soit pour l'exécution, soit pour l'embellissement des dits ballets.

J'ose espérer, Monsieur, que vous voudrez bien ne point tarder à me faire une réponse décisive par le canal de Mr. Silvain; et dès que nous aurons conclu, je ne manquerai pas de vous faire part de tous les éclaircissements qui pourront contribuer au bien de votre spectacle. J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, avec bien de l'estime,

Votre très humble serviteur,

NOVERRE.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 31 Janvier, 1755.

Vous trouverez ci-joint mon engagement: je vous prie d'en faire un double exacte et de me l'envoyer par distance de courier.

Mr. Silvain, qui m'a fait la lecture de vôtre lettre, m'a déterminé, par tout le bien qu'il m'a dit de vous, à ne point prendre garde au temps de mon bénéfice, et à m'en raporter à vôtre équité. J'espère cependant que je ne serai point le dernier, et que vous aurez égards aux soins et aux peines que je me donnerai pour vous faire gagner bien des guinées.

Je me chargerai avec bien de plaisir du soin de faire faire tous les habits nécessaires à mes ballets : mon dessein est de vous en faire faire un dans chaque caractère en toile ou en taffetas ; si cela vous convient, ils vous serviroient d'échantillons, et vous régleroient pour le prix, de sorte que vous sauriez au juste ce qu'il vous en coûteroit pour habiller vôtre ballet, et le bénéfice que vous auriez de les faire faire à Paris.

Je me chargerois encore de tous les instrumens nécessaires à mon ballet Chinois, des guirlandes et berceaux de fleurs pour ma *Fontaine de Jouvence ;* ainsi du reste ; le port seroit peu considérable, et avec une permission de vos magistrats, ou de l'Embassadeur de France, vous ne payerez point de droit : la chose me paroit d'autant plus aisé à obtenir que ces sortes d'effets ne sont point négociables, et ne peuvent faire aucun tort aux marchands ; le tout étant employé à l'usage de vôtre théâtre. Quand à l'assemblage de vôtre danse, il faudra que vous m'instruisiez du nombre de figurants et de figurantes que vous avez, afin que je puisse vous engager ceux et celles qui vous manqueroient, et qui me sont nécessaires. La foire St. Laurent, qui est toujours bien fourni en danse, me procurera la facilité de vous fournir de bons sujets tous dressés à mon genre de composition.

Si vous avez besoin d'un très-bon danseur pantomime, je vous en engagerai un bon : il se nomme Monsieur de Laitre, et fait grand plaisir à Paris, tant par sa légèreté que par sa vigueur : vous aurez la bonté de me mander vos intentions au sujet de tous les articles qui concernent ma lettre.

Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, du désir que j'ai de vous connoître, et de vous donner des preuves de mon zèle et de mon attachement à vos intérêts.

J'espère que le temps me mettra à même de vous convaincre de mes sentimens pour vous, et de la parfaite estime avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

NOVERRE.

NOUS soussignés, Jean George Noverre d'une part, et David Garrick d'autre part, sommes convenus de ce qui suit, sçavoir que moi Noverre m'engage à me transporter à mes frais à Londre le quinze du mois d'Octobre de la présente année, pour y composer tous les ballets d'invention au choix du dit Signor Garrick pour le temps de la saison ; c'est à dire, jusqu'à la clôture de son théâtre ; et si je suis en état de danser, je m'engage de le faire ; comme aussi de mener ma sœur, en qualité de seconde danseuse, et pour figurer même dans les ballets en cas de besoin. Le Signor Garrick s'engage de sa part à me payer le temps de la saison la somme de quatre cent cinquante louis d'or de France par portions égales de mois en mois, qui me seront payés à ma volonté, soit à Paris par Mr. Silvain Banquier, ou à Londre par le dit Signor Garrick.

Les susdits quatre cent cinquante louis d'or serviront d'appointemens pour moi et ma sœur, sçavoir trois cents cinquante guinées ou louis d'or de France pour moi, et cent louis pour ma sœur; et outre le dit Signor Garrick s'oblige à m'accorder un bénéfice, et à y représenter moyennant que je paye les frais ordinaires de son théâtre; et s'engage à me fournir toutes les choses nécessaires à l'usage de son spectacle et à l'exécution de mes ballets. Voulons que le présent engagement, fait double entre nous par distance de poste, ait autant de force et de valeur que s'il étoit passé par devant Notaire, aux peines de cent louis d'or de dedit pour les premiers contrevenans; et à cet effet nous hipotecquons pour la solidité du présent engagement tous nos biens meubles et immeubles, présents et à venir; si mon accident m'empêchoit de danser, cela ne changeroit aucune chose à mon engagement, et je serois payé en entier de mes apointemens seulement pour la composition des ballets. En foi de quoi nous avons signé le présent engagement par distance de poste. A Paris, ce cinq Février, mil sept cent cinquante cinq.

J. G. NOVERRE.

M. PATU TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 25th, 1755.

THOUGH I am conscious of my innocence, and far, very far indeed from having any ingratitude to upbraid myself with, I heartily confess that, of all the men in London, you could have brought me in guilty with the highest appearance of justice, for the same appearance of a breach to friendship and acknowledgment. However, I will use no clearing of my behaviour, no precarious defence, no vain apology, as it is some times our fashion in such cases. I will remember that I deal with an Englishman, an enemy to ceremony, a lover to sincerity and truth; and am pretty sure you will excuse me willingly when you know, if I have delayed my writing to you longer than the politeness you showed me in England should have suffered, it was owing to a *reason*, which, to speak poetically, is not to be *reasoned down*,—a mere impossibility. At my arrival at Paris, that cursed cold, which I got in your foggy air, and oppressed me so long, seized upon me again, and put me quite down in such a manner, that spitting blood, and with the shortest breath I ever knew, I was obliged immediately to keep my chamber, wherein I lived hitherto upon nothing but chemical drugs, medicinal waters, low spirits, sadness, and melancholy. It would be to no purpose to descend with you into all the particulars, since I begin to be a good deal better; but indeed I was then so very weak that even the sight of a pen, of a book, of any tool of application whatsoever, was insupportable to me. Nature and tranquillity, two excellent physicians, recovered me a little; but I had hardly begun to enjoy the dear return of my health, when I was forced away to run from visits into visits, both by the insipid ceremonies of Paris, and the domestic businesses which called me back to France; which is the second reason:—this moment of leisure I take to write these lines is the very first one I could meet with. So, my dear Sir, you see that I

am more to be pitied than to be blamed, and have been, as I thank my stars I shall be always, a great way off from repaying with cold indifference all the kindness you showed me in London, as soon as I had the happiness to get acquainted with you. Let me then give over so prolix a preamble, and pass on to something else.

'I will henceforth keep my word very carefully, but, for the present, beg to be excused if I cannot talk to you about our modern plays, because my sickness indulged me but very seldom in going to the playhouse. I was ready to give you a full account of "The Triumvirat," which I read over with all the attention a dull soporiferous reading can afford; but I considered it was too late very likely, and after such a while the play must have been brought to you; to you, I say, who, born to be an excellent author, as well as an excellent actor, feed upon any sort of literature, and enrich your mind with all the treasures of both our languages. However, I will most heartily perform my promise about this very subject, if you will have me do so; and flatter myself beforehand that your judgment upon this play is the same as mine, viz. you take it for a cold insignificant work without any action, any concern, any situation except that of the last scene, any well-contrived part, and with the lowest pictures and weakest style it is possible to look upon; in short, such a play, that, as many people cried aloud in Procope's coffee-house,* had it not been an old man's writing, it should have been a schoolboy's. I am sorry for it, for Crebillon's sake; but indeed he ought to have remembered those verses of Horace, the most judicious poet of antiquity:

"Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat."

But far from being in the least concern at such an advice, he threatens more and more; he swears with a thundering voice that poor Voltaire's fame is at an end; and his dreadful Cromwel will be as fatal to him as he has been formerly to your Charles. God forgive him, and call him back to the thought of his salvation! it should be hard indeed, very hard to him to be d—— in the other world, for having ended his career in ours with d—— plays. As soon as "Philoctete," a new given-out tragedy, written by Monsieur de Chateaubrun the author of the "Troyennes," will be brought on the stage, I will send you a full account of it. The rest of our public news I have no mind to tire you with, for, to speak to you of our Archbishop's persevering *fanatism*, of the parliament's persevering wisdom, of the King's last answer to the first president, and accordingly the prelate's new banishment, to Champeaux near Melun, of our *Grève* the Tyburn of Paris, which is full every day of wheels and gibbets, so very great in the prisons is the number of robbers and murderers, &c. &c. &c., it would be a repeating to you old news you heared of already, and an interfering precariously with the charming authors of your daily papers. If a long letter give a right to an answer, yours, Sir, I have a title to aspire to: I expect it therefore, and

* The great scene of playhouse criticism at Paris, as the *Bedford* once was with us. The usage might return, if the Theatres closed at ten o'clock; there would be time for talking over the spectacle. At midnight, the rage of hunger is predominant.—Ed.

desire you to be persuaded that nothing can be more agreeable to me than such a commerce with a man of your talents. I will write sometimes in English, pitifully to be sure, but what is that to me, since error is the only way to truth; and besides a true Englishman considers thoughts more than words? Sometimes in French, to make myself gratified with a French answer, the perusal of which will encourage my pen and invite it to do, if possible, in your language, what noble ambition, work and sagacity made you able to do in ours. Meantime, do not forget, I beseech you, to give me some news of your stage, your warm interesting stage, the remembrance of which strikes still to my very heart. Oh, Sir, how must I lament the state of our scene! it shall, it must fall down, if nobody is bold enough to enlarge our fetters, to lessen the heavy burdens we have been imposed upon by custom, pre-occupation, and that foolish tyranny which makes us *jurare in verba magistrorum;* or rather to rise against those blind prepossessed critics, and *shake off the vile obedience they exact.* I forced great many of my countrymen to confess such a truth, though they are enemies to great Shakspeare, who is called among them *the absurd, ridiculous poet,* and whom they never understood a line of. But oh! how find in one's heart to come to so great an attempt, when I am certain that those many ignorant lovers of the Greek plays (which they mistake, since I maintain to my last breath they are far from our bondage) would excite all the nation and pursue a novelty on the stage as a crime of high-treason; moreover, if our very theatre, close, undeep, and narrow, according to the crowd of men and benches it is full of on both its sides, cannot be fit for the warmth of action, and support the necessary, absolutely necessary changing of scenes! Well, let us have fine verses, interesting speeches, &c. but no heat, no passion at all, &c. Before ten or twelve years, I do assure you, every body will keep Corneille, Racine and Campistron in his own library, and prefer the fair of St. Germain to the French play-house; that is, a spectacle smiling to fancy, pleasing to eyes, and so answering its only end, to a spectacle which, destined to strike at home, to affect the very heart, to seize upon all the faculties of our soul, misses its aim and hardly keeps its empire over the mind and around the ears. I could write to you a thousand other lines on the same subject, were not I afraid to tire your patience. Whatever might happen, forgive me, pray, and remember two fine verses of Mr. Pope.

> . . "Of the two, less dangerous is the offence
> To *tire our patience,* than *mislead our sense.*"

I pray you to be so good as to present my humble compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, Sir, with a just regard and high esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant, PATU.*

My direction "A Monsieur, Monsieur Patu, Avocat en Parlement, chez Mr. le Commissaire Cadot, Rue St. Honoré, à Paris."

* A few faults as to idiom will occasionally provoke a smile in the English letters of Patu. But, for so young a man, he seems to have collected an astonishing fund of our language; and to have imbibed much of our insular taste and feeling. The great difficulty as to Shakspeare with foreigners is, however, not so much in the tragic, as the *comic* display of his genius. I have known many French, German, and Italian critics, positively converts to Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Othello; but never one who made the slightest approach to the enjoyment of Falstaff; on the contrary, the *humours* of a distant age only excited their disgust.—ED.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 26 Février, 1755.

J'AI reçu mon engagement par la voye de Mr. Silvain, qui a eu la complaisance de me faire la lecture de vôtre lettre.

Je vous remercie de la bonne opinion que vous avez de moi, et j'ose espérer que le temps et les effets vous prouveront beaucoup mieux que les paroles, mes sentimens et ma façon de penser.

Vous souhaitez, Monsieur, que j'aille à Londres, et je le désire ardemment. Mr. Silvain m'a offert de vôtre part vingt louis-d'or; mais je doute que je puisse faire ce voyage avec cette somme. L'agrément que j'aurai d'avancer nôtre connoissance, et de la cimenter, me fera fermer les yeux sur le sacrifice que je vous ferai de mon temps, puisque je refuse d'aller gagner de l'argent en province dans l'interval des deux foires: vous voyez qu'il ne seroit pas juste que je perdisse de deux côtés, et qu'il faut que vous me défrayez de mon voyage.

Je partirai de Paris le 1 d'Avril, et comme je vais en poste, je compte arriver à Londres le 3 ou le 4. Je vous prie de me dire si vous voulez que je vous apporte les modèles des différents habits dont j'aurai besoin pour mes ballets.

Je compte arriver assez tôt pour voir vôtre spectacle, et pour remédier aux choses qui pourroient vous manquer et m'être nécessaires.

Mr. de Laître vous écrit par ce même ordinaire. Il fait toujours plaisir à Paris, et je crois qu'il en fera beaucoup à Londres; je juge par l'envie qu'il a de voir cette ville qu'il diminueroit quelque chose de ses intérêts: comme je me trouve chargé de cette négociation, je vous prie de la terminer par une prompte décision de vôtre part, afin que je ne me trouve point dans le cas du reproche.

J'attends de vos nouvelles aux sujets de tous les articles de ma lettre, et vous supplie, Monsieur, d'être persuadé du désir que j'ai de vous être utile, et de vous donner des preuves de mon amitié, et de l'estime avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur; vôtre très humble serviteur,

NOVERRE.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 19 Mars, 1755.

J'AI reçu la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'amitié de m'écrire: je l'ai communiqué à Mr. de Laître, qui a accepté vos offres; je suis chargé de son engagement, et j'ai tout lieu de croire que vous serez content de cette acquisition. Je partirai, malgré toutes les affaires que j'ai à Paris, Dimanche après midi, et j'arriverai Mardi matin à Calais, et Jeudi à Londres: du moins je l'espère. Je ferai toute la diligence possible pour me rendre auprès de vous; je serai enchanté de vous connoître, et de vous assurer de vive voix des sentimens avec lesquels je suis,

Monsieur, vôtre très humble et très obéïssant serviteur,

NOVERRE.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 6 Mai, 1755.

J'AI reçu, mon très-cher Monsieur, vôtre réponse obligeante, et vous êtes trop juste à coup sur pour douter un seul moment du plaisir qu'elle m'a fait. Rien de plus précieux pour moi que les sentimens d'amitié et de considération que vous voulez bien m'y exprimer : ils ne peuvent être égalés que par ma vive reconnoissance. Recevez à ce sujet mes remerciemens très-sincères, et sans m'accuser d'une flatterie méprisable, faites moi la justice de croire, que vôtre nom, et le bonheur que j'ai eu de vous connoître, suffiront toujours pour m'inspirer toute l'estime et toute la tendresse due à vos rares talents, et à vôtre âme, supérieure encore à vos talents.

J'apprens avec une joye bien sensible que vôtre campagne vous a remis totalement des fatigues de l'hyver. Mr. Noverre m'a confirmé ce que vôtre lettre m'avoit dit, et j'ai aimé ce jeune homme d'inclination dès que j'ai su que vous en faisiez cas. Je n'ai point été à portée de juger moi-même de son talent. J'étois à Londres bien plus occupé de vous et de vôtre admirable Shakspeare, que des fameux ballets dont nôtre habile danseur enchantoit Paris. Je vous félicite, sur la foi publique, et sur le dire de tous mes amis particuliers, de l'acquisition que vous en avez faite pour la saison prochaine : il me paroit pénétré d'estime pour vous, et pour tout ce qui vous apartient. Raison nouvelle pour que je sois son partisan. Si mon voyage d'Italie ne peut avoir lieu cette année, je ne désespère point d'aller dans le même tems que lui, continuer l'étude de vôtre théâtre, et me perfectionner dans vôtre langue. En attendant, je lis Shakspeare avec mon ami Mr. Flint, et le livre nous tombe des mains à chaque page. Quelle chaleur d'action ! quelle vérité de portraits ! quelle variété dans les descriptions ! Quelle foule de préceptes instructifs, de remarques sages, de beautés de toute espèce ! Quelle connoissance du cœur et de la Nature ! Je travaille maintenant à un ouvrage sur vôtre littérature, qui me donnera lieu de m'expliquer sur ce génie merveilleux. Que mes compatriotes me traitent là-dessus d'enthousiaste, et d'homme sans goût ; à la bonne heure : ma réponse sera simple. Etudiez la langue, et dépouillez-vous de vos préjugés. Vous rougirez alors de vos injures gratuites, et de vos anathêmes puériles. En attendant, soufrez que je vous dise que quand toute une nation admire, et que des hommes d'un goût aussi sur qu'un Pope, qu'un Addison, qu'un Rowe, &c. adorent un auteur en le tirant de son siècle et des imperfections de son tems, il vous sied mal de juger *ex cathedrâ*, et de blamer aveuglément ce que vous n'avez jamais connu. La Place a traduit ces défauts, le génie est resté dans l'original : cherchez-le, ce génie, et vous reconnoîtrez que son privilège exclusif est de couvrir les vices d'une forme irrégulière, et d'attacher, de fraper, de pénétrer malgré les règles, tandis que les règles sans le génie ennuyent, assomment, assoupissent, et ne servent qu'à consacrer le ridicule de vos Mailhols, et de vos Marmontels. Cessez donc de mépriser Hamlet sur le seul vers :

" How now, a rat!—Dead for a duckat, dead !"

et des chefs-d'œuvre tels que Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, &c. sur quelques traits que les Anglois même désaprouvent, et dont vous ne devez pas juger.

Telles seront, Monsieur, mes réponses à nos jeunes Aristarques. Au reste, je ne les prêcherai qu'autant qu'ils me paroîtront dignes de voir la lumière, et qu'ils n'auront pas la sotise de chérir leurs ténèbres. Il me sufit d'être heureux en mon particulier dans ma juste admiration pour vos grands hommes, admiration qui ne déroge en rien à celle que j'ai pour les ornemens de nôtre Parnasse. Je ne serai ravi de faire partager mon bonheur qu'au petit nombre d'élus dignes de s'asseoir à la table du dieu du goût. Mon logis est assez grand pour eux; et de la façon dont les esprits sont tournés, Socrates avoit plus d'amis que nous n'avons ici de vrais connoisseurs; je dis de gens débarrassés du fardeau des premières impressions, et sincèrement persuadés que le Beau croît partout, et qu'on ne doit juger un écrivain que conformément aux mœurs, au style, au génie, à la loi de son pays.

Je suis charmé que mon avis sur la pièce du "Triumvirat" vous aît paru juste et réfléchi. Le bonhomme Crébillon seroit heureux si la force de sa verve répondoit encore à la vigueur de ses membres. On m'assure qu'à son âge, les femmes se louënt de ses exploits, et qu'il n'y a pas plus de six ans qu'un homme de la cour ayant parié de l'emporter sur lui, il riposta plaisamment: Prenez garde, Monseigneur, je ne le cede qu'à un âne. "Philoctète," tragédie par Mr. de Châteaubrun, a eu du succès. Que voulez-vous, Monsieur? "Sharp misery has worn us to the bones." On est contraint de se contenter de peu. Point d'action: un intérêt manqué puisqu'Ulisse est plus le héros de la pièce que Philoctète lui-même, une versification dure, froide et hachée, voilà l'ouvrage. Son succès est venu, — 1°, de nôtre pauvreté; 2°, d'un certain nombre de préceptes moraux, de descriptions qui ont paru nouvelles aux femmes, enfin de portraits passablement tracés. On a dit: cette pièce n'est pas d'un poëte, mais elle est d'un honnête homme, claquons-là. C'est comme si l'on disoit: ma soupe est mauvaise, mais n'importe, mon cuisinier est un honnête garçon. Je critique, Monsieur, mais qu'on me donne lieu de louer, et je le ferai dans la joye de mon âme. J'attens avec une douce espérance l'ouvrage de Mr. Bret, auteur dont je fais cas. C'est une comédie en cinq actes, en vers, intitulée "Le Jaloux." Ce n'est plus ce caractère vû et saisi dans tel ou tel aspect. C'est le jaloux dans toute son étenduë, dans tous ses aspects, dans toutes ses circonstances, un homme né jaloux, et jaloux de sa maîtresse avant que de l'être de sa femme. Comme j'estime fort ma nation pour le comique, pour le coup je serai ravi de vous en faire part, et vous pouvez vous attendre à un détail dans toutes les formes.

Je vous conjure, Monsieur, de saisir désormais pour vos réponses les premiers momens de loisir que vous laisseront vos affaires et des plaisirs plus intéressans. Si je pars pour l'Italie, l'éloignement me forceroit à rompre pour quelques mois ma précieuse correspondance, et je veux jusque-là mettre à profit le tems qui me reste. Grâces soient rendues à ceux qui ont appaisé nos malheureux bruits de guerre. Que je vous aime de n'approuver d'autres batailles que celles qu'on livre sur vôtre scène, et que les fureurs nationales sont petites aux yeux du philosophe! En dépit des injures de *Thomas Touchit* de Spring-gardens, je louerai, j'aimerai, j'estimerai toujours ceux

d'entre vous qui voudront bien être mes confrères dans les lettres et dans la probité, et je ne désire rien tant que de voir unies deux nations qui président à l'Europe entière. Je vous félicite du fond de mon cœur de vôtre noble entreprise à Hampton. Nos acteurs n'ont pas le même zèle pour la mémoire de Corneille : la raison en est qu'ils n'ont ni vos talens ni vôtre grandeur d'âme. À ce défaut, nous avons un homme, un citoyen unique dont je vous parlerai un jour :—c'est Mr. Titon du Tillet.

Je finis, mon très-cher Monsieur, en présentant mes respects à Madame Guarick, et en vous assurant que je serai toujours avec les sentimens que vous me connoissez pour vous, Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

Ma première lettre sera Angloise. PATU.

"Alternis *cantemus*,* amant alterna Camenæ."

Envoyez-moi, je vous prie, vôtre sentiment sur le Dictionaire de Mr. Johnson, et sur le poëme des "Night Thoughts" par Mr. Young.

Angleterre :
"To Mr. Garrick, the Manager of Drury-lane's play-house,
in Southampton-street, London."

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 9 Mai, 1755.

QUOIQUE je n'aie point reçu de vos nouvelles, Monsieur, je vous écris pour vous informer de ce que j'ai fait ; et comme cette lettre est relative à vos affaires, je vous suplie de me répondre exactement à tous les articles qui y seront contenus.

1. J'ai payé vos habits quinze louis, et Mr. Silvain en a le reçu de celui qui les a fournis.

2. J'ai vu l'esquisse des quatre décorations qui sont utiles tant à mon ballet Chinois qu'à ma Fontaine de Jouvence ; mais je n'ai pas voulu les prendre parce-que cela m'a paru trop cher ; au reste, j'ai trouvé ces desseins magnifiques.

3. Mr. Boquet, qui est à la tête des fêtes de la cour de France, voyant que je n'acceptois pas cette proposition, m'en a fait un autre que je n'ai pas plus accepté que la première, ne voulant rien faire qui ne vous soit agréable et utile, voici de quoi il est question.

4. Le Sieur Boquet veut s'engager à aller à Londres pour y faire exécuter ses quatre décorations ; et faire faire sous ses yeux tous les habits nécessaires à mes ballets ; faire arranger vôtre théâtre dans le genre le plus moderne ; et faire peindre vos loges ; éclairer vôtre théâtre sans lustre, et le rendre, enfin, celui le plus agréable de Londres ; il demande pour cela tant pour son voyage que pour ses peines et fourniture de ses desseins cent cinquante louis, aux conditions que vous lui fournirez des ouvriers, parce-que son temps lui est précieux, et qu'il ne pouroit rester que six semaines à Londres.

5. J'ai engagé trois figurants, bons, sages, et qui ne déshonnoreront pas nôtre nation ; je cherche les trois autres.

* Alternis *dicetis* is Virgil's expression.— ED.

6. Il est impossible d'avoir des figurantes à quarante louis; vous sçavez que la femme est une marchande chère quoique comune, ainsi j'attends vos ordres à cet effet.

7. Il me faut un jeune enfant pour danser l'Amour. J'en ai trouvé un qui poura figurer, voulez-vous que je l'engage?

8. J'ai vu la veille de mon départ douze enfants que Mr. Levier faisoit danser. Je vous prie de ne point les négliger: j'en aurai besoin, et j'en tirerai bon parti. Je voudrois que vous leur donniez un maître jusqu'à mon arrivé, et le figurant François de chez vous seroit en état de leurs enseigner les pas nécessaires au ballet.

9. J'ai commandé les chenilles tant en or qu'en soie, ainsi que les gaze et fleurs qui vous sont nécessaires.

10. Je n'ai point d'argent pour payer tout cela.

11. Il m'en faudroit pour mon compte, et je vous serois bien obligé de donner vos ordres en conséquence; car je suis mal dans mes affaires, et Mr. Silvain ne me donnera rien sans des ordres plus précis que ceux que vous m'avez donnés.

12. Je ne pourrai point vivre à Londres sans ma femme; voyez si elle peut vous être utile pour vos pantomimes, elle danseroit dans mes ballets: quels sont les apointemens que vous pouriez lui donner.

Répondez-moi, Monsieur, à tous ces articles, et donnez-moi des nouvelles de vôtre santé, et de celle de Madame Garrick. J'ai eu bien du chagrin depuis mon retour: j'ai perdu deux bagues de soixante louis-d'or, que ma femme avoit mise à la chaine de ma montre sans fermer le crochet, et je les ai perdues en allant chez Mr. Silvain. J'ai fait battre le tambour, fait courir des billets, j'ai fait afficher, mais inutilement: enfin, il faut se consoler prendre philosophiquement les accidents qui nous arrivent. Adieu, Monsieur; j'attends de vos nouvelles, je suis attentif aux choses qui peuvent vous être utile; et je vous prie de croire que je suis aussi véritablement vôtre ami que vôtre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

NOVERRE.

Madame Noverre vous assure de ses civilités, et vous prie ainsi que moi de faire agréer à Madame Garrick les assurances de nos respects.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

19 May, 1755.

COMME la foire St. Laurent ne finit que le huit d'Octobre, je ne puis pas me trouver à Londre avant le 12; ainsi il est absolument nécessaire que les décorations, habits, et ustancilles nécessaires à mes ballets, soient prêts, parce-que je mettrai le premier divertissement en quatre ou cinq jours de temps.

Comme je me trouve extrèmement pressé, et que le courier va partir, je vous enverrai par le premier ordinaire mon engagement.

DE M. NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 24 May, 1755.

J'ai reçu la lettre charmante que vous m'avez fait l'amitié de m'écrire; je suis extrêmement sensible à vos marques d'estime; vôtre stile est admirable, et a été approuvé par toutes les personnes à qui j'ai fait la lecture de vôtre lettre: enfin, vous êtes un homme divin, et tous les artistes et les sçavans de ce pays voudroient avoir le bonheur de vous connoître.

J'ai vu Mr. Camus, et j'ai été chez lui; car il a pensé perdre la vie: il commence à jouir d'une très foible convalescence; mais son zèle et l'attachement qu'il a pour l'Angleterre le détermine à partir Lundi; je souhaite qu'il arrive à bon port, car il est très foible et hors d'état de soutenir de grande fatigue. Je lui ai remis les œuvres de Fagan et l'Année Litéraire de Fréron. Je n'ai point voulu vous envoyer les Lettres du même auteur sur les différens écrits du temps, que je ne sache si son stile vous plaira. J'aurai soin de vous porter la suite de l'Année Litéraire, et de l'acheter à mesure qu'elle paroîtra.

Mr. de Macmahon s'est chargé des autres emplettes que j'ai faite pour vous et pour Madame Garrick, à qui je présente mes respects, ainsi que ma pauvre femme, qui a pensé mourir d'un laict rependu.

Parlons du peu de nos affaires. Mr. Monnet, par sa négligence, vient de perdre sa première danseuse; il n'en a point: elle a rompu avec lui, ainsi il faut que vous ayez la bonté de vous en précautionner d'une bonne; car je me trouve dans l'impossibilité de vous en faire avoir une.

Je finis, car les envelopes coûtent trop cher; d'ailleurs, Messieurs Camus et Macmahon sont chargés de deux lettres. Adieu, Monsieur; je vous souhaite une bonne santé; je vous aime de toute mon âme, et je vous suis attaché autant qu'à moi-même. Ne doutez point des sentimens sincères de vôtre très humble serviteur,

NOVERRE.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 18 Juin, 1755.

Je suis si charmé, mon cher Monsieur, de ce commerce utile et agréable que vous voulez bien avoir avec moi, que j'aurois à rougir de moi-même, si je ne faisois tous mes efforts pour en serrer les nœuds aussi étroitement qu'il m'est possible. Le public n'a encore aucun droit à mon tems; et comme, grâce au ciel, mes affaires les plus importantes ont été jusqu'ici *mes amis* et *les lettres*, je regarderai toujours comme les mieux employés de mes moments ceux qu'il me sera permis de consacrer à nôtre amitié.

Je vous félicite de tout mon cœur sur vôtre tranquillité actuelle. Il est doux au

sortir de la carrière de se reposer un peu sur des lauriers qui coûtent tant à cueillir; et si je n'étois ami de vôtre gloire autant que de vos rares talents, je vous souhaiterois volontiers la devise de Mercure-Sosie dans Amphitrion, *Moins d'honneur, et plus de repos.* Continuez, mon cher Monsieur, à reparer à vôtre campagne une santé qui doit être si précieuse à tous les gens de goût. Elevez toujours à la mémoire de vôtre "immortal Shakspeare" ce Temple dont vous m'avez parlé, en attendant qu'un jour, (puisse-t-il n'arriver que fort tard!) vôtre nation vous traite comme Mrs. Oldfield, et vous érige à Westminster un mausolée que vous mériterez bien autant qu'elle. Je vous suplie très instamment de m'envoyer dans vôtre réponse le prologue que vous avez fait et prononcé dans vôtre rôle du "Drunken Sailor." Vôtre modestie vous a, sans doute, empêché de m'en faire mention; mais vos feuilles publiques n'ont pas été si discrettes, et vous devez sentir la part que j'ai prise à des applaudissemens aussi légitimes. J'exige donc ce petit présent de nôtre amitié, et je vous conjure même de ne me pas faire attendre. Vous êtes maintenant assez libre, et vous ne sauriez croire le plaisir que vous me feriez, si avant Septembre je recevois plus d'une de vos lettres. Je compte toujours partir pour l'Italie. Si, cependant, quelque fatalité, que je ne puis prévoir, ne me permettoit pas encore un voyage, auquel je compte mettre dix-huit mois, je n'ai point perdu l'espérance de retourner à Londres l'hyver prochain, pour y jouir de nouveau de la liberté du pays, pour y suivre vôtre théâtre, pour donner à Shakspeare et à M. Garrick cette admiration qui leur est dûe, et qui coûte si peu à mon cœur; enfin, pour puiser dans vôtre conversation les connoissances qui me sont encore nécessaires dans l'idée où je suis d'exécuter un jour mon grand projet d'une *Histoire* exacte et refléchie de *La Litérature Angloise.* Vous comprenez à merveille quel rôle y jouera vôtre tragédie et son étonnant créateur. J'ai mille choses à dire, sans préjugés, ce me semble, sans mauvaise humeur, sans partialité nationale, sur cette divine *action*, sur cette *chaleur d'intérêt* qui caractérise tant de vos pièces, et qui les rendent *sur la scène* si préférables aux notres, dont la plûpart ne sont que de très-belles *élégies* et de charmantes *poëmes*; mais je suis encore bien jeune, et j'ai besoin de certaines lumières que je saisirai mieux à Londres qu'ici. Je crois donc devoir remettre ce grand coup à quelques années, et me contenter en attendant de porter quelques bottes à cet *Amour Tyrannique* que nous inspirent par *préscription* les règles *d'unités*, et surtout à cette idée modeste, où sont nos gens, qu'*au théâtre* comme en tout nous sommes *les arbitres souverains.* Heureux si ma santé, qui continue à être assez chancelante, ne me faisoit craindre l'hyver de vôtre ville, et si les brouillards de la Tamise et la fumée de charbon convenoient autant à ma poitrine, que les hommes, leurs mœurs, et les pièces tragiques, s'y accordent avec mon goût!

Je viens maintenant, mon cher ami, à ce que vous me dites du *Jaloux.* Je suis fort en état de vous parler de celui du pauvre Bret, puis-que j'en ai vu les quatre uniques représentations. C'est vous dire assez clairement que la pièce n'a point réussi, et ne doit vous empêcher en aucune sorte de suivre vôtre travail. J'ai été très-sensible à cet accident, parce-que l'auteur est réellement un homme d'esprit, un sujet laborieux, un citoyen plein de probité. Deux ouvrages qu'il nous avoit déjà donnés, et qui

ont eu de la réussite (L'Ecole Amoureuse, et La Double Extravagance) m'autorisoient à vous en parler comme j'ai fait. Aussi suis-je bien loin de m'en repentir. Ce seroit bien le diable après tout, si entre nous autres auteurs, nous ne nous passions quelques chûtes.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim. Badinerie à part, celle de Mr. Bret m'a fait peine. Tout ennemi que je suis des préjugés de ma nation, je lui souhaite du bien aussi ardemment que *Thomas Touchit de Spring-gardens* lui veut du mal, et j'aurois été ravi de voir un nouveau chef-d'œuvre ajouté au très-petit nombre de ceux qui nous ont distingués depuis le commencement du siècle.

Le sujet est pris du fameux roman de *Zayde* par Madame de la Fayette, amie et contemporaine de la célèbre Sévigné. Figurez-vous un homme (Damis, si je ne me trompe) amoureux, fou d'une jeune demoiselle, et qui non content d'être jaloux des vivants qui l'environnent, s'avise encore de le devenir d'un Lindor qui l'a aimée avant lui, qui passe pour être mort de ses rigueurs, et au trépas duquel la nature seule a obligé Orphine de donner quelques larmes. Ce trait bizarre, bon pour être mis en charge dans une petite pièce d'un acte, qu'on eût intitulée, je supose, *La Jalousie ridicule*, est pourtant l'âme de l'ouvrage entier, et le tronc dont sortent toutes les branches. Dans ses fureurs contre le pauvre défunt, le jaloux le rapelle du sein des enfers, et souhaiteroit qu'il revint à la vie, pour la lui aracher de nouveau sur le champ de bataille. Ce furieux a un ami, qui demande sa grâce, à deux genoux, à sa maîtresse indignée d'un pareil caractère. Le valet du jaloux l'apperçoit dans cette attitude, et court le rapporter à son maître, qui sur le champ se met en tête que son ami le trahit. En conséquence, point d'excuses, point de raisons, point d'explications; épées tirées de part et d'autre. Orphine arrive, et sur ce nouveau trait d'une jalousie insensée rompt pour toujours avec son lunatique. Voilà quelle étoit la pièce dans laquelle on n'a trouvé de plaisant que la situation qui suit. Lucelle, sœur du *Jaloux*, a pour amant cet ami dont je viens de vous parler, et qui se nomme Clitandre. Cette fille, jeune, et sans expérience, en croit son frère, qui l'assure fort énergiquement qu'il ne peut y avoir de véritable amour sans une excessive *jalousie*, et que le seul moyen d'éprouver celui de son cher Clitandre, c'est de le mettre sur ce chapitre. Elle obéit au jaloux, sonde son amant, le trouve à cent lieues de toute inquiétude, se désole, et dans son risible chagrin, tantôt le traite d'ingrat, de parjure, de traitre, &c. &c., tantôt veut lui persuader qu'il est jaloux comme un tigre, sans le sçavoir; enfin, prend toutes ses excuses pour autant d'injures qui ne servent qu'à l'irriter contre lui. Cela n'est-il pas assez comique, et ne pouroit-il pas réussir même sur vôtre théâtre comme trait particulier? Au reste, le style de cet ouvrage étoit très-défectueux, les vers lâches, coupés, sans coloris, &c. Quant aux rôles, les voici: Granval jouoit le *jaloux;* Mademoiselle Gaussin, Orphine; Belcour, que vous ne connoissez pas, Clitandre; une Mademoiselle Griéau, très-jolie fille et très-mauvaise actrice, Lucelle; et Préville, excellent valet, celui du jaloux.

Je vous remercie de ce que vous me dites sur le Dictionaire de Mr. Johnson, et sur

les lugubres Night Thoughts que je me suis mis à lire tous les soirs avant de prendre mon *night-cap*. Il y a de plus mauvais soporatifs.

Mr. Titon du Tillet, dont vous exigez que je vous parle, est un excellent citoyen d'une de nos meilleures familles de Paris. Ce digne vieillard, agé de plus de quatre-vingt-sept ans, a vu renouveller nôtre littérature depuis le tems de Racine, et même de la Fontaine, qu'il a connus dans ses premières années. Aussi, est-ce un puids d'anecdotes. Epris pour les arts d'une ardente admiration, il vouloit ériger à la mémoire de nos plus grands poëtes, peintres, sculpteurs, &c. un monument qui put faire un honneur immortel à la nation. Il en a chez-lui le plan sculpté en bronze, peint et gravé par d'habiles mains: tous les étrangers le vont voir, pour peu qu'ils séjournent à Paris. Il avoit proposé qu'on l'exécutât en grand dans une de nos places publiques, comme un monument éternel à la gloire de la France. Il avoit même demandé qu'on le fit Fermier-général, jusqu'à ce qu'il l'eût fait ériger à ses propres dépens: quitte à se voir ensuite privé d'une place dont il ne se soucieroit guères, dès que son unique ambition seroit satisfaite. On a admiré à la cour, l'homme et ses projets. Le Cardinal de Fleury lui disoit souvent en l'embrassant, qu'il n'y avoit personne qui pensât comme lui; mais il se contentoit de le lui dire. Peut-être même pensoit-il en lui-même comme le fameux Cardinal Dubois, qui appelloit les écrits du bon Abbé de St. Pierre, *les rêves d'un homme de bien*. Je suis fort lié avec ce Mr. Titon, et j'ai pour lui toute la vénération dûe à un citoyen aussi respectable, et aussi zélé pour la gloire de nôtre patrie.

Pour ce qui est des livres qui pourroient vous mettre au fait du courant de nôtre littérature actuelle; j'ai peine à vous conseiller les vingt vol. de la Bibliothèque Françoise. L'auteur (l'Abbé Goujet) *Janséniste outré*, a rempli son ouvrage de morceaux polémiques, de dissertations pieuses, d'historiettes de parti, &c. qui vous amuseroient peu, et vous instruiroient encore moins. Ce que vous pourriez faire de mieux à mon avis, ce seroit de joindre ensemble les journeaux de l'Abbé Des Fontaines et les Feuilles Courantes de Fréron, que je connois très particulièrement. Vous verrez par la note exacte qu'il m'en a donnée lui-même, et que je vous envoye cy-jointe, que le nombre des volumes formeroit une suite assez considérable, et vous meneroit à des frais un peu étendus; mais aussi auriez-vous la meilleure idée qu'il fût possible, de l'état habituel de nôtre littérature depuis vingt ans. Fréron ne manque ni de grâces, ni de précision, et vous serez, je crois, très-content de son style. Je souhaiterois seulement qu'il y eut chez lui plus d'analyses que de tristes détails, plus de jugemens que d'épigrammes, plus de saines instructions que de traits de satyre; enfin, qu'il s'attachât sans cesse à tirer *l'or* du *fumier d'Ennius*, au lieu de mettre impitoyablement les écrits à l'alambic pour n'en exposer que le caput mortuum. Vous verrez dans la douzième feuille du troisième tome de cette année, une épître, en vers, contenant des "Adieux à Londres," ouvrage d'un Suisse, dont j'ai été l'ami en Angleterre, que j'ai corrigé moi-même, et que j'ai fait mettre, par pure attention pour l'auteur, dans le journal de Fréron. Comme il y est parlé de vous, je vais détacher la pièce de cette douzième feuille, et vous l'envoyer avec un feuillet de la treizième, dans laquelle vous verrez l'auteur désavouer ces jolis vers par une modestie *à la Suisse*, dont on a beau-

coup ri. *Longa est injuria, longæ ambages.* Je suis fâché qu'il aît si fort maltraité Rich, quoiqu'il soit bien vrai que durant nôtre séjour à Londres, nous n'ayons pas été une seule fois à Covent-Garden sans nous y ennuyer. La première strophe sur Londres est aussi un peu forte; mais de grâce, ne l'attribuez pas à ma façon de penser. Sinner a voulu que je suivisse ses idées dans mes corrections. * Auriez-vous mieux aimé la platitude de l'original?

" Adieu! singulière Cité,
Asyle du libertinage!
Bien plus que de la liberté;*
Où la débauche et la beauté
N'ont pas emprunté le visage
Du fard, et de la volupté!"

Quel galimathias que ces trois derniers vers! Le *visage du fard*—Bon Dieu! A propos de l'ouvrage de Fréron, sçavez-vous bien que j'ai une querelle à vous faire? Vous avez chargé Mr. Noverre de vous faire une emplette de livres. Je vous avoue que je suis jaloux de cette préférence, et que je ne soufrirai pas volontiers que l'on empiette sur les droits de ma corréspondance. Ne doutez pas, mon cher ami, que je ne me charge avec grand plaisir de vous faire ici (avec tous les soins, et toute l'intelligence dont je suis capable,) les achats qui vous seront nécessaires, en quelque genre que ce soit, pour vous où pour vos connoissances. Disposez de mes services, je vous en conjure, et soyez bien persuadé que je vous en voudrai beaucoup, si vous ne me mettez en état de répondre en quelque sorte à l'excès de vos politesses.

Que pensez-vous de Mr. Gay, et de ses ouvrages? Je vous avoue que je prens un goût singulier à ses vers, et que je crois y découvrir un tour qui n'est qu'à lui, et qui m'attache infiniment. Redressez-moi si je me trompe.

Grande dispute entre Mr. Flint et moi: dans le vers du fameux monologue de Hamlet:

" When we have shuffled off this mortal coil," &c.

Que veut dire ce dernier mot *coil?* Flint soutient qu'il signifie un *cable*, et qu'ainsi " this mortal coil" veut dire ici *ce cable mortel* qui nous serre, qui nous lie, nous entoure, &c. métaphore prise de la marine. Pour moi, jusqu'à ce que vous nous ayez éclaircis, je pense avec Warburton, que *coil* se prend là pour *bustle, noise, tumult, turmoil*, &c. d'autant plus qu'il est mis en contraste avec le sommeil de la mort.†

" That sleep of death," &c.

Je connois bien le verbe *to coil*, qui signifie en François *vrillonner*, ou *viner un cable;* mais je ne sache pas que vous ayez le substantif *a coil* pris en ce sens. Jugez nous, Mr. Flint se soumet à vôtre décision. Il a été mon maître; mais j'ai trop appris à voler, pour ne me pas fier à mes propres ailes. Dieu veuille que vous ne disiez pas de moi comme d'Icare: " *And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd!*"—Je

* Le joli jeu de mots!

† Though we have the noun which he questions, yet there can be no doubt that the " *hasty spark*" from his friend Flint only tended to mislead him. Warburton's light here was steady, a somewhat rare occurrence.—Ed.

présente mes respects très-humbles à Madame Garrick, et finis ma longue lettre en vous assurant que je suis, avec toute la sincérité possible, mon très cher Monsieur,

Vôtre très humble et très dévoué serviteur,

PATU.

P. S. Je rouvre cette ennuyeuse pancarte pour vous remercier encore de m'avoir procuré la connoissance de M. Noverre. J'estime tous les hommes qui se distinguent par leur probité et par leurs talents dans quelque art que ce soit. Il me pria à souper ces jours-ci, et n'eût point de relâche que je ne lui eusse donné ma parole, le tout à vôtre considération. Je suis convaincu que si sa femme l'accompagne à Londres, vous serez charmé comme moi de son esprit et de sa douceur. Il m'engage à vous dire un mot sur le prix que vous voulez mettre à vos figurants. Pardon si à sa sollicitation je me mêle d'une chose qui n'est guères du district d'un homme de lettres. Je ne crois pas en honneur qu'il vous soit possible d'avoir des sujets à quarante ni même à quarante-cinq guinées : les bons sont chers partout, les mauvais ont ici trop de ressources. D'ailleurs, ne voilà-t'il pas trois petites gueuses qu'on a vues à Londres engagées par Vaneschi à soixante-quinze guinées chacune, qui décrient le pays parmi leurs camarades, comme si tout Londres devoit être responsable de la grossièreté des Italiens avec lesquels elles ont vécu, ou de l'incivilité de quelque *Baily*. Mr. Noverre me prie aussi de vous dire qu'il attend avec impatience la demoiselle que vous lui annoncez, et que vous ne devez douter ni du zèle ni des soins de sa chère femme pour lui faire connoître Paris. Je crois à cet égard pouvoir vous répondre de leur bonne volonté. Je ne doute pas un seul moment que Mademoiselle Pritchard ne se trouve chez eux en très-bonnes mains. Excusez-encore une fois le babil d'un homme qui a peine à s'arracher d'avec vous, et qui après avoir gâté tant de papier s'en voit encore un peu de reste.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

Passy, ce 23 Aoust, 1755.

CE que c'est que la vie, mon très-cher Monsieur ! Faut-il que nôtre amitié voye interrompre sa correspondance par des maladies qui nous soient particulières, et que nous ayons à craindre par dessus le marché la maladie générale de nos deux nations, cette malheureux guerre dont on ne cesse de nous menacer !

Je vous remercie très-fort de ne m'avoir appris vôtre accident qu'en m'informant de vôtre guérison. Attaché comme je le suis à vos talents, à vôtre caractère, à tout ce qui vous regarde, aurois-je pu m'empêcher d'être sensible à vôtre état, et de partager vivement vos justes inquiétudes ? Au nom de vous même, mon ami, fuyez tout ce qui pouroit vous occasionner une rechûte. Fuyez les bavards si communs dans la société, les musiciens fous de leur art, les voix rauques qui se tuent de détonner à table, le fracas d'une ville telle que Londres dans une saison où vous ne lui êtes plus nécessaire : et que Dieu soit à jamais béni de vous avoir fait naître dans une

religion, où le bruit des cloches ne vous casse point la tête à triples carillons! À l'heure que je vous parle, pauvre Catholique que je suis, j'ai la cervelle rompue, le timpan abîmé, les oreilles assourdies du vacarme insuportable du clocher de ce village pour la fête de nôtre bon Roy, le bienheureux St. Louis. Fuyez surtout le danger le plus à craindre pour quelqu'un de vôtre esprit et de vôtre profession: l'importunité d'un poëte qui vous poursuit, comme un bourdon, pour vous assommer de ses vers, et pour vous lire d'une voix tonnante les faits et gestes de ses héros.

"Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo."*

Vous lui proposerez, sans doute, la lecture du cabinet, comme plus propre à vous faire juger de son ouvrage; mais en vain: quoique vous et moi nous soyons du métier, il faut convenir entre nous qu'un poëte est souvent un petit être boufi d'orgueil; et moi qui vous parle, mais n'allez pas me trahir, n'ai-je pas quelquefois dans l'idée que lorsque je lis mes vers, j'y donne seul le ton qui leur convient, et que si nos comédiens lisoient eux-mêmes, ou faisoient lire à tout autre qu'à moi une pièce de ma façon, ils ne la veroient peut-être pas sous un aspect aussi avantageux?

Après cette confession badine, mon cher ami, j'en reviens à vôtre lettre, qui m'a procuré comme les deux premières ce plaisir si pur que je goûte lors que je reçois de vos nouvelles. J'y aurois répondu beaucoup plustôt sans ma mauvaise santé; mais que direz-vous d'un homme, et surtout d'un jeune homme, qui depuis huit mois ne fait presque que languir, et qui se donne en vain toutes les peines du monde pour regagner le dessus? Je me flatte, enfin, d'en venir à bout, si l'état où je me trouve maintenant continue, et si l'air de la campagne que je respire à une lieue de Paris m'est toujours aussi favorable. Le pis est que je ne sais trop ce que j'ai. Mon médecin accuse mon sang d'être scorbutique; d'autres prétendent que non: en tout cas, ses remèdes sont donc propres à plusieurs maux; car, grâce à ma patience, ainsi qu'à la laitue, à la chicorée, au becabunga, au suc d'oseille, de cresson, de cochlearia, enfin, je me sens mieux. Je boirai du lait tout Septembre, et nous verrons ensuite ce que le sort décidera. Une de mes gentillesses, dont pourtant je me passerois à merveille, ce sont des crachements de sang de la gorge, qui m'avoient pris il y a près de trois ans, et qui m'ont repris depuis mon séjour à la campagne. La saignée est le seul moyen de les arrêter. Cette fois-ci ils m'ont pris huit fois en quinze jours, cela est assez honnête; mais d'une force à teindre deux mouchoirs à chaque évacuation; enfin, je me suis fait saigner, et les voilà éteints jusqu'à nouvel ordre. Pardonnez-moi, de grâce, un détail aussi déplacé, et qu'à coup sûr je ne me permetrois pas, si j'écrivois à tout autre qu'à un ami. Souvenez-vous de la belle strophe du Métastase: elle est mon excuse, quoique je n'en sois pas encore à chanter victoire.

Dopo il crudel cimento
Narra i passati sdegni;
Di sue ferite segni
Mostrà il guerrier così:

* The last verse of Horace, de Arte Poetica.—Ed.

Mostra così contento
Schiavo che uscì di pena
La barbara catena
Che strascinava un dì.

Je suis ravi que Mr. Pritchard aît été content des légers services que j'ai cherché à lui rendre. Outre qu'ils n'étoient rien par eux-mêmes, et que son indulgence seule a pu leur donner quelque poids, il seroit bien indigne d'un François de ne pas faire tout ce qui est en lui pour rendre à nos voisins les politesses et les amitiés dont les honnêtes gens d'entr'eux nous comblent en Angleterre. Je crois très-sincèrement que Mademoiselle sa fille ne sauroit être en meilleure école pour la danse, et pour ce qui concerne l'éducation corporelle; mais j'imagine que Mr. Pritchard n'a pas une envie décidée qu'elle apprenne nôtre langue. Le meilleur et peut-être le seul moyen eût été de lui donner un maître habile, et de lui faire joindre ainsi les principes à l'habitude. Au reste, comme elle a, sans la flater, plus d'esprit, plus de jugement, en un mot, plus d'heureuses dispositions, qu'il n'est ordinaire d'en trouver chez nos jeunes demoiselles, je ne doute point qu'elle ne tire de ses quatre mois et de sa compagnie où elle est, toute l'utilité qui dépendra d'elle. Je ne puis vous dire où elle en est, car je suis tombé, après le départ de Monsieur son père, dans un état d'oppression, et même de vapeurs, qui m'a contraint de me renfermer chez moi, et maintenant me voici à la campagne, de sorte que je n'ai pu la voir qu'une ou deux fois, encore n'étoit-ce point chez Madame Noverre, mais à l'opéra comique où j'allois dissiper ma mélancolie. Entre nous, et sans que cela nous passe, j'aurois voulu pour son avantage qu'on la menât plus souvent à nôtre comédie Françoise qu'à ces misères de Monnet, et qu'on eût soin de lui faire lire la pièce pour la mettre à portée de l'entendre dans la bouche de l'acteur. C'est une recette dont je me suis trouvé très-bien pour l'Anglois, et que je prêche à tout le monde. Le beau profit que j'aurois fait, si j'eusse préféré *Bertoldo alla corte*, *L'Arcadia in brenta*, et force Pantomimes, aux chef-d'œuvres de vôtre nation!

Me voilà, je pense, revenu pour cette année de mon voyage d'Italie: mes amis, mes connoissances, mes parents même me pressent de ne songer qu'à ma santé, et de remettre la partie à l'année prochaine. Si cela est ainsi, je ne désespère pas de me revoir à Londres au printems, assez tôt pour jouir encore de quelques unes de vos représentations. Vous me flattez, mon ami; je sens combien il me manque de choses dans une langue aussi riche, aussi énergique, dans une littérature aussi étendue que la vôtre. Trois ou quatre mois me sont indispensables pour m'y perfectionner, et surtout pour recueillir avec soin les matériaux nécessaires à l'œuvre que je médite. Je serai alors, je l'espère, en état d'y penser sérieusement. A l'heure qu'il est, on me défend un travail assidu, et j'ai peine à obtenir de la faculté trois ou quatre heures par jour. *Dissipez-vous*, voilà leur grand mot.

Que je vous suis obligé de vos charmantes Prologues! Vous moquez-vous, de me faire peur comme du Loup noir de deux ou trois badineries? N'êtes vous pas le peintre de la nature, et n'auriez-vous pas tous les torts du monde, si par une déli-

catesse mal-entendue, vous manquiez à saisir le vrai génie de vos matelots, et les expressions fanfarons qui leur sont propres ainsi qu'aux nôtres? Songez, de grâce, à me tenir la promesse obligeante que vous me faites de m'envoyer de tems à autre ce qui paroîtra de vos ouvrages dramatiques.

Mr. Titon du Tillet, à qui j'ai présenté vos compliments, y est on ne peut pas plus sensible. Il me charge de vous assurer de sa reconnoissance, et de l'estime qu'il a pour un homme dont le nom et les talents sont aussi *célèbres* que les vôtres. Pourquoi me parlez-vous de l'aller voir dans ma compagnie, si vous êtes si peu disposé à venir? Ne me flattez d'un projet qui me seroit si agréable, que lorsque vous serez prêt à l'accomplir, et, pour me servir d'un terme que j'envie à vôtre langue, ne *tantalizez* point mon amitié.

Je passe aux nouvelles littéraires, qui malheureusement sont en petit nombre. Nous avons eu depuis le Jaloux, une féerie, une drogue, intitulée *Zélide, ou l'art d'aimer et de plaire*, réchaufé de l'oracle et de Zénéide. Assez d'esprit, peu de justesse, style haché, mauvais tour de vers, voilà cet ouvrage, qui d'ailleurs étoit d'un froid à glacer. Je compte après-demain aller à Paris pour y voir la troisième ou quatrième représentation de "l'Orphelin de la Chine," tragédie nouvelle de nôtre grand Voltaire. On m'assure qu'entre autres beautés, il y a un morceau qui surpasse ce qu'il a fait de mieux. Soyez sur, mon cher Monsieur, d'en avoir dans ma première lettre un détail des plus travaillés. Dieu veuille que cela accélère vôtre réponse à celle-ci! Vous n'êtes plus malade, au moins je m'en flatte, et vous devez savoir que ce qui me vient de vous, met dans mon sang un baume dont il a très-grand besoin.— A propos de Voltaire, connoissez-vous son épître addressée à sa nouvelle maison proche le Lac de Genève, et faite en Mars dernier? Pour peu que vous en soyez curieux, nous l'avons imprimée, et je me ferai un vrai plaisir de vous en envoyer un exemplaire. Disposez toujours de moi pour l'achat des livres qui pouront vous être utiles, et pour toutes les commissions imaginables. Ce sera le seul moyen de me prouver que vous me conservez vôtre estime, et que vous ne diminuez rien à des sentiments qui me seront toujours si précieux. En revanche, si vous trouvez quelque occasion, sans la chercher beaucoup, de me faire tenir par un voyageur de vôtre connoissance les *Poésies de plusieurs dames Angloises*, recueillies depuis peu, en 2 vol. in 12°, vous me ferez plaisir. J'en remettrai le prix à la personne qui voudra bien s'en charger. Je serois aussi très-curieux d'une édition de Chaucer, qui ne fût point in folio.

L'Abbé Prévost vient de se démettre du Journal Littéraire, et c'est maintenant Fréron qui en est chargé. Le voilà, grâces au ciel, accablé de travail. Est-ce le moyen de nous donner une meilleure besogne? *Auri sacra fames!* Je lui ai fait présent ces jours-ci, par pure amitié, d'un extrait de Barberousse qui m'a coûte quelque peine. J'ai pris la liberté d'y joindre quelques objections critiques; mais je me flatte que s'il les fait imprimer telles qu'elles sont (comme il le doit sans doute, pour peu qu'il ait envie que je lui rende dans la suite d'autres services du même genre,) vous ne serez mécontent ni du fond ni de la tournure de mes remarques. Si le nom

de l'auteur n'est plus un secret, je vous prie instamment de me le mander pour le faire mettre dans le premier journal.—Adieu, mon très-cher ami : je ne finirois pas si je n'écoutois que mon cœur, et si je ne songeois qu'il ne faut point fatiguer les gens du plaisir qu'on a de les entretenir. Mes respects à Madame, et mes compliments très-humbles au puissant Mr. Pritchard. J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec un tendre dévouement, Vôtre très-sincère et très-affectionné serviteur,

PATU.

Vous trouverez cy-joint premièrement une pièce, de vers et de prose, à Mr. Lorry, mon médecin, jeune homme qui joint à toute la science du métier une vaste littérature ; secondement, l'envoi de mes Adieux du Goût à une dame d'un esprit infini avec laquelle j'étois brouillé depuis peu. Sa reponse qu'elle m'envoya quatre heures après est un joli morceau pour une femme.

ENVOI DES ADIEUX DU GOÛT.

À MADAME DE * * *.

Je vous offre un stoique hommage :
Vos talents flattent ma fierté :
Tandis que mon cœur enchanté,
Loin du tumulte et de l'orage,
Goute sa chère liberté,
Mon esprit est encore tenté
De vous ravir vôtre sufrage.

Que de l'amour disgracié
L'oubli soit le juste partage ;
Mais que mon livre à tant d'outrage
Ne soit jamais sacrifié,
Et par un reste de pitié,
Lorsque vous lirez cet ouvrage,
Prenez les yeux de l'amitié.

Puissiez-vous n'y point reconnoître,
Et le clinquant et les défauts
Que pour complaire à ses rivaux
L'auteur vous a laissé paroître !
Puissent vos vers ingénieux,
Vôtre prose aimable et polie,
Prouver à la France ravie,
Que ce départ trop furieux
Du goût desertant sa patrie,
N'est que la sombre rêverie
D'un rimeur pâle et bilieux !

Il règne encore dans nôtre ville ;
Malgré ses Adieux menaçants,
Ce Dieu qu'ignorent tant de gens,
Et qui d'un pas libre et facile,
Vous suit, en tous lieux en tout tems,
Aura toujours pour domicile
Le cercle où brillent vos talents.

RÉPONSE.

Je reçois vôtre hommage avec avidité,
Quoiqu'offert par la vanité :
La voix de la reconnoissance
Etouffe dans mon sein le cri de la fierté ;
Ceci passe la vraisemblance,
Sans atteindre à la vérité.
Au plaisir d'estimer mes ressentiments cèdent,
Je n'éprouve pour vous ni haine, ni mépris,
Des talents, quelqu'ils soient, mon cœur toujours épris,
Ne voit point de défauts dans ceux qui les possèdent.
Témoin de vos succès mon goût en est flatté ;
Et je prendrois vôtre deffense,
Si le fiel de la médisance,
Par un jaloux orgueil contre vous excité,
Osoit flétrir en ma présence
Un laurier si bien mérité.

Vous voyez, mon cher ami, que nous avons aussi nos femmes poëtes. Je vous envoye ces deux morceaux pour payer en quelque sorte le présent de vos prologues. Mes foibles vers soutenus de ma bonne volonté, voilà ce que j'ose mettre dans l'autre fléau de la balance, pour tenir une sorte d'équilibre entre vous et moi.

A propos du livre de Rouquet, je ne l'ai point lu ; mais il me semble qu'on n'en fait pas plus de cas que vous.

DE PATU.

LETTRE ÉCRITE A MR. LORRY, MON MÉDECIN.

Ce Samedi, 19 Juillet, 1755.

Je vous attens, mon cher Docteur, comme les Turcs attendent les Houris. C'est beaucoup dire assurément, car il s'en faut bien que vos juleps, vos médecines, et vos bouillons amers soient d'une jouissance aussi agréable que ces vierges sacrées dont le Prophète a dit : *Si l'une d'elles crachoit dans l'océan, à l'instant même ses eaux deviendroient douces.* Ma jambe va beaucoup mieux, et depuis que j'ai pensé voir Morand, la coquine a craint la consulte et se cicatrise de toute part. J'en suis ravi, car à vous dire vrai, il m'eût paru bien dur à moi qui n'ai pas pris Bergopzoom de périr comme son conquérant.

Je ne suis point cet autre Achille,
Ce fier Danois, ce Lowendhal,
Qui d'un air gay, d'un pas agile
Vous marchoit pour prendre une ville
Comme un François ouvre le bal.
Je suis un citoyen vulgaire
Content de mon obscurité :
Trop ami de l'humanité
Pour aller cueillir à la guerre
Ces lauriers dont la vanité
Décore un héros redouté,
Qui sur les débris de la terre
S'élève à l'immortalité.

Que ceux qui se sont vus pendant leur vie de *vrais moules à te deum*, comme les appelle la chanson, deviennent quand il leur plaira *des moules a requiem!* Pour moi, qui n'ai point à espérer les honneurs pompeux de leurs catafalques, ni les fastueux éloges de leurs oraisons funèbres, cette pauvre terre me sied on ne peut pas mieux.

Viens donc, ô toi, dieu tutélaire,
Appui de mes jours languissans,
Toi la moitié d'un tendre Frère*
Qui tel qu'une fleur passagère
Me fut ravi dans son printems;
Toi dont il partagea deux ans,
Et l'amitié pure et sincère,
Et les travaux et les talents,
Honneurs de sa prompte carrière,
Charme de ses derniers moments,—
Viens, parle, et que ta main savante,
Dans ce corps né pour la douleur,
Ce corps dont ma verve brûlante
Pompe les sucs et la vigueur
Malgré mes Nièces et ma Sœur,†
Fixe mon âme chancelante.
Surtout rétablis mes poumons :
Force la nature marâtre
A les combler de ces beaux dons
Qui font briller sur le théâtre,
Et nos Le Kains et nos Clairons.
Tu le peux : je sçais tes miracles ;
J'entens partout conter des faits
Qui vont me faire désormais
Croire en aveugle à tes oracles.
Je sais qu'au fils ‡ de Richelieu,
Que malgré les honneurs du père,
Et tout l'éclat d'un cordon bleu,
Deux fois la Parque meurtrière

* Mort en Février 1749, âgé de 21 ans. † Mes héritières. ‡ Mr. le Duc de Fronsac.

Alloit ravir à la lumière,
Deux fois tu rendis ce beau feu,
Et cette pureté première,
Qui sied au sang d'un demi-dieu.
Je sais même, et la Renommée
Sème au loin ces bruits étonnants,
Que pour payer ces faits brillants
Dont la cour entière est charmée,
On voit les promesses des grands
Ne s'exhaler plus en fumée.
Je sais qu'il n'est auprès du Roy
Ni Marquis, ni Duc, ni Princesse,
Ni fat, ni petite maîtresse,
Que tu n'enchaines sous ta loi;
Que pour guérir, non sans adresse,
Tous leurs Bobos minutieux,
Maux d'estomac, rhume, foiblesse,
Vapeurs surtout, ce rien affreux
Qui les tourmente, qui les presse,
À l'aspect d'un mari facheux,
Grâce à ta riante jeunesse,
Nos femmes t'aiment cent fois mieux,
Que l'Hipocrate de la Grèce:
Qu'enfin pour ne plus m'arrêter,
Tu fais partout tant de merveilles,
Qu'il nous faudroit sans le vanter,
Pour les dire, et les écouter,
Et trente jours et trente oreilles.
Je sais tout: mais en vérité,
Je finirois mal ton éloge,
Si malgré ta célébrité,
J'allois me voir trop tôt cité
Dans le nombreux Martirologe
De ta salubre Faculté.

DE M. PATU À MR. GARRICK.

Passy, ce 23 Septembre, 1755.

J'AI peine à trouver dans ma langue, mon cher Monsieur, les expressions qu'il me faudroit pour vous témoigner ma vive reconnoissance. Que vous êtes bon de vous intéresser si tendrement à ce qui me regarde, et de m'en assurer dans vôtre lettre d'une manière si amicale, si énergique! Croyez qu'on ne peut vous aimer avec plus d'ardeur, et plus de sincérité que moi, et qu'un sentiment de cette sorte joint à la juste estime que j'ai pour Mr. Garrick, est fait pour n'essuyer aucune vicissitude.

Vous louez beaucoup trop mes vers à mon ami Lorry. Si je ne vous connoissois pour l'homme du monde le plus franc, je serois tenté de prendre pour un vrai persiflage la comparaison que vous faites à ce sujet. C'est moi qui gagnerai, lorsque vos ouvrages seront le prix des miens, et je vous avoue que j'irois volontiers aux Indes si l'on y donnoit des effets du mérite de vos pièces pour des bagatelles de ma composition. Tenez-moi parole, je vous en conjure, et que j'aye de tems à autre le plaisir de voir et de revoir vos productions ou fugitives, ou théâtrales. Vous allez bientôt jouir de Mr. Noverre, car la saison s'avance. Vous aurez lieu, je l'espère, de vous louër de son attention pour Mademoiselle Pritchard, et des progrès de la jeune demoiselle. Ces dames envoyèrent ces jours passés un exprès à Passy, pour me demander ma soupe du lendemain. Je fus au désespoir, parceque j'attendois une compagnie de sept personnes, entre autres Mr. et Madame Fréron. Je compte la partie remise à dimanche prochain. Je serai ravi de juger par moi-même de ce qu'elle sait de François. Si ses progrès répondent à la part que j'y prens, tant pour elle que pour Mr. son père, ils seront très-étendus. Mr. Titon, chez lequel je dinai il y aura demain huit jours, est, on ne peut pas plus, sensible à vos politesses. Je lui ai parlé de vôtre projet si poli, de placer son nom dans vôtre poëme intitulé Le Goût. Il vous menace à son tour de mettre le vôtre, ainsi que vôtre zèle pour Shakspeare, dans une nouvelle édition de son ouvrage. Vôtre monument de campagne aiguillonera, dit-il, nos citoyens engourdis sur les beautés de nos grands maîtres, et sur les honneurs qu'on devroit leur rendre.

Que je suis enchanté de vôtre projet pour l'année prochaine, et qu'il me sera doux de vous voir, de vous embrasser, et de présenter à mes amis un homme unique qui joint à la bonté du cœur, cette excellente partie de nous-mêmes, un esprit si cultivé, si lumineux ; un homme, enfin, dont la moindre qualité est d'être, du jugement universel, le premier acteur de l'Europe ! Coulez, heures, coulez : vous m'allez faire marcher vers la vieillesse du pas le plus délibéré, et prier le tems de voler vers moi à tire d'aile. Vous avez jugé Fréron un peu sévèrement ; mais il le mérite, et je le lui ai dit. Au reste, plus il a écrit, plus il s'est éclairé. Vous reconnoîtrez dans l'Année Littéraire, plus de sagesse, plus d'ordre, plus de sagacité, que dans les *Lettres* sur les écrits de ce tems, &c. Il n'a jamais connu vôtre langue ; mais il commence à sentir qu'il ne la connoit pas, ce qui est beaucoup. Je puis me flater d'avoir contribué un peu à son changement depuis mon retour de Londres. Il a un excellent fond, et prend à merveille les vérités que je lui dis *ex intimo*. Pour ce qui est de " Barberousse," l'extrait que je lui en ai donné va paroître ces jours-ci à la tête du journal d'Octobre. N'imaginez pas que j'aye voulu faire une critique : j'ai visé à faire un éloge ; j'ai pris beaucoup d'intérêt à la pièce, et si je ne l'eusse crue digne d'être connue, je n'aurois pas cherché à la faire connoître. Mais, enfin, le soleil a ses tâches, et j'ai proposé mes doutes avec la modestie dont je ne m'écarterai jamais. Je me doute que l'auteur est Mr. le Docteur Brown ; mais je suis discrèt, et l'anonyme lui sera gardé

" L'Orphelin de la Chine" *is over*. La maladie subite de Le Kain a interrompu

la pièce à la neuvième représentation. Je vous envoye, pour abréger ma lettre, une espèce d'analyse qu'on en a faite, en attendant que je trouve une occasion de vous faire tenir l'ouvrage lui-même. Je trouve cette pièce chaude, intéressante, et généralement écrite à la Voltaire; mais vous en jugerez. La préface, qu'il a mise à la tête, et que vous verrez lorsqu'elle pourra vous parvenir, ne manquera pas de vous révolter. J'ai peu vu de choses (de lui surtout) aussi mal digérées, je dirois presque aussi mal écrites. Il y traite les pièces de Shakspeare de *farces monstrueuses*, et en parle avec un mépris souverain. J'en suis d'autant plus indigné que les moindres paroles de ce grand écrivain sont prises ici pour des oracles, et que j'en aurai d'autant plus d'hydres à terrasser. N'importe: A vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire. En attendant mieux, je compte donner à Fréron une idée du mauvais livre [me trompai-je?] de Mrs. Lenox, intitulé *Shakspeare illustrated*, ou plutôt *ill-treated*. J'en prendrai occasion de parler de "Romeo et Juliet." Le public verra si quelque chose d'aussi naturel, d'aussi tendre, d'aussi pathétique, peut passer pour une *farce*, encore moins pour une *farce monstrueuse*.

J'ai tant de choses dans l'idée lorsque j'écris à mon cher Garrick, que mes pensées sont diffuses et très-souvent assez mal exprimées. Vous êtes trop bon pour prendre garde aux paroles d'un homme qui les arrange sur le papier selon qu'elles se présentent à sa plume. A une chose près, voilà tout ce que j'ai à vous dire pour cette fois. Et quelle est cette chose?—bien plus intéressante pour moi que celles dont je viens de parler: la voici.

L'Abbé Prévôt a annoncé dans deux de ses journaux le recueil si mal fait des vies de vos poëtes par Cibber. Cette annonce a fait connoître le livre, et la faim presse assez nos auteurs pour qu'au premier jour on en voye paroître une traduction vraiment digne de l'original. Quel livre qu' une collection mal digérée, où la populace se confond parmi les grands, où d'ailleurs on ne traite ni de l'histoire de vôtre poésie, ni de ses progrès, &c.! Vous sentez d'avance à quoi j'en veux venir. J'ai résolu, décidément résolu, de commencer au plûtôt un ouvrage, en quatre volumes, dont voici le titre:—

Le Parnasse Anglois, ou Vies des principaux Poëtes qui ont illustré la Grande-Bretagne, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Poésie Angloise.

Voici maintenant de quelle sorte je conçois mon plan. Je commence par une Préface qui doit faire un morceau d'éclat sur l'étude de vôtre langue aujourd'huy si repandue; sur ses avantages, surtout pour la poésie. Je fais voir combien il est nécessaire de marcher dans cette étude par un chemin sûr, de se faire des choses des idées justes, de ne point confondre le style d'un auteur du siècle de la Reine Anne avec celui de Cowley, de Waller, &c. de distinguer le théâtre actuel de ce qu'il étoit sous Shakspeare et Ben Jonson. Que sais-je? mes idées sont confuses, et je les rends telles. Je parlerai de nos traductions si dangereuses par leur peu d'exactitude, &c., j'exhorterai les jeunes gens à ne décider sur rien que d'après les originaux, &c., je ferai sentir combien un pareil ouvrage dans lequel seront contenues les vies de

vos principaux poëtes peut-être utile aux hommes de lettres peu versés dans l'idiome Anglois, ou à ceux qui commencent à l'aprendre, &c. · Enfin, lorsque j'aurai à peu près tout dit, et de mon mieux, sur mon but en composant cet ouvrage, j'ajouterai une première dissertation sur le premier age de vôtre poésie depuis Chaucer jusqu'à la Reine Elizabeth, année 1560: à la tête du second age, depuis 1560 jusqu'à 1660, année de la Restoration, sera une seconde dissertation: troisième dissertation à la tête du troisième age, depuis Charles II. jusqu'à la Reine Anne: quatrième dissertation, enfin, depuis 1700 jusqu'au tems actuel. Pour ce qui est de l'arrangement des quatre volumes, voici à peu près mon idée. Premier vol.: La Préface. La première dissertation. Les vies des poëtes du premier age. Seconde dissertation. Les poëtes du second age. Nous voici a Charles II.—Second vol. Troisième dissertation. Vies des poëtes du troisième age. Quatrième dissertation. Une moitié des poëtes du quatrième age:—le reste fera le Troisième volume.—Quatrième vol. enfin, Vies de vos Femmes poëtes, et quelques éclaircissemens sur les poëtes vivants, ainsi que sur leurs ouvrages.

Toute confuse, toute grossière, toute informe que soit cette peinture, ne concevez-vous pas, mon ami, que cet ouvrage *bien fait* sera d'une utilité très-étendue, et mettra le François à porté de connoître les progrès de vôtre théâtre tragique et comique, indépendamment des autres genres de vôtre poésie? J'ajouterai à chaque vie le catalogue des ouvrages de vos poëtes. Que de gens vont devenir habiles à bon compte! mais aussi que d'hommes lettrés, et dont les occupations sont différentes de celles-ci, seront ravis de trouver une besogne toute faite pour eux! Au reste, si vous ne consentez pas à me donner vos idées sur mes quatre dissertations qui doivent regarder les progrès de vôtre poésie, je ne puis rien faire. Je vous conjure, mon cher ami, de me rendre ce service. Cela vous fera dans Paris un honneur dont vous serez bien digne. Je vous rendrai dans ma Préface tout ce qui vous apartiendra; et me ferai gloire d'avoir écrit sous vôtre dictée. Fréron, qui me paroit très-content de mon projet, m'aidera aussi de ses conseils, et parlera dans ses feuilles de vôtre générosité vraiment amicale. Je vais commencer par établir ma préface, ou ma disquisition littéraire, &c. En attendant qu'elle soit faite, consacrez-moi, de grâce, quelques instans; dérobez les à vôtre immense travail pour le théâtre. Jettez sur le papier vos idées sur le premier et sur le second age de vôtre poésie. Retranchez de la liste de Cibber (the Lives of the Poets, 3 vols.) toute la racaille qui vous paroîtra mériter peu l'honneur d'être connue: indiquez-moi les livres qui pouroient m'être utiles, et tâchez de les joindre au Chaucer et aux *Poems by eminent Ladies*. Les vies recueillies par Langbaine, par Jacob, &c. me sont-elles nécessaires? J'imagine que pour les poëtes, depuis vôtre bon Chaucer jusqu'à ceux de Charles II., Cibber me suffira. Les vies deviendront ensuite plus intéressantes. Fiez-vous à moi pour celle du divin Shakspeare, dans mon premier volume. Je finis ce grifonage abominable, et dont je suis honteux; figurez-vous qu'il est minuit, que j'écris au courant d'une plume effroyable. —Adieu, mon ami: accordez-moi la grâce que je vous demande, et pour le coup,— *eris mihi magnus Apollo*; je veux faire un bon ouvrage pour moi, pour vous, pour

en prévenir un mauvais. Voilà donc ce que j'attens à vôtre aise, quoiqu'à dire vrai le plutôt doit être le mieux : Vos idées, vos secours, vos lumières sur le premier et sur le second age de vôtre poësie : sur le premier depuis Chaucer jusqu'à Elizabeth, ann. 1560 ; sur le second depuis les poëtes du tems d'Elizabeth jusqu'à Charles II. matière du premier volume. Quand cela sera fait, nons songerons aux autres. Voilà l'ouvrage utile, intéressant, auquel je vais consacrer mon hyver et le retour de ma santé. Que je serois heureux d'être en Angleterre ! Je crois en vérité, que s'il vous étoit impossible de traiter la chose par écrit, je serois homme à vous aller trouver, mais les rhumes, les brouillards, le *punch*, et mes poumons, voilà ce qui s'accommode très-peu. J'attens de vous une réponse d'engagement ; quatre mots sufisent pour me mettre l'esprit en repos. Encore une fois, si vous ne voulez pas que nous travaillions cet ouvrage de concert, et si vous en voulez à la nation Françoise au point de lui refuser vos lumières, j'abandonne mon projet. J'ai porté ce matin à l'imprimeur le fruit de mon loisir rustique jusqu'à ce jour, la traduction de six de vos petites pièces : *in tenui labor*. L'Opéra du Gueux y est avec préface, anecdotes, notes, &c. J'ai traduit les airs le plus galamment et le plus poétiquement que j'ai pu. " Measure for Measure," j'ai donné prose pour prose, vers pour vers. Vous rirez aussi d'y voir *Comment l'apellez-vous ? What d'ye call it ?* Quelques heures d'amusement me mettent des livres dans ma bibliothèque. C'est tout ce que j'en prétens. Adieu, pour la troisième fois : aimez-moi toujours le quart de ce que je vous aime. Mes respects très-humbles à Madame Garrick. Dieu vous fasse la grâce de déchifrer cette lettre ! Je suis, avec un dévouement inaltérable, mon très-cher Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble et très-affectionné serviteur,

PATU.

Mr. Fréron se propose de vous écrire au premier jour à l'occasion de son journal.

Ma foi ! ma lettre est trop grosse pour que j'y joigne l'Analyse imprimée. Je vais chercher dès demain une occasion pour vous envoyer la pièce.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

Genève, ce 1 Novembre, 1755.

JE vous demande pardon, mon chér et digne ami, d'avoir différé si longtems à vous répondre au sujet de vôtre lettre du deux Octobre, car je ne suis point homme à compter pour quelque chose le billet que j'ai remis à Mr. Noverre. Je suis, on ne peut pas plus, sensible à vos expressions obligeantes, à vos marques d'estime, à cette franchise qui dénote la vraye amitié ; mais, croyez moi, vou saurez beau faire ; vous n'augmenterez jamais dans mon cœur la reconnoissance qu'il vous doit, ni cette affection inaltérable qu'il vous a vouée. L'une et l'autre sont à leur comble.

Je profiterai désormais de la charmante permission que vous voulez bien me donner de paroître devant vous avec mes pantoufles et ma robe-de-chambre ; et vous

pouvez être très-sûr qu'à l'avenir mes lettres seront aussi simples, aussi naturelles que l'est mon vif attachement pour tout ce qui regarde mon cher Garrick.

Je vous écris de la maison du grand homme, je veux dire de chez nôtre illustre Voltaire, dans la compagnie duquel je viens de passer une huitaine précieuse des plus agréables jours que j'aye connus dans ma vie. Ils m'ont rapellé ceux que j'ai passés à Londres, dans vôtre aimable société, tems si court, si voluptueux! et que suivit de trop près mon départ pour la France. Quel homme que le divin chantre de la Henriade, O mon très-cher ami, et que c'est avec joye qu'on analyse une si grande âme! Figurez-vous avec l'air d'un mourant tout le feu de la première jeunesse, et le brillant de ses aimables écrits! Si je juge des défauts, des vices mêmes qu'on impute à Mr. de Voltaire par l'avarice dont je l'ai entendu taxer, que ses calomniateurs me paroissent des animaux bien vils et bien ridicules! Jamais on n'a vu une chère plus splendide, jointe à des manières plus polies, plus affables, plus engageantes. Tout Genève est enchanté de l'avoir, et ces heureux républicains font leur possible pour le fixer auprès d'eux. Je n'avois entrepris ce voyage que pour le voir, mais la sensibilité qu'il m'en témoigne chaque jour m'en paye avec usure. On va à Rome, en Grèce, en Turquie, pour voir des monuments, des inscriptions, des mosquées: un dévot Catholique court au loin pour de vains pélerinages: un grand homme est bien une autre curiosité. Je n'ai pas manqué de lui dire ce que je pensois de ses expressions si fausses, si peu réfléchies au sujet de Shakspeare. Il est convenu de bonne foi, que c'étoit *un barbare aimable, un fou séduisant;* ce sont ces propres termes: le grand article qui le met de mauvaise humeur est l'irrégularité des plans de cet illustre poëte, irrégularité dont vous êtes bien loin d'être le deffenseur. Quant au naturel, à la chaleur, aux idées admirables, répandues dans les pièces de Shakspeare, il est tombé d'accord, et convient en riant que si vous nous preniez moins de vaisseaux et ne *piratiez* pas ainsi sur l'océan, il auroit plus ménagé le créateur de vôtre théâtre. Je frapai hier par l'activité dont je soutins mon opinion: je tirai mon livre et lui lus la scène de Romeo, entre ce jeune homme et le frère Laurent:

"Romeo, come forth! &c."

Il commença par rire de mon feu, mais à ces vers:—

"'Tis torture and not mercy; heaven is here
Where Juliet lives . . . .
O Father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?"

—— il s'anima et dit franchement que cela étoit *très-beau, très-touchant, très-naturel,* mais ce fut bien autre chose lorsque j'eus continué la scène, et qu'il entendit cette admirable *énumération de parties* qui prouve mieux que dix tragédies combien Shakspeare étoit éloquent:—

"Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

il ne connoissoit guères cette pièce qu'il a lue peut-être il y a plus de trente ans, mais il me la demanda pour la relire, et fut enchanté de la catastrophe telle que vous en avez peint les circonstances. Je lui parlai de mon cher Garrick. Oh vraiment, m'a-t'-il dit, c'est un acteur inimitable que ce Mr. Garrick, à ce que disent ceux qui l'ont vu; Ma nièce (en parlant à Madame Denys, qui demeure depuis long tems avec son oncle,) si j'étois moins vieux et que je digérasse, il faudroit l'aller voir jouer; mais n'aurions nous pas aussi quelque franc capucin pour nous donner le rôle du Frère Laurent? Je fis de mon mieux pour la réputation du bon Havard; mais, entre nous soit dit, sa cause n'étoit pas aisée.

J'ai fait ressouvenir aujourd'huy même ce grand homme du trait sublime de Macduff—

" He has no children :"

de la scène entre le jeune Arthur et son gouverneur Hubert: et de bien d'autres beautés de l'inimitable Shakspeare. Je ne doute presque pas que je ne l'amenasse à ma façon de penser à ce sujet, si j'avois le tems de faire à Genève un séjour plus long, mais je quitte le dieu de nôtre littérature après-demain, et je reviens à Paris sans voir ni Toulon, ni Marseille, ni Avignon, comme j'en avois d'abord quelque envie. Adressez-moi vôtre réponse à mon domicile ordinaire; et comme je m'arrête huit ou dix jours à Briare sur Loire, faites, je vous prie, assez de diligence, pour que je la trouve à mon arrivée.

Je n'avois pas encore reçu à mon départ de Paris les *Poems by Eminent Ladies*, que vous m'avez annoncés. Je me flatte de les trouver chez-moi à mon retour, avec les autres livres que je vous demande, accompagnés de la note de vos débourses, que je prierai Mr. Noverre d'acquitter sur le champ. Il me faut aussi, mon très-cher, (songez à quoi vôtre générosité vous engage,) un recueil précis de vos réflexions, 1°. sur la naissance de vôtre poësie, sur l'état de vôtre langue au tems de Chaucer, et de ses prédécesseurs, et 2°. sur le changement qui a pu se faire vers la Reine Elizabeth, et sur les variations de vôtre harmonie jusqu'au regne de Charles II., premier et second sujet des deux dissertations qui doivent précéder dans mon ouvrage le premier et le second age contenus dans le premier volume, si vous daignez vous rapeller mon plan. Il s'agit de faire un ouvrage solide, utile, réfléchi, sans préjugés, sans sotises littéraires. Puis-je aspirer à une gloire plus désirable? c'est à vous, à vos sages avis que je la devrai, mon illustre ami; et si le livre a le succès dont je me flatte, cette gloire retombera sur vous parmi les bons esprits de ma nation, puisque je compte bien en tirer vanité, et même en faire un aveu très authentique à la tête de l'ouvrage.*

* To us, who know how very imperfect or doubtful the researches even of Tyrwhitt, Warton, and others have been into our ancient Poetry, with the Museum, the Bodleian, and at least a score of other repositories to assist them,—there seems something highly characteristic in the airy aspiration of this highly-gifted Frenchman, who, under the auspices of the great *actor*, has no doubt of producing a work solid, useful, critical, and unprejudiced, on a subject which he was to *study* too, while he was composing his very dissertations!—Ed.

Je souhaite à Mr. Noverre une pleine réussite vis-à-vis de vos galeries, et cela, pour l'ami de lui-même, car il me paroit (entre nous soit dit) assez tristement, je dirois presque assez risiblement outré contre le public de Paris. On ne lui a pas donné grand nombre d'Ecoliers, sa haute réputation n'a point fait acheter de ses liqueurs (qui diable iroit imaginer qu'un supôt de la danse fût en même tems distillateur ?) voilà ses griefs affreux, et les causes vraiment tragiques d'une scène de jurons, d'imprécations, de fureurs dans le goût de celles d'Oreste, ou de vôtre bon Roy Lear, qui fut l'âme d'un dîner dont il me pria trois jours avant de quitter la France. Je vous avoue, mon cher ami, que cette scène m'a trop fait redouter son caractère ardent, pour qu'il puisse convenir à mon état, à mon humeur, à tout ce que je me dois, de former jamais avec lui aucune sorte d'intimité. Je vous en avertis d'avance, parcequ'à dire le vrai, j'en ai reçu bien des politesses à vôtre intention, et que dans la triste nécessité où je me vois d'y répondre à l'avenir assez froidement, je suis bien aise que vous sachiez ici mes véritables raisons. On ne peut me soupçonner de vouloir le desservir auprès de vous, puisque ce jeune homme vous est utile pour le génie, l'invention, le dessein, en un mot, tout ce qui regarde la danse ; qualités qu'il possède, dit-on, dans un degré très-éminent ; et qu'il ne s'agit dans mes reproches que d'un manque de savoir vivre. Un autre article qui m'a fait peine, c'est qu'ils ayent rempli la tête de vôtre aimable Miss Pritchard de cent petits préjugés qui sont naturels au mari et à la femme, au sujet de bien des choses et surtout de nos comédiens. Vous ignorez peut-être que Madame Noverre s'est présentée pour être renié, et a été refusée après quelques semaines d'essay. L'aigreur qu'elle en a conçue contre plusieurs de la troupe, me paroit fort injuste. Il falloit plaire au public, et c'est à quoi elle n'a pu parvenir, faute de talens pour la scène, de danseur ; la gentillesse, l'affabilité, tout cela rend une personne aimable dans le particulier, mais au théâtre cela ne sufit pas. Mademoiselle Clairon, quoiqu'en dise Madame Noverre, est de tous points la plus étonnante actrice que l'on aît vu depuis nôtre fameuse Le Couvreur, et je suis aussi certain qu'elle vaut pour le moins Madame Cibber et même Madame Pritchard, que je suis sûr (compliment à part) qu'il nous manque un Garrick.—Adieu, mon cher ami ; je vous embrasse avec la plus sincère cordialité : assurez, je vous suplie, Madame Garrick de mes respects très-humbles. Je me flatte qu'aux premiers jours d'Avril vous me verrez à Londres. Quelle joye ! quel charme pour mon amitié ! Je vous destine un présent qui à coup sûr vous sera précieux. C'est la divine Pucelle de nôtre Voltaire, ouvrage imité d'Arioste, poëme unique, étonnant, et le séjour des grâces, de la plaisanterie, de l'urbanité, que de sévères deffenses de la part du gouvernement empêchent d'imprimer, attendu que les moines, les saints, et autres canailles, y sont traités très-cavalièrement.

Bon soir encore une fois, mon digne et cher ami.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 28 Novembre, 1755.

À MON arrivée de Genève, mon cher et digne ami, je trouve sur mon bureau deux de vos lettres qui me sont parvenues durant mon absence: l'une est daté du 28 Septembre, renfermée dans le paquet des *Poems by Ladies;* l'autre du 16 Octobre, contenant l'instruction du Docteur Birch. Je m'étois flatté d'avoir aussi une réponse à ma lettre de Genève; mais vos occupations vous en auront, sans doute, empêché. Je vous remercie mille et mille fois du livre que vous m'avez fait tenir. Je ne trouve point de plus sure voye pour vous en faire remettre le débourse, que d'écrire à Mr. Noverre. Je le prie dans cette incluse d'acquitter cette petite dette, et toutes celles que je pourrai contracter avec vous pour de pareils services. Je le rembourserai lui-même soit à Paris à son retour, soit à Londres, si vos diantres d'armateurs laissent la mer libre au printems prochain. *So much for this matter.*

Je m'en tiens de bon cœur à ce que vous me dites sur Chaucer. J'aurois été bien aise de l'avoir in 12mo, ou tout au plus in 8vo; un in 4to, à plus forte raison un in folio, ne seroit nullement de mon goût.

Je pense comme vous sur l'épître de Mr. de Voltaire; il y a de très-beaux vers, mais beaucoup moins de feu que dans ses premières productions. Pour ce qui est de *la Pucelle*, c'est, j'ose le dire, un ouvrage inimitable. Ce n'est ni *l'Orlando Furioso*, ni le *Hudibras*, c'est une pièce d'un ton inconnu jusqu'ici, d'un style qui n'apartient qu'à Voltaire, le maître de tous nos genres, de tous nos styles, de toutes nos harmonies. Je vais en faire tirer une copie sur la mienne qui me vient de Madame la Duchesse de Luxembourg, et que l'auteur lui-même m'a assuré être très-fidelle. Vous la recevrez, mon très-cher ami, comme un des présens les plus chers, et les plus précieux que je puisse vous faire dans ma façon de penser: je reconnoîtrai par-là en quelque chose les politesses dont vous me comblez, et les peines que vous voulez bien prendre pour ma petite bibliothèque. Ce sera, je m'en flatte, un véritable cadeau pour les gens de lettres qui composent vôtre société, et que j'espère connoître un jour. Mille et mille remerciemens à Mr. Pritchard. Je l'exhorte à conserver sa grosseur et l'amitié qu'il me témoignoit à Paris. Je souhaiterois de tout mon cœur qu'on prit des commissaires de sa taille pour régler nos différents. Sa stature, à ce que j'imagine, le rendroit ami de la paix, *mère du Repos.* Cela vaudroit bien mieux que vos grands élancés de matelots qui ne demandent que la guerre et des courses.

J'ai fait part à Mr. Fréron de vos sentiments flatteurs à son égard. Je ne doute pas qu'il ne vous fasse bientôt ses remerciemens, et qu'il ne se mette à portée de mériter de plus en plus vôtre estime par une étude plus refléchie de vos auteurs, et moins de témérité dans ses decisions. Je ne l'ai point encore vu depuis mon arrivée. J'irai lui parler demain un peu de lui, très-peu de Voltaire, et beaucoup de mon cher Garrick. Ce sera, je pense, dans le journal prochain (de Décembre) qu'il insérera mon

article sur le *Shakspeare illustrated de la Lennox.* Lorsque vous l'aurez lu, vous me direz de grâce, ce que vous pensez des attaques que je lui livre, quoiqu'à dire vrai,

—— " Nullum memorabile nomen
Femineâ in pœnâ est, nec habet victoria laudem."

Je viens maintenant, mon cher Garrick, à l'article qui me tient le plus à cœur, l'ouvrage que je projette. J'avois compté que le premier volume seroit mon occupation favorite cet hyver, mais j'y vois tant de difficultés, qu'avec tout le courage possible, peu s'en faut que je ne recule. Ce n'est pas dans le plus ou moins d'étendue que gisent ces difficultés. Mon intention a toujours été de ne parler que des poëtes connus, lus, estimés jusqu'à un certain point, et de mettre à part la populace. Autrement, je n'aurois qu'à prendre tout uniment les vies rassemblées par Cibber, et traduire sans choix, sans ordre, &c., chose dont je suis si éloigné, que c'est précisément pour empêcher les autres de faire un si mauvais ouvrage que je me suis déterminé à en faire un disserté, réfléchi, digne de nos deux nations. D'ailleurs, mon très-cher, vous savez ce que vous m'avez promis. Ce seroit à vous à trier, pour ainsi dire, les poëtes qui composeroient chaque âge, (vous vous souvenez toujours de ma distribution,) et je ne travaillerois qu'à la vie de ceux que vous m'auriez vous-même indiqués. Toute la difficulté consiste dans le nombre et dans la grosseur des livres qu'il me faut consulter, puisqu'il m'est impossible de m'en tenir au méchant recueil du pauvre Cibber. Si pourtant vous veniez à croire que ce recueil tel que joint aux collections de Langbaine et de Jacob pût me sufire, mandez-le moi, et j'en serai ravi, car je brule de commencer un ouvrage qui nous manque, qui seroit très-utile, et qui dès lors me feroit beaucoup d'honneur. Si au contraire vous croyez la liste de Mr. Birch et les livres qu'il y énonce absolument nécessaires, je prendrai en enrageant le parti d'attendre au printems, saison dans laquelle ma santé et mes affaires me permettront peut-être d'aller rassembler à Londres dans vôtre société les matériaux entiers de l'édifice. Remerciez pour moi, mon très-cher ami, le Docteur Birch, ainsi que les autres messieurs qui veulent bien s'intéresser à mon projet, et me prêter leurs lumières. J'attens vôtre réponse avant de tracer ma première ligne. Ma préface est toute digérée. Je consentirois encore à faire venir de chez-vous les in 12mo., mentionnés par Mr. le Sécrétaire de vôtre Société Royale. Pour ce qui est des in fol°. ce sont des monuments inébranlables qu'il faut consulter sur les lieux. Souvenez-vous, mon bon ami, qu'au cas que vous m'exhortiez à commencer l'ouvrage, il me faut absolument des remarques de vôtre main sur le premier âge de vôtre poësie, sur l'état où vôtre langue se trouvoit alors, sur le ton, le goût qui regnoit dans les lettres encore barbares, &c. avec une note exacte des poëtes que vous choisirez comme les principaux de ce premier âge (depuis Chaucer, ou le premier poëte quelqu'il soit, si vous êtes Préchaucerite, jusqu'à la Reine Elizabeth.)—Adieu, mon très-cher ami. Je suis si accablé de visites, d'affaires, de tracasseries à mon arrivée, que je ne sais trop ce que je vous écris. N'importe: je profiterai toujours avec joye de la permission établie entre nous de paroître, l'un devant l'autre, avec nos pantoufles et nos robes-de-chambre. —Adieu, encore une fois! Redoublez vos vœux pour la paix: *Aurea Pax!* autrement, je prévois les malheurs qui vont couper court à nôtre corréspondance. Je sens

pourtant combien elle m'est nécessaire, par le chagrin cruel que me causent mes seules inquiétudes. Payer des impôts très-pesants, et ne point voir mon cher Garrick, ce seroit pour moi le sort du monde le plus triste. Mes respects à Madame Garrick, et mes très-humbles compliments, je vous prie, à Mr. et à Mademoiselle Pritchard. J'y joindrois Madame Pritchard, si j'avois le bonheur de la connoître, comme j'ai eu celui de l'admirer. " L'Orphelin," repris avec un succès des plus brillants, est interrompu de nouveau par un accident survenu à Mademoiselle Clairon, l'héroine de nôtre scène.—Je suis, avec un parfait dévouement, mon cher et illustre ami,

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur, PATU.

P. S. Àpropos de Mademoiselle Clairon, I hope, my dear friend, that your friendship and good sense kept you from showing my last letter to Mr. Noverre, as I am not to forget this gentleman's politeness: the severe, though unfeigned description of his temper is a thing I would by no means have him acquainted with.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 9 Décembre, 1755.

O MON ami, mon cher et digne ami, quelles nouvelles viens-je d'aprendre, et que mon cœur en est pénétré! Je commençois à être un peu surpris de vôtre long silence, mais je n'en vois que trop les fatales raisons. Je me hâte de prendre la plume pour vous marquer combien je suis sensible à vôtre situation. J'aurois attendu plus d'égards pour un homme qu'on regarde à si juste titre comme les délices du théâtre, du moindre portefaix de la cité. Il eût été bien naturel que vôtre populace, cette populace dont la haine nous fait rire, eût sacrifié ses cris ridicules de *tolle, crucifige*, aux obligations qu'elle vous a. Voilà le peuple, quelqu'il soit: ingrat, insensible, aveugle dans sa colère. La férocité la plus indomptable achève le portrait du vôtre. Je suis bien aise pour vôtre nation, et fâché pour la nôtre, que vôtre noblesse aît marqué tant de zèle pour vous défendre. Je souhaiterois, *en bon François*, qu'ils se fussent tous conduits à l'instar de la canaille: la sotise eût été générale, et l'Europe entière pouroit attribuer à tous les Anglois un ridicule qui de fait n'appartient qu'à vôtre plus vile populace. Voilà ce qu'on distingue à Paris, où la justice et la civilité sont autant en vogue qu'un mépris absolu pour les témoignages impuissants d'une haine si risible.—Adieu, mon cher ami: je suis désolé de tout ceci; un peu pour l'amour du pauvre Mr. Noverre, qui va, sans doute, revenir:

" Hostibus infensis
Nec non infensus amicis:"

mais bien davantage pour mon très-cher Garrick. J'ai eu les larmes aux yeux à la lecture d'une relation cruelle envoyée de Londres. Quoi! ni vôtre théâtre, ni vôtre maison, ni vôtre associé, ni vous, rien n'a été épargné! Ô peuple, peuple;

" He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring;"*

* Coriolanus.—ED.

et le reste de la tirade. J'attens de vous une description exacte de ce désastre, lorsque vous serez rendu à vous-même. J'espère que vôtre zèle pour ceux que vous nommiez avec tant de raison *your French adventurers*, ne vous fera qu'un tort très-passager, et que vôtre *Mob* vous rendra justice lorsqu'il aura cuvé son *punch*, sa forte bière, et sa haine dont il nous honore. Mes respects à Madame Garrick, que ces circonstances fâcheuses ont du bien affliger. Je suis, jusqu'à la mort,

Mon cher ami, vôtre très-tendre et très-dévoué serviteur,

PATU.

P. S. À propos, aprenez, je vous prie, dans quelque prologue à ces terribles ennemis de nôtre pauvre France, qu'une lotterie de trente millions, pour leur faire *malgré nous* cette guerre *qu'ils exigent*, vient d'être remplie en trois jours, (trente millions en trois jours!) et qu'on en va créer une nouvelle. Cela poura leur faire voir qu'on aboye peu chez-nous, mais qu'on est prêt à mordre.

Hâtez-vous de m'envoyer un mot, un seul mot, pour me tirer d'inquiétude.

DE M. FRERON À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 12 Janvier, 1756.

JE ne puis, Monsieur, vous exprimer l'obligation que j'ai à Mr. Patu de m'avoir procuré vôtre connoissance. Rien n'est plus flatteur pour moi que d'avoir quelque liaison avec les gens célèbres en quelque genre de talens que ce soit; jugez combien me doit être chère celle d'un homme qui comme vous, Monsieur, avez acquis une si grande réputation à tant de titres, et qui, comme nôtre Molière, réunissez si supérieurement le génie de l'auteur et l'intelligence de l'acteur. Je suis enchanté, Monsieur, que vous me rendiez le service d'entrer avec moi en un petit commerce de lettres. Je vous le demande, Monsieur, et pour le bien de ma patrie, et pour l'honneur de la vôtre, et pour vôtre gloire particulière, si cependant mes foibles éloges pouvoient y ajoûter quelque chose; je n'ai pas la vanité de le croire. Ainsi ne prends pas garde à ce que je viens de dire, et soyez seulement persuadé de mon zèle, de mon admiration pour vous, et de l'extrême envie que j'ai de vous en donner des preuves en toute occasion. En voici une qui se présente, et j'en profite pour vous envoyer les journaux étrangers qui vous manquent. Mr. Noverre a dû vous remettre ceux de Septembre et d'Octobre. Je n'ai commencé qu'au mois de Septembre. Vous recevrez ceux de Novembre et les deux de Décembre que je vous adresse. Je souhaite que vous en soyez content. Je ne demande pas mieux que de satisfaire les différentes nations, et surtout la vôtre, dont les ouvrages de littérature entrent dans le plan de ce journal. Mais je ne puis rien faire que d'après mes corréspondans; et l'essentiel est que j'en aye de bons. J'en avois un à Londres si détestable que j'ai été obligé de le remercier: il avoit été placé là par mon prédécesseur, M. l'Abbé Prévost, et je ne sçai comment il pouvoit faire pour s'en accommoder. Il ne m'envoyoit que des extraits de livres théologiques et de piété: ce n'est pas assurément ce qu'on s'attend à recevoir d'Angleterre. J'avois prié Mr. Noverre de me chercher un autre corréspondant, dès qu'il seroit à Londres. Il vient de m'écrire que Mr. Macmahon veut

bien se charger de cet emploi. J'en suis fort aise et je m'en félicite d'avance; on m'a dit que c'étoit un homme d'esprit, et qui connoissoit bien la littérature Angloise. Mr. Noverre me marque en même temps que vous avez la bonté de fournir quelquefois à Mr. Macmahon des articles concernant vôtre théâtre; avec ce secours, Monsieur, je suis bien sûr de procurer à mon journal un mérite qu'il n'a point eu jusqu'ici. Je vous serai infiniment obligé, Monsieur, de dire à Mr. Macmahon de ne m'envoyer que des choses piquantes qui puissent faire honneur à l'Angleterre et plaisir à la France. Je vous renouvelle mes sincères remerciemens de toutes vos bontés, et vous assure, Monsieur, que je serai toute ma vie, avec la plus haute estime et l'attachement le plus inviolable, Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

FRÉRON.

Si vous voulez, Monsieur, me faire le plaisir de m'envoyer quelquefois soit des articles de vôtre façon, soit des réflexions sur quelques ouvrages Anglois, soit même quelques critiques des mauvais auteurs de vôtre nation, soyez sûr que je vous garderai le secret quand vous me le demanderez, et que je vous nommerai dans mon journal quand vous me le permettrez. Pour me faire parvenir promptement et sans frais tout ce que vous me ferez l'honneur de m'envoyer, vous pourez vous servir de l'adresse que j'envoye à Mr. Macmahon dans la lettre que je lui écris, et que je vous prie de lui faire remettre. J'écris aussi à Mr. Noverre: je vous serai bien obligé de lui faire tenir ma lettre.

" À Monsieur Monsieur Garrick, Directeur de la Comédie à Londres."

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick:

" Mr. Fréron's letter to me, and the accounts of the different French Journals. *To be kept.*"

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 23 Janvier, 1756.

MA santé, mon très-cher ami, quelques affaires de famille, et plus que tout le reste, l'ennuyeux cérémonial de nos commencements d'années, m'ont empêché de répondre aussitôt que je l'aurois voulu à vôtre dernière du 11 Décembre. Je bénirois pourtant la coûtume, toute fatiguante qu'elle est, si je n'étois contraint d'assurer de mes vœux que les personnes pour qui j'en forme aussi sincèrement que pour vous. Depuis l'heureux jour où j'ai connu mon cher Garrick, son amitié m'a toujours paru très-précieuse; mais je sens mieux que jamais combien elle m'est nécessaire, depuis que je vois la discorde prête à troubler nôtre corréspondance. Je désespère que la paix puisse se rétablir entre nos deux nations, après la réponse que le Roy d'Angleterre vient de donner à nôtre réquisition, et je prévois avec toute l'Europe la guerre la plus vive et la plus sanglante. N'est-ce donc point assez que les éléments semblent conjurés pour détruire la race humaine, et faut-il encore qu'une malheureuse politique les porte les uns les autres à se déchirer de leurs propres mains! malheur à ceux qui fomentent ces divisions, de quelque pays qu'ils soient! malheur à ceux dont les

conseils, l'ambition, et la fureur troublent cette paix tranquille qui, depuis si peu d'années,

" In our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep!"*

Ce qui me désole, mon ami, c'est l'impossibilité où je vais être, d'entreprendre l'ouvrage qui me tient à cœur. Vous savez ce que je veux dire: vos réflexions me paroissent de la dernière justesse, et je sens à merveille que ce n'est qu'à Londres, sous vos yeux, sous ceux des gens de lettres dont vous me procureriez la connoissance, que je pourais assembler les matériaux absolument nécessaires à la construction de cet édifice. Aussi malgré mes occupations actuelles, malgré une charge que je poursuis, malgré la délicatesse de ma poitrine, j'avois résolu d'aller en Avril passer un mois dans vôtre capitale: un mois sans plus, mais que ce mois m'eût été cher, qu'il m'eût semblé court! Que l'emploi en auroit été délicieux! Je vous aurois revu, mon digne ami, je vous aurois embrassé, suivi, applaudi! j'aurois admiré encore les talens universels du premier acteur de l'Europe, depuis Richard III. jusqu'à Abel Drugger. En un mot, j'eusse été avec mon ami. Il n'y faut plus penser, puisque tout s'y oppose. Du moins, si la haine publique tarde un peu à éclore dans toute sa rage, ménagez-moi ces instants. Ecrivez-moi, et surtout n'oubliez pas combien je vous suis attaché. Après cet épanchement d'un cœur très-affligé, je viens à vôtre lettre, ou plutôt à quelques articles de vôtre lettre. Je suis ravi que vous ayez *la Pucelle*, quoique je l'eusse été bien davantage qu'elle vous fût venue de ma main. Vôtre premier jugement, permettez-moi de vous le dire, m'a paru un peu précipité. Vous porterez sur l'ouvrage des grâces une sentence moins amère, lorsque vous l'aurez lu avec plus de réflexion. Les impiétés sont de trop, mais je ne les crois pas de Mr. de Voltaire, au moins la fameuse tirade *il plut enfin au maître du tonnerre, au créateur . . . . de se faire homme, et ce qui pis est Juif.* Le grand homme réclame contre: il proteste, affirme, se déchaine: ne le jugeons que d'après ce qu'il avoue: autrement, *summum jus summa injuria.* Mr. Bouquet m'a remis vos deux vols. du Poetical Register, un peu tard à la vérité, mais n'importe. Au nom de Dieu, mon ami, reprenez vos débourses de Mr. Noverre, à qui je les rendrai à Paris. À propos, reste-t'-il? revient-il? ni lui, ni Madame, ni Baletti, personne ne m'écrit, cela est affreux: au reste, j'ai tort de me plaindre de ce dernier, puisqu'il n'écrit pas même à sa respectable famille. Sa mère, Madame Sylvia, est une des plus dignes femmes que je connoisse à Paris. Esprit, grâces, noblesse, talents, bon naturel, voilà son caractère. Il en est de même du père et du frère ainé: vous serez ravi de les voir, j'en suis sûr, si jamais les circonstances vous permettent de venir en France. Ils me chargent tous de leurs civilités pour vous, et vous suplient de gronder leur cher fils sur sa paresse à leur égard: marquez-moi en quel état est sa santé; je leur ferai moi-même un vrai plaisir de leur en donner des nouvelles. Est-il vrai que le ballet Chinois va main-

* A passage in Shakspeare's Richard II. which proves that M. Patu, greatly to his honour, was not a mere smatterer in the acting plays of the Poet; but a diligent reader of his works; and selecting his beauties with a taste truly English. I may here remind the reader of his attack upon the prejudices of Voltaire, to whom he boldly recited the impassioned scenes of Romeo.—Ed.

tenant à miracle, et que les mêmes personnes qui s'étoient recriées contre, le demandent à tue-tête? Voilà bien des questions, et des plus mal arrangées, mais j'écris au courant de la plume. Vous vous rapellez, sans doute, la permission que vous m'avez accordée de paroître devant vous *with my slippers and nightgown.*—Adieu, adieu, mon inestimable ami. J'attens de vos nouvelles le plutôt qu'il vous sera possible de m'en envoyer. Contentez mon impatience, et encore une fois profitons entre nous des moments bien courts qui nous restent. Maudite guerre! maudites divisions! Que l'on vivroit heureux, tranquilles, unis, si l'on nous en croyoit, nous autres poëtes, race douce, pacifique, ennemie du sang et du bruit des armes! Que je jetterois de bon cœur au fond de La Manche vos canons, vos bombes, vos mortiers pêle-mêle avec les nôtres, en adressant à chacun d'eux ces vers que le bon Arioste met dans la bouche de Roland:

" O maladetto, o abominoso ordigno
Che fabbricato nel Tartareo fondo
Fosti per man di Belzebù maligno,
Che ruinar per te disegnò il mondo;
All' inferno, onde uscisti, ti rassigno!" &c.

Je vous prie de présenter mes respects très-humbles à Madame Garrick, et de me croire pour la vie le plus tendre, le plus sincère, le plus passionné de vos serviteurs.

Fréron vous envoye-t'-il exactement, comme il s'en est chargé, le *Journal étranger*? Réponse précise sur cet article.

Angleterre:
" To Mr. Garrick, the Manager of Drury-lane's Play-house,
Southampton-street, London."

DE M. ROGER À M. PATU.

MONSIEUR, Londres, 7 Fevrier, 1756.

Je vais vous faire part d'une histoire assez singulière, qui vient de m'arriver avec Mr. Garrick, à vôtre occasion. Je ne sçais point si Mr. Noverre fils vous a fait voir, ainsi que je l'en avoit prié, une traduction prétendue, d'un discours addressé en forme de lettre au peuple d'Angleterre, concernant l'affaire des danseurs François. Ce discours, c'est moi qui l'ai fait; et quoique, à la sollicitation du libraire Anglois, il aît été imprimé sous le nom auguste de Voltaire, il ne faut pas cependant être grand Grec pour s'appercevoir qu'il sort d'une jeune facture. Enfin, le livre s'est bien vendu, et plus de la moitié des lecteurs ont cru, et croyent encore, qu'il est de Mr. de Voltaire. Voici ce qu'en dit, entre autre chose, le January's Monthly Review. " The Author, by comparing the conduct of our ancestors, endeavours to show us to the world in a despicable light . . . If it be not wrote by Mr. Voltaire, it is, at least, a good imitation of his manner." Après cela, jugez si le commun des lecteurs Anglois, gens de pudding et de bière, ont donné dans le panneau. Outre cela, un certain Rousselet commédien, ou danseur François, s'est mêlé d'en faire une critique, qui est imprimée et publiée. Enfin, ce discours a excité de grandes disputes à Cam-

bridge, à raison de certaines propositions éparses de côté et d'autre, contre le commerce en général. Un Esquire du pays a fondé en conséquence deux prix de vingt guinées chacun sur la Théorie du Commerce. On en a même déjà désigné le sujet, pour le mois de Mai.

Tout cela commençoit à me donner de bonnes espérances. Je m'imaginois que si quelque homme de mérite en connoissoit l'auteur, il pourroit luy rendre service. Je me fis connoître d'abord à Mr. Cléland, je lui parlai ensuite de mon dessein. Il me dit que je pensois à merveilles; et que je n'avois rien de mieux à faire, que d'aller voir Mr. Garrick; qu'il me le conseilloit en ami; et que surement ma lettre faisant son éloge d'une manière qui n'a rien de bas ni d'affecté, il en seroit reconnoissant. Tope: j'y donne les mains: je hazarderai. Pour donner encore plus de poids à ce qu'il disoit, Mr. Cléland ajouta, " Dites-lui que vous connoissez Mr. Patu, qu'il vous a écrit de l'aller voir; que c'est lui qui vous a donné ma connoissance," &c. Allons: à merveilles: je parts, et je vais chez Mr. Garrick. " *Your most humble servant*, &c. Je viens, Mr., vous faire bien des compliments de la part de Mr. Patu, et je suis bien charmé de trouver cette occasion, pour vous présenter mes très-humbles," &c. " Ah! je vous entends, Mr.," me dit Mr. G., " vous êtes la personne qui devez avoir une lettre et un livre pour moi; vous ne faites que d'arriver de Paris?" . . . " Non, Mr., je suis à Londres depuis un an; et ce n'est que depuis peu de jours, que j'ai reçu une lettre de Mr. Patu." . . . " Et comment vous appellez-vous, Mr.?" . . . " Roger." . . . " Mais j'ai reçu depuis trois jours une lettre de Mr. Patu, et surement il ne me dit mot à vôtre égard." . . . " Mais Mr." . . . " Je n'ai pas le temps." . . . Puis il s'enfuit; et moi, je sorts fort modestement, quoique je passasse alors pour un hardi avanturier. Je reviens chez Mr. Cléland, que je venois de quitter depuis une demie heure; nous rions et nous rions. Si je n'étois pas brouillé avec Garrick, me dit Cléland, je vous aurois bientôt fait faire connoissance avec lui; mais comme il me croit picqué contre lui, parce qu'il n'a pas joué ma tragédie, je le laisse dans ces sentiments.

Mais moi, bon diable, me voici cependant avec la réputation d'avanturier, et dans l'esprit de qui? de celui auprès duquel je passerois le moins pour l'être, si j'eusse seulement causé un quart d'heure avec lui. Enfin, je n'attends ni chaud, ni froid de Mr. Garrick; mais je suis choqué qu'il me prenne pour un avanturier, je n'en puis revenir. Vous pouvez aisément me disculper auprès de lui, et me rendre le calme, en lui mandant seulement qu'il est vrai que vous me connoissez, et que s'il peut me procurer quelque écolier ou écolière, pour apprendre la langue Françoise, il verra qu'il n'aura pas rendu service, ni à un ingrat, ni à un avanturier.

Au reste, si vous ne jugez pas àpropos de le faire, ne le faites pas; si vous craignez que cela ne vous avilisse, en lui parlant de moi, n'en parlez pas. Je ne me ressouviendrai pas moins de tous les services que vous m'aurez rendu, et je n'en serai pas moins, avec une respectueuse reconnoissance,

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

ROGER.

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 13 Fevrier, 1756.

Je suis désolé, mon très-cher Garrick, de n'avoir aucune de vos nouvelles ; mais j'aime mieux attribuer mon malheur à celui du tems, à la grandeur de vos occupations, à tout, enfin, qu'au refroidissement de vôtre cœur. Cette idée me seroit trop cruelle : je la rejette pour en venir en hâte au sujet de ces lignes. Le ridicule amuse quelquefois. C'est à ce titre que je vous renvoye à Londres une lettre qui vient de me parvenir il n'y a pas deux heures par une voye très-bisarre. Cette lettre vous expliquera en plein les raisons folles de la visite que le Sieur Roger vous a faite de ma part, sans la moindre mission. Vous y verrez combien ce nouveau Voltaire est désolé que vous l'ayez pris pour un avanturier, et que tout son but étoit que vous procurassiez du pain au juge de l'Angleterre. Comme je le connois un peu depuis que Fréron me l'adressa à Londres, pour lui donner un caractère, ce sera celui d'un simple d'esprit, et non d'un homme à mauvais desseins. Pour ce qui est de Cléland, il faut qu'il soit devenu fou de conseiller aux gens d'aller vous voir de la part d'un ami de Paris sans montrer la lettre qu'ils prétendent avoir reçue. Je vous prie donc d'excuser cette sotise-ci et de traiter à l'avenir comme vous avez fait Roger, quiconque prendra mon nom vis-à-vis de vous sans preuve par écrit. Vous connoissez mes principes, et vous savez que je ne suis pas homme à abuser de vôtre amitié. Tout à vous.

Patu.

Angleterre :
" To Mr. Garrick, the Manager of Drury-lane's play-house,
Southampton-street, London."

DE M. PATU À M. GARRICK.

Naples, ce 15 Novemb. 1756.

Si vous pouviez concevoir, mon cher et illustre ami, combien je vous suis attaché, en dépit des maudites haines qui séparent nos deux nations, combien je suis inquiet sur tout ce qui vous regarde, et quel plaisir j'aurois de converser avec vous, à coup sûr vous n'auriez pas eu la cruauté de laisser dans l'oubli les deux lettres que je vous ai écrites depuis quelques mois. Peut-être au reste la voye de Hollande, très-longue et très-incertaine, ne vous a-t'-elle pas permis de les recevoir ; en ce cas, je suis plus à plaindre que vous n'êtes à condamner ; mais pour celle-ci, je suis bien convaincu qu'elle vous parviendra, et je me flatte de plus que vous ne me ferez pas languir après la réponse. Je vous en conjure au nom de nôtre amitié et de l'envie extrême que j'ai de savoir au plutôt des nouvelles de mon cher Garrick, quelles sont ses occupations actuelles, ses amusements, ses travaux littéraires, &c. &c.

Mr. Bedlam, jeune Anglois avec qui j'ai le plaisir de demeurer, se charge de faire tenir ma missive à quelqu'un de sa connoissance à Londres, et de prier la personne

en question de vous la porter elle-même. Adressez-moi vôtre réponse à Rome, chez Mr. le Comte de Stainville, Ambassadeur de France, et tâchons un peu de nous arranger pour entretenir, malgré nôtre sotte guerre, un commerce si utile et si agréable pour moi. Si Noverre est maintenant avec vous, comme il étoit résolu de s'y rendre, je le trouve fort heureux de vous voir et de joüir en liberté d'une conversation après laquelle je soupire infiniment. Faites lui de ma part mille amitiés, et dites lui que je lui serai très-obligé s'il vous sert de sécrétaire lorsque vos affaires ne vous permetront pas de m'écrire. Vous voyez, mon bon ami, que je suis maintenant dans ce voyage que j'ai si longtems prémédité. Il semble que je me trouve au bout, puisque me voici à Naples, mon *nec plus ultra;* et point du tout, je ne fais que le commencer. Ma raison est, que sur ma route je me suis contenté de donner un coup d'œil aux curiosités antiques et modernes, et d'en prendre une connoissance très-legère, pour m'apliquer ensuite bien d'avantage à cette étude pendant les séjours assez longs que je compte faire à mon retour dans les différentes villes telles que Rome, Florence, Boulogne, Venise, Milan, Gènes, &c. Je réserve à ma première lettre ce que j'ai à vous dire sur le pays où je me trouve, car le papier et le tems ne me permettent pas aujourd'huy de vous détailler les motifs de ma juste admiration; et puis, que vous dire après Misson, Addison, et tant d'hommes de mérite qui ont si bien écrit ce qu'ils ont vu? On me flatte ici, et ce sont des Anglois qui me l'assurent, que vous avez quelque envie de venir à Naples au printems prochain. O mon ami, on croit difficilement lorsqu'on est sensé, les choses trop agréables; mais que celle-ci seroit pour moi, et que ne donnerois-je pour que la prophétie pût se réaliser? Soyez sûr, si vos occupations ne vous empêchent pas de faire un voyage si charmant et si utile—soyez sûr, dis-je, que nous nous verrons en quelque endroit de l'Italie que je me trouve alors; la longueur entière de la Botte* ne poura s'opposer à l'envie que j'ai de vous revoir, et que de choses n'aurai-je pas à vous dire? Il s'en faut de beaucoup que j'aye abandonné mon projet sur la poësie Angloise, et Dieu veuille accélérer la paix pour que je puisse à Londres rassembler les matériaux nécessaires!

Adieu, mon cher ami. Je finis en vous réitérant mes vives instances au sujet d'une réponse prompte, et qui ne me fasse languir que le tems nécessaire. Je suis harassé d'une visite que j'ai rendue hier, à 10 heures du soir, au terrible, à l'épouvantable Vésuve. Les torrents de feu qu'il jette à présent, et la lave qui en découle, nous ont fait trembler, je ne m'en cache pas. Aussi nous sommes nous retirés au bout d'un gros quart d'heure. Demain ou après-demain je vais voir les curiosités de Baye, Pouzole, &c.: celles de l'antique Herculaneum sont prodigieuses en tout genre.—Adieu! "*Remember me.*" Mes respects très-humbles à Madame Garrick.

I am for ever yours,

PATU.

* *De la botte.* An allusion to the figure of Italy in our maps.—ED.

DE MADAME NOVERRE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Lyon, 18 Janvier, 1758.

J'ai reçu vôtre lettre il y a deux jours, et Mr. Noverre y répondra dès qu'il sera de retour ; je l'attends dans douze jours au plus tard ; et je ne doute point de son exactitude à répondre à tous les articles de vôtre lettre, et à vous satisfaire sur toutes les choses que vous me dites ; quand à moi, Monsieur, je n'ai jamais douté de vôtre politesse, et de vôtre galanterie ; je sçais que vous êtes l'Anacréon de l'Angleterre, et le Roscius de vôtre nation, c'est une justice que je vous rend avec plaisir.

Mais vous me permettrez de vous dire, qu'il y a cependant de la singularité à vouloir contraindre les goûts, et que je ne m'imaginois pas pécher en vous disant le mien sur Monsieur Lecy: ce n'est point ma faute s'il ne me paroit point aimable. Ma petite philosophie est douce, et laisse faire à mon cœur toutes ses volontés ; la vôtre est plus sévère parcequ'elle est plus raisonnée et plus politique : je tiens la mienne de la nature, et la vôtre est perfectionnée par l'étude et le sçavoir. Recevez, Monsieur, mes compliments sur la nouvelle année et les vœux que je fais pour vous et Madame Garrick, à qui je présente les assurances de mon attachement.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une parfaite considération,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissante servante,

Femme NOVERRE.

DE M. CAMP À M. GARRICK.

Lyon, le 16 Décembre, 1763.

Je crains, Monsieur, que vous ne me taxiez de négligence ; je vous avois promis de vous donner des nouvelles de Mr. de Voltaire, et je n'en ai rien fait, mais l'article de ma lettre où je lui parlois de vous, lui avoit échapé, et ce n'est qu'hier que j'en reçus une de lui où il me marque :—

" Je crains d'avoir oublié dans mes réponses l'article du célèbre Mr. Garrick ; vous me ferez un extrême plaisir de lui marquer que s'il a jamais la bonté de passer par Ferney, il y trouvera des admirateurs qui font autant de cas de sa personne que de ses talens."

Vous voyez, Monsieur, que vous serez le très bien venu auprès de M. de Voltaire. Ferney, dont il vous parle, est la terre qu'il habite à deux lieues de Genève ; je souhaite fort que vous ne preniez pas d'autre route, puisque de Genève vous passerez nécessairement ici, où je serai enchanté d'avoir le plaisir de vous revoir, et de vous renouveller les assurances de la parfaite considération et du sincère devouement avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

CAMP.

Je vous prie de faire agréer mes obéissances à Madame Garrick; j'espère que vôtre voyage aura été heureux, et je l'aprendrai avec un grand plaisir.

J'oubliois de vous dire que Fréron s'est retracté sur le jugement qu'il avoit écrit que vous portiez des acteurs du Théâtre François; il a mandé à la même personne qu'il avoit été mal informé, et que vous n'aviez rien dit de semblable.

" A Monsieur
Mons. Garrick, chez Mess. Frescobaldi et fils, à Florence."

DE M. FENOÜILLOT À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 20 Janv. 1763.

Je n'ai point l'honneur, Monsieur, de vous connoître personnellement, ni d'être connu de vous; mais je connois vos talens, vôtre réputation, et je sais que vôtre âme n'est point de tout au-dessous; malgré la distance des lieux et la différence des pays, le goût d'un art que je cultive, et que vous embellissez, doivent nous rapprocher, ainsi que l'amitié de M. Diderot, qui nous est commune à tous deux. L'un et l'autre m'authorisent à vous demander un service que je sais que vous avez rendu à plusieurs autres avec lesquels vous avez été en société de travail, pour les aider à composer des pièces dignes de vous avoir pour acteur. J'ai fait une comédie dans un genre assez particulier, et qui ne peut être jouée en France parceque le protestantisme en est la base, et que c'est proprement la tolérance mise en action. Je crois, Monsieur, qu'elle pourroit réüssir sur vôtre théâtre, si vous aviez la bonté de la traduire et de l'accommoder à vôtre scène. C'est un vrai service que vous me rendriez, et que j'ose espérer de vous; tous les gens de lettres et les honnêtes gens n'ont qu'une patrie, et je sais qu'à ces deux titres on peut tout attendre de Monsieur Garrick. Je vous envoye ma pièce sous l'enveloppe de l'ambassadeur de France, chez qui je vous prie de vouloir bien la faire prendre. Je vous laisse absolument le maître de tous les changemens que vous jugerez nécessaires, et je suis sûr que mon ouvrage gagnera beaucoup à passer par vos mains. Si ce premier drame me procure l'avantage d'entrer avec vous, Monsieur, en société de travail, j'en serai trop flatté pour ne pas la continuer. J'ai actuellement sur le métier une tragédie d'un genre aussi très-neuf, qui par le sujet et les allusions intéressera particulièrement vôtre nation, et que la hardiesse des pensées et de l'intrigue rendent trop forte pour la mienne. C'est un second enfant que je vous prierai encore d'adopter, et auquel je tâcherai de donner d'autres frères, dans la confiance que vous prendrez de tous le même soin. Au reste, Monsieur, de quelque utilité que me soit jamais cette corréspondance, l'avantage le plus précieux et le plus flatteur que j'y envisage, c'est l'amitié que j'espère qui en résultera entre nous: l'envie que j'ai de mériter et d'acquérir la vôtre est égale aux sentimens d'estime et de considération avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

Fenoüillot.

M. DIDEROT À M. GARRICK.*

À Paris, ce 20 Janv. 1763.

MONSIEUR et très-honoré Roscius, c'est moi qui ai donné au poëte qui vous écrit au coin de mon feu, le conseil de travailler plutôt pour le théâtre de Londres que pour le nôtre. Il est jeune, mais il a l'âme haute, et il pense que s'il n'est pas permis de mettre sur la scène les prêtres, les rois, leurs ministres, en un mot, tous les grands bélîtres de ce monde, il n'y a qu'à fermer boutique. Les personnages les plus ridicules, les moines, les religieuses, les abbés, les évêques, les présidens au mortier, nous sont interdits; tant c'est une chose impeccable pour nous qu'une croix et un capucin. Celui qui oseroit intituler son drame, Jacques Clément, Henry Quatre, Richelieu, Damien, Coligny, risqueroit d'obtenir un logement aux dépens de l'état à la Bastille ou à Bicêtre; et la fantaisie de mon jeune ami seroit de mériter cette faveur et de ne pas l'obtenir. La pièce que vous recevrez, et qu'il vous soumet, est son coup d'essai. S'il est possible de l'ajuster à vôtre costume, je vous demande par l'amitié que vous avez pour moi, et que je vous rends bien, et par l'intérêt que vous devez à un talent qui nait, et qui promet, s'il est encouragé, de vous en occuper. Mr. Fenoüillot n'est point du tout indigne que vous fassiez pour sa gloire et pour sa fortune, ce que vous faites pour la gloire et la fortune de Mr. Colman. S'il arrive qu'après que vous vous serez bien graté le front et rongé les ongles pour réussir en commun, le pié vous glisse, la chute sera pour lui seul; en cas de succès il sera très flatté de voir son nom en accolade avec le vôtre; et pardieu, je le crois bien. Du reste, vous en userez avec lui comme il vous plaira: quoiqu'il soit presqu'aussi gueux qu'il convient à un enfant d'Apollon, il aimeroit encore mieux une feuille de laurier qu'une grosse pluie d'or. Il a lu, je ne sçais où, qu'anciennement ceux qui machoient du laurier prophetisoient, et il a grand appétit de ce fourrage. Adieu, Monsieur, et trés-aimable Roscius. Souvenez-vous de tems en tems de la synagogue de la rue Royale, et du petit sanctuaire de la rue Neuve des Petits Champs. On y fait souvent commémoration de vous, le verre à la main, et l'on vous y boit en bourgogne, en champagne, en malaga, en toutes couleurs, en tout pays. Je suis, comme vous sçavez, vôtre admirateur, et je serois bien faché que vous ne comptassiez pas au nombre de vos amis,

DIDEROT.

Rue Tarronne, vis-à-vis la rue St. Benoît.

DE M. ALGAROTTI À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Pise, ce 19 Mars, 1764.

PERMETTEZ que je vous désobéisse pour le coup. Mon amour-propre y est trop intéressé. Comment ne voudrois-je pas faire connoître à toute l'Italie, si je le pouvois, que je suis serviteur d'un des premiers hommes du siècle, d'un de ces hommes à mettre du rang des Federig et de Pierre,† et que cet homme m'honore de son amitié?

* This letter from Diderot introduces to Garrick the author of the *Honnête Criminel*.—ED.

† As founders of their respective states alike.—ED.

Voici deux lettres, Monsieur, qui ne satisfont qu'en très petite partie mes désirs, mais qui vous marqueront au moins ma bonne volonté.

J'aurois renoncé à Voltaire, avec qui je suis lié depuis trente ans, s'il avoit pû penser autrement sur vôtre compte, Monsieur, de ce qu'il faut. Mais c'auroit été l'offenser dans le plus vif que de l'en soupçonner seulement; c'auroit été blasphémer Melpomène et Thalie, ses plus chères divinités. Vous êtes excellent dans tous les rôles; même dans celui de médecin; et le printems prochain je suivrai vôtre ordonnance du Tar Water. Je l'essayerai au moins. Je vous remercie de ce que vous avez bien voulu écrire en Angleterre pour les vers dont vous me fites l'honneur de me parler à Florence.

À vôtre arrivée à Venise vous trouverez entre les mains de Mr. Murray, vôtre Ministre, les deux premiers volumes de mes ouvrages. Gardez les comme une marque de l'estime infinie, et de la tendre amitié avec lesquelles j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

ALGAROTTI.

DE M. ALGAROTTI AU MARQUIS MONVI.

MONSIEUR, À Pise, ce 8 Mai, 1764.

L'ILLUSTRE Mr. Garrick, le Roscius du siècle, passeroit-il par Bologne, sans que je l'annonçasse à Mr. le Marquis Monvi, à Madame la Marquise Scappi, à Monseigneur le Cardinal, à la seule coterie digne de le voir et de l'entendre? Je ne veux pas absolument, mon cher Général, avoir rien à me reprocher là-dessus. Vous verrez que l'amabilité va de pair en lui avec la supériorité des talens; et je suis persuadé, mon cher Général, que vous me scaurez gré de vous avoir fait connoître un homme si excellent, et si unique dans tous les genres.

Oserois-je vous prier de faire mes très humbles respects à la respectable et aimable Casanuovo. J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec l'attachement le plus inviolable et le dévouement le plus parfait, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

ALGAROTTI.

" À son Excellence Monsieur le Marquis Monvi, Colonnel du Régiment Royal Italien, et Lieutenant-Général dans les armées de France.—À Bologne.

DE M. DUCLOS À M. FAVART.

MONSIEUR, De St. Petersbourg, le 25 Juin, 1764.

PLUS je m'éloigne et plus je pense à vous par conséquent, je prends la liberté de vous donner de mes nouvelles, et vous marquer ma réception ici. Je vous dirai, Monsieur, que le lendemain de mon arrivée, je fus présenté à Messieurs les Maréchaux de la Couronne, qui dirigent le spectacle de sa Majesté; ils m'ont très bien

reçu, ils m'ont complimenté sur mon arrivée, et m'ont accordé un logement de cinq pièces de plein pied dans un des pavillons du Palais de sa Majesté, qui est de toute beauté. Ensuite le Grand Maréchal m'a invité à sa table tous les Vendredis; que mon tems me le permette ou non, mon couvert est toujours mîs: de plus, j'ai du bois de la Cour pour me chauffer à ma volonté, car il en faut dans ce pays-là, et huit cents roubles par an; mais j'espère être augmenté à mesure qu'ils connoîtront mon mérite. Je viens de faire sur le théâtre un feu d'artifice sans poudre, avec des gerbes et soleils qui tournent et changent de couleur, enfin sans qu'il entre aucune composition ni ustenciles de l'artifice; ce qui a surpris beaucoup S. M. et toute la Cour. De plus, j'ai fait paroître le nom de S. M. dans une gloire dont les rayons s'allongent et se racourcissent avec tant de précipitation que cela éblouit, et cependant il n'y a aucun mouvement de machine. Sa Majesté m'a envoyé son Grand Chambelan pour me faire des complimens. Je suis présentement à faire paroître dans le fond du théâtre plus de cent mille Romains, qui marchent tous en ordre de bataille, et changent de position d'une vîtesse qu'à peine peut on le voir. J'espère que ce morceau-là achevera de faire ma réputation. L'agrément que j'ai ici, c'est que l'on me donne carte blanche, et plein pouvoir de travailler à ma volonté. Jugez quel agrément c'est pour moi, et de n'y avoir pas trouvé un second Comte de Durazzo: mon nom et ma conduite sont cités par tout Pétersbourg; cela a été jusqu'à Mr. Du Roucerai vôtre beau-frère. Ah! quelle surprise pour moi quand je l'ai vû chez-moi! il s'est jetté à mon col, il ne pouvoit me quitter de joie. Je l'ai fait diner avec moi, où il m'a conté ses disgraces ici; mais comme je ne connois pas son adversaire, je ne sais qui a tort ou raison. En le quittant je lui ai fait offre de mes services, et que je ferois tout au monde pour lui, en reconnoissance de ceux que j'ai reçu de son beau-frère, ainsi que de Madame sa sœur. Il est très-bien avec le Grand Veneur de S. M.: je me suis trouvé à la table où il étoit invité, et même il m'a paru y manger autant de fois qu'il veut. Ce seigneur lui veut du bien, et il aime beaucoup les gens à talens: il l'a mené un jour au Palais d'Été, où il y a un jardin superbe enrichi de belles figures antiques que Pierre Premier a fait venir de Rome.

Parlons du pays: Pétersbourg est dans la plus belle situation du monde. Au bout de la ville il y a le Golfe de Finelande, bordé du côté de la ville de belles forêts, et le reste est à l'infini où l'on voit arriver les vaisseaux marchands à pleines voiles par trente à quarante à la fois. Du côté de la terre aux environs, c'est rempli de Palais superbes; il y a un Palais de S. M. dont les colonnes sont de lapis, et les chapiteaux, bases, et ornemens, tout est doré; enfin, orné de cascades et jets-d'eau; enfin, je n'ai jamais rien vû de si beau, et cela m'a d'autant plus surpris que j'ignorois qu'il y eût de si beaux monumens dans des pays si éloignés. Je viens de voir des éléphans, des ours blancs, des renards blancs, des renards noirs: il y a ici des Calmoucks, qui sont positivement comme des Chinois; ils ont des yeux singuliers; et beaucoup de Tartares, de Cosaques, ce sont des figures à peindre. Enfin, ce que je trouve de singulier c'est que les lièvres à présent sont comme les nôtres, et dans l'hiver ils sont blancs, sans taches. Une autre particularité qui m'a beaucoup surpris — à

présent le soleil se couche à dix heures, et se lève à deux heures du matin, de sorte qu'il n'y a point de nuit, on y voit à lire et à écrire comme en plein jour. On a fait ici des fêtes singulières dans l'hiver, qui est bien rude : on jette des fossés des eaux colorées, sitot que cela est pris, qui s'entend gelé, on en forme des façades de palais, des colonnes, des vases creux, on met toutes ces coupes les unes sur les autres, et cela se congèle tout de suite, et l'on voit un très-beau palais. Notez que l'on met des lumières en quantité derrière ; la glace devient transparente, et fait un vrai palais de fées.

Le Grand Maréchal vient de me donner commission pour faire venir un peintre de Paris : comme vous êtes le protecteur des talens, je prens la liberté, comme vous êtes sur les lieux, de vouloir bien nous en procurer un. Le Grand Maréchal vous auroit bien des obligations de lui procurer un bon peintre théâtral, tant pour les opéras que comédies, et surtout capable de représenter ce qu'on appelle ces beaux points de vue si nécessaires aux ballets. Vous sentez, Monsieur, que par là je désigne un homme de goût, d'esprit, et plein d'un feu poëtique, propre à embrasser toutes sortes de sujets, et de les rendre en tableaux agréables et frappans. Voilà à peu près le peintre qu'il nous faut ; on lui donneroit mille cinq cents roubles, dont le rouble fait cinq livres de France, son quartier et son chauffage ; c'est un parti à offrir à un homme à talens, et il peut faire d'autres travaux pour son compte ; car on ne travaille pas ici tous les jours. Si vous voulez bien avoir cette complaisance-là pour moi, sur vôtre lettre on enverra une lettre de change pour les frais de son voyage. Surtout dans le choix que vous ferez, *point de moulin, ni de fourré ;* mais au reste, tout ce qui vous plaira ; le plustôt sera le meilleur, car nous allons avoir de grands travaux pour les opéras. Nous avons ici un Italien, dont on n'est point content, ce qui nous oblige d'avoir recours à Paris. En attendant vôtre réponse, j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, vôtre humble serviteur, et le plus reconnoissant,

DU CLOS.

DE M. MARMONTEL À M. GARRICK.

Ce Mercredi.

JE vous rends mille grâces, Monsieur et cher ami, du beau présent que vous me faites. Il va décorer mon oratoire à côté de Mademoiselle Clairon ; et quand je voudrai me pénétrer l'âme, et l'élever au ton de la grande et belle nature, je jetterai les yeux sur ce tableau. C'est de plus un gage de vôtre amitié qui me sera cher toute ma vie. Conservez bien ce tendre sentiment pour un homme qui fait mieux que vous admirer, qui vous honore et qui vous aime de tout son cœur,

MARMONTEL.

Si vous êtes chez-vous l'un de ces matins, j'irai vous embrasser.

DE M. MARMONTEL À M. GARRICK.

Mr. le Marquis de Brancas, mon cher ami, a dû passer chez-vous pour vous inviter à diner Mardi. Vous m'aviez donné le choix du Lundi ou du Mardi, j'espère que vous n'avez pas pris d'engagement contraire. Marquez-moi, je vous prie, à quelle heure vous voulez que je me rende chez-vous afin que nous y allions ensemble. Vous dinerez avec ce qu'il y a de plus poli dans toute la noblesse Françoise, et avec le plus tendre et le plus dévoué de vos amis,

Marmontel.

DE M. MARMONTEL À M. GARRICK.

Le sommeil n'a point effacé, Monsieur, l'impression que vous m'avez faite. J'espère même qu'elle ne s'effacera jamais ; et l'image de Macbeth sans cesse présente à mon esprit, sera pour moi le modèle intellectuel de la déclamation théâtrale à son plus haut point d'énergie et de vérité. Vous m'avez rendu concevable ce qu'on nous dit d'Hilas et de Pilade, ou plutôt vous l'avez réalisé. Si nous avions des acteurs comme vous, nos scènes ne seroient pas si diffuses : nous laisserions parler leur silence, et il en diroit plus que nos vers. Vous serez donc pour moi un objet continuel d'étonnement et de regrets. Je puis dire que j'ai vu réunis le premier acteur et la première actrice du monde ; mais j'ai la douleur de penser que le même théâtre ne les rassemblera jamais ; et c'est un grand malheur pour nous : car avec deux moyens si puissans d'émouvoir, le génie des poëtes s'élèveroit à un genre de tragédie plus fier, plus hardi, plus pathétique. Enfin, Monsieur, si vous voulez savoir à quel point la force, la vérité, la chaleur de vôtre jeu m'ont frappé, jettez les yeux quelque jour sur l'article *déclamation* de l'Encyclopédie. Vous jugerez par mes principes du cas que je fais d'un acteur tel que vous.

Je vous envoye " Venceslas" tel que je l'ai remis au théâtre, non pas refondu comme je l'aurois voulu, mais purgé de ses grossièretés les plus choquantes. J'ai été obligé de prendre autant qu'il a été possible le ton et le stile de l'original, afin d'éviter les disparates ; mais en traduisant ce poëme on effaceroit les défauts du stile, et un homme habile pourroit y répandre un coloris que Rotrou n'avoit pas,—ce qu'il ne m'a pas été permis de lui donner ; vôtre langue y pourroit mettre encore plus de véhémence et de précision, et c'est alors que " Venceslas" seroit une belle tragédie. Je souhaite, Monsieur, que le génie de vos poëtes tragiques réponde à vos talens. Il ne manquera rien à leur gloire. L'intérêt que je prens à la vôtre est fondé sur l'admiration que vous m'avez causée, et sur les sentimens avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

Marmontel.

DE M. GRIMM À M. GARRICK.

J'ENVOIE chercher, illustre Roscius, ce qui doit embellir ma solitude. Que Dieu vous garde et vous donne la grâce de nous aimer, et de nous regretter autant que nous vous aimons et regrettons! Amen! Si vous avez des ordres à donner en ce pays-ci, accordez-moi la préférence. Mes respects à Madame Garrick.

DE MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON À M. GARRICK.

SI ce que vous désirez dépendoit de moi, vous êtes bien sûr que cela seroit fait; mais, mon cher ami, tout est loué, et je ne puis ôter de loge à personne. Vôtre ami pouroit se faire garder des places dans le parquet, il y avoit hier vingt femmes au moins. Je suis bien fâchée de n'avoir pas de meilleur expédient à vous offrir. Bon soir, mon cher ami; vous savez combien je vous aime.

CLAIRON.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON ami, Mr. Woulf, Banquier, qui compte passer un mois à Londres, a bien voulu se charger de ma lettre, et de mon affaire auprès de Mr. Lattroppe: faites-moi le plaisir de lui donner 1259f. 12 sols, dont je vous tiendrai bon compte.

Vous avez dû recevoir le petit paquet que je vous ai fait tenir par Mr. Lascelle et Mr. Becket, cent exemplaires de mon chansonnier: il seroit nécessaire à l'entrée de l'hiver, lorsque tous vos gens de qualité seront revenus à Londres, de faire annoncer cet ouvrage dans vos papiers publics, par un article en forme de Lettre à peu près dans la forme de celle que je joins ici, et qui a été mise dans le Minerve de France du mois de Juillet dernier. J'ai écrit à Mr. Becket, que je m'en raporterois entièrement à vous, pour fixer le bénéfice que je lui donnerai pour la vente de chaque exemplaire de mon livre.

On donnera ce soir la cinquième réprésentation de la pièce de nôtre ami Favart, qui a toujours le plus grand succès. Elle est imprimée, mais on ne la mettra en vente que Samedi. J'en ai fait demander un exemplaire, pour vous l'envoyer par Mr. Woulf, mais la femme de ce Mr. Favart est si beste—mais si beste, que je n'ai jamais pu lui faire entendre que je voulois profiter de l'occasion que j'avois pour vous la faire parvenir promptement. Elle m'a fait dire avec sa manière et ses politesses outrées qu'elle vouloit avoir le plaisir elle-même de vous l'envoyer: pendant qu'on joue cette piéce, Favart plante des choux à Belleville.

On a fait l'ouverture ces jours derniers d'un salon où l'on expose tous les deux ans

les productions de nos artistes dans tous les genres : il y a de très bonnes choses, entre autres vôtre buste par Le Moine, que j'ai trouvé très bien du côté de la ressemblance et du talent de l'artiste. Tous ceux qui l'ont vus et qui vous connoissent sont de mon avis ; je voudrois que vous et Madame Garrick pensassiez de même. Je joins ici l'explication de ce salon : je souhaite que cela puisse vous amuser un moment.

J'aurois bien souhaité vous voir à Londres cette année, mais cela n'a pas été en mon pouvoir. J'ai remis mon voyage au Carême prochain pour revenir ici dans le printems ; si vous voulez, nous reviendrons ensemble.

Je n'ai pas pu découvrir ce Mr. Vivié pour lequel vous m'avez envoyé un petit paquet ; celui qu'on m'avoit indiqué ne vous connoit pas : dites-moi la rue où demeure le vôtre, et à qui il faut que je remette ce Dictionnaire Anglois que vous m'avez envoyé peu de jours après vôtre départ. Je vous embrasse mille fois, et je vous prie d'en faire le partage avec Madame Garrick. MONNET.

" LETTRE À MR. MONNET À L'OCCASION DE L'ANTHOLOGIE FRANÇOISE.

" À Paris, ce 29 Août, 1764.

" J'ai reçu, Monsieur, avec beaucoup de plaisir, l'exemplaire de l'Anthologie que vous m'avez fait remettre : je croyois avec beaucoup de gens de lettres, que cet ouvrage manquoit à nôtre littérature, et j'en suis convaincu depuis que j'ai lu la sçavante Préface de Mr. Meunier de Querlon à la tête de vôtre belle édition. Je ne doute pas que vous n'éprouviez beaucoup de critiques sur le choix que vouz avez fait. C'est le sort de toutes les collections : chaque lecteur condamne indistinctement tout ce qui ne se rencontre pas dans le cercle de ses goûts d'habitude : peu de gens d'ailleurs ont une idée juste de la chanson Françoise. Les Grecs et les Latins avoient des chansons, nous les connoissons sous le titre d'odes, &c. Cela leur donne toute une autre considération que celui de chansons ; cependant, c'est exactement la même chose. Vous avez voulu montrer à la nation un tableau des progressions de l'esprit dans un genre qui avoit jusqu'à présent caractérisé nôtre talent national. Vous avez donné des modèles de poësie légère, dans la plupart desquels on trouve ce que le sentiment, les grâces de l'esprit, la délicatesse du goût, et l'amour de la volupté ont dicté de plus agréable à nos meilleurs auteurs. Je ne crois pas qu'on aît encore vu en France rien d'aussi agréable, d'aussi soigné et d'aussi parfait, que la partie typographique de vos trois volumes : on y apperçoit les connoissances d'un homme de goût, et toutes les précautions d'un éditeur jaloux de remplir, et même de surpasser ses engagemens avec le public. " J'ai l'honneur, &c. . . . . ."

Vous ferez, mon cher Monsieur, l'usage que vous jugerez à propos de cette lettre. Elle est d'un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, peu connu. Si vous la mettez dans vos papiers publics, je serois d'avis qu'on la mit sous le nom de Mr. de Voltaire, ou celui de Mr. Piron ; plutôt du dernier : je l'en préviendrai.

DE M. MOLÉ À M. GARRICK.

Du Fort L'Evêque, à Paris, ce 26 Avril, 1765.

MON cher ami, nous croyons devoir à l'intérêt que vous avez bien voulu prendre à nous avant vôtre départ, des remercimens et mille assurances de nôtre reconnoissance; voilà pour le moment où nous en sommes réduits; mais c'est un fonds que vous pouvez cultiver quand il vous plaira, et qui ne deviendra jamais aride: c'est ce que nous pouvons en toute sureté vous garantir. Nous voudrions pouvoir vous donner des nouvelles; il n'y en a point, pas même de changement sur nôtre état: nous en voila réduits encore à nôtre première alternative, ou nous déshonorer, nous flétrir de nôtre volonté, ou garder pour azile celui des malheureux ou des criminels, et pourtant quelquesfois celui des honnêtes gens.

Vous sentez que nôtre choix n'est pas douteux, et qu'entre le mépris et l'estime il n'y a pas à hésiter, quelque prix qu'il en coûte. Voilà pour le compte de mes camarades et de moi, je vais maintenant vous parler de moi seul; je suis loin de vouloir jamais séparer ma cause de la leur, mais ceci ne peut regarder que moi. Vous nous avez fait offres de services, je pense que c'est faire un digne usage de vôtre âme, que de l'en croire sur ses expressions, et profiter de ses mouvemens. Ceci peut devenir plus long que nous n'avions pensé; l'on n'obtiendra jamais de nous nôtre déshonneur, et il faudra nécessairement qu'on se contente de toute autre justice à l'autorité blessée de M. le Maréchal de Richelieu; mais, en même tems que je plaide la cause de ma probité, je voudrois d'ailleurs ne la blesser en rien. J'ai pris quelques engagemens sur les revenus de mon état; mais ils périclitent beaucoup; ceci cause un dérangement qui fait grand tort à la recette, et une des peines la plus sensible pour moi seroit de manquer à mes billets: je n'y manquerois certainement pas en vendant ce que j'ai pour y satisfaire, mais cette ressource est la dernière que je voudrois employer; c'est vous-même, mon cher ami, qui m'avez enhardi à recourir à vous, et les offres volontaires d'un galant-homme sont pour lui-même un engagement. Il s'agiroit de deux cent louis. Cette somme, toute considérable qu'elle est, ne m'effraye pas à emprunter; elle ne sera pas de surplus à mes dettes, puisque c'est pour les payer, et il me restera dans tous les tems ce que je possède pour l'acquiter. Si les affaires prennent une tournure promte, je n'en ferai aucun usage, et je vous les ferai remettre comme je les aurai reçus; si non, je m'en servirai; et l'argent que j'aurois employé à tenir mes engagemens, je l'employerai à remplir celui que je prens avec vous. Voilà mon arrangement, mon cher Garrick; voyez si vous en êtes content, et si vôtre situation vous permet de m'aider; la franchise de ma démarche vous prouve ma confiance, et n'étant pas assez heureux pour vous obliger, j'aime mon accident qui me met dans le cas de réclâmer de vous un bienfait. J'attens avec la plus grande impatience vôtre réponse, quelle qu'elle soit; je vous prie de l'adresser sous double envelope à Paris, à quelqu'un de vos amis qui sera exact à me le faire tenir.

N'oubliez pas aussi surtout de porter de nôtre part à Madame Garrick nos plus chères amitiés : rendez-lui témoignage de l'hommage que nous rendons à ses qualités respectables, et soyez convaincu à jamais de mon estime, de mon attachement, et de la plus vive reconnoissance.

MOLÉ.

DE M. L'ABBÉ MORELLET À M. GARRICK.

Vous voulez donc bien, mon cher Shakspeare, travailler à me procurer, à vôtre retour à Londres, les ouvrages Anglois qui pouvent m'être utiles pour mon Dictionaire de Commerce. C'est une bonne action que vous ferez. Mais quand vous en feriez cent de cette espèce, vous ne vous feriez pas pardonner le mal que vous allez faire en nous quittant. Il n'y a qu'une manière de nous adoucir le chagrin de vôtre départ, c'est de nous promettre de venir nous voir de temps en temps, par exemple tous les hyvers ; mais je crains bien que vous n'en fassiez rien, et que vous ne vous rendiez à l'empressement de vos amis Anglois en renonçant à la société de ceux que vous avez fait parmi nous. Vous savez pourtant que nous sommes de bonnes gens, et vous devriez bien vous partager un peu entre vos compatriotes et nous. Venez. Je vous lirai du Plutarque et du Rabelais, et vous nous jouerez Shakspeare, que j'entendrai, s'il plait à Dieu, dans peu de temps. Je viens à la promesse que vous m'avez faite de parler de moi à Mr. Taulmsen.* et de l'intéresser au succès de mon travail. Je désirerois donc que vous lui demandassiez une note des livres les meilleurs dans vôtre langue sur *l'économie politique*. Il n'est pas question, comme vous le voyez, de la politique pure, dont je ne m'occupe point, mais de l'administration du commerce et des finances dans vôtre pays, de vôtre navigation, de vos loix de commerce, des règlemens de vos manufactures, &c. J'ai déjà plusieurs ouvrages de ce genre ; je marquerai ceux que je n'ai point, et dont Mr. Taulmsen pensera le plus avantageusement : vous pourrez ensuite me faire passer ceux auxquels je me serai arrêté. Vous voyez que je me suis dévoué à un travail long et pénible, lorsque je pouvois m'occuper de littérature et de philosophie. N'ai-je pas fait là un petit sacrifice à l'utilité publique, qui mérite de la part des amis du genre humain quelque reconnoissance ? Je dis, de la part du genre humain, car je ne crains pas de vous avouer que ce n'est pas pour mon pays que je travaille. On ne profitera pas de long temps de ce que je pourrai avoir dit de bon dans ce pays-ci, et on ne m'en saura peut-être pas grand gré. Mais je suis cosmopolite, et si je puis, en développant les principes d'une science aussi vaste, et j'ose dire assez inconnue jusqu'à présent, être utile à quelque nation que ce soit, fût-elle nôtre ennemie, je me croirai bien payé de mes travaux. Dites à Mr. vôtre ami, que je l'estime, et que je l'honore sur tout ce que vous m'en avez dit ; et que vous avez augmenté de beaucoup le désir que j'avois d'aller à Londres, par l'idée du plaisir que j'aurai de le connoître.

* Perhaps Tomlinson, or Toulmin.—ED.

DE MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON À M. GARRICK.

De Paris, ce 9 May, 1765.

Mon âme, à jamais pénétrée d'un traitement aussi barbare qu'injuste, avoit besoin, mon cher ami, du plaisir que vôtre lettre vient de lui faire. Cette lettre a suspendu quelques momens l'indignation et la douleur qui me consument. Jamais ma santé n'a donné de si grandes inquiétudes pour ma vie, jamais les accidents auxquels je suis sujette n'ont été aussi multipliés et aussi violents; mais soyez tranquille, mon courage est encore au-dessus de mes maux.

Le croirez-vous? mes camarades sont encore en prison; moi, l'on m'en a fait sortir le cinquième jour; mais on m'a mise aux arrêts chez-moi, avec défense de recevoir plus de six personnes nommées. On dit que Dubois a demandé son congé, on espère qu'il sera accepté, et que nous serons libres ce soir ou demain: il en est tems. Comme on n'a voulu permettre à aucun de mes camarades de me venir voir, j'ignore ce qu'ils pensent, et ce qu'ils feront tous.

Je suis décidée à ne leur donner aucun conseil, à ne m'occuper que de moi, et surtout de l'estime des honnêtes gens; je l'obtiendrai, j'ose en être sûre. Je ne vous ferai point part de toutes mes réflexions sur le passé, le présent, et l'avenir; non que je craigne de les soumettre à vos lumières et vôtre amitié, mais ma lettre peut-être ouverte on pouroit m'interpréter mal; je ne veux donner aucun prétexte à la persécution. Embrassez pour moi Madame Garrick; soyez surs tous deux que je vous aime, vous estime, et vous regrette autant qu'il est possible, et que vous avez droit de l'attendre du cœur le plus sensible et le plus reconnoissant. Clairon.

Ma petite société vous fait mille et mille complimens. Si vous voyez Milord Farnham, excusez-moi de ne lui avoir pas répondu.

Le Comte de Valbelle a arrangé vôtre "Siège de Calais:" vous l'auriez depuis longtems sans une estampe qu'il y veut insérer, et qui n'est pas encore finie.

DE M. PRÉVILLE À M. GARRICK.

J'ignore les usages de vôtre pays, je ne sçais pas l'effet que peut faire sur vous et vos concitoyens une démarche que l'on se réserve de faire dans ces momens-ci, afin qu'elle soit appuyée de l'espèce d'impossibilité de rien refuser à qui prend cet instant pour demander. Entendons-nous toutesfois, il n'est question que de grâces, et voilà ce que je sollicite pour mes étrennes. Vous êtes peut-être assez piqué pour que je vous trouve récalcitrant sur cela; tant mieux pour mon amour propre, et point tant pis à aucuns égards, car vous êtes juste, et avec une bonne confession générale que je vais vous faire après une pénitence que vous m'imposerez, j'aurai mon absolution, et sur cette assurance j'entre en matière.

Je ne vous dis pas que j'ai de l'attachement pour vous, ce n'est pas faute que cela; mais j'ai en l'air de n'en avoir pas autant que j'en ressens: vous êtes même en avance avec moi à cet égard et voilà ma faute. Elle seroit atroce si vraiment j'eusse été froid sur cela, si je n'avois pas senti le prix de vôtre amitié; j'irai même plus loin, je serois plus qu'ingrat, je serois bête, car l'amitié que vous avez pour moi a ajouté à la considération que me procure mon état, et je serois bien gauche de négliger une chose qui m'est si avantageux: mon cœur et mon amour propre y trouvent leur compte. Voyez d'ici tous les droits que vous avez sur moi. Si je ne parlois pas à un philosophe, je me garderois bien de me mettre si fort à découvert avec vous, mais si cette philosophie ne vous rend pas aussi lâche que ceux qui battent leurs adversaires quand ils se mettent à terre, elle m'ouvre aussi de plus sur chemin de vôtre âme. C'est une justification qui, si elle n'est pas forte pour tous ceux qui ne voient qu'eux et leur offense, est une arme triomphante sur ceux qui s'oublient eux-mêmes pour ne voir que l'humanité et tout ce qui l'élève et l'humilie. Les positions, les circonstances mal vues et mal interprétées font un homme méprisable de tel qui, justifié, fait rougir son juge de l'arrêt qu'il a prononcé contre lui. Voilà bien du verbiage peut-être inutile: mais, enfin, je veux vous disposer en ma faveur, et les cliens sont bavards. Ah! ça. Je viens au fait d'abord: vous avez dit que je ne vous avois pas écrit, et cependant je vous avois fait l'histoire véritable et rémarquable de la suite de l'avanture de nôtre théâtre, après l'emprisonnement de nos camarades; j'ai montré la copie de ma lettre à plusieurs de vos amis ici, et sans me flatter, ils en ont été fort contens. Je vous y faisois des remercîmens d'un présent que vous m'avez fait; je vous demandois d'établir une corréspondance comique entre nous; je vous disois enfin tout ce qu'il est possible de dire quand on entreprend de peindre son sentiment, et vous accusois ma foiblesse sur les expressions; je vous peignois ma sensibilité, sans trouver de couleur assez vive de façon pourtant de vous persuader, comptant sur vôtre interprétation sur ce qui pouvoit y manquer; finalement, je vous disois que, toute putain que j'étois, vous m'aviez fixé, et que quelque légèreté que je montrasse sur ma liaison avec les honnêtes gens, je n'y étois pas moins attaché, et qu'en conséquence j'étois pénétré d'attachement pour vous, et tout ce qui tient à vous. Vous n'avez pas reçu cette lettre à ce qu'on m'a dit: ai-je tort, si je l'ai écrite? Ne recevant point de réponse, j'aurois dû récrire, j'en conviens, et c'est là le moment pour vous d'être philosophe. Mes excuses demandent à être entendues par une âme, et je ne les adresse qu'à la vôtre.

Vous sçaviez, sans doute, que j'avois des chagrins domestiques, ils étoient d'une nature à ne recevoir de consolation que du temps et de la dissipation. Je ne portois partout qu'une gaieté factice qui laissoit ignorer à tout le monde la flétrissure de mon âme, et que la contrainte augmentoit encore: seul je me reprochois le temps que j'avois emploié à me tromper en trompant les autres, et il sembloit que pour réparer cela, les idées tristes et fâcheuses étoient celles qu'il me convenoit de me retracer, et je me plaisois à les multiplier; une telle position est au-dessus de la force humaine, et j'allois y succomber, lorsque le hazard me fournit un moyen de distraction. Les

sens endormis chez-moi depuis trois ans se réveillerent ; une jeune et jolie personne malheureuse me fut addressée, j'eus le bonheur de lui être utile, mes bienfaits m'attachèrent à elle. Je fus la dupe de moi-même, et trouvant quelqu'un aussi foible que moi, je me liai sans m'en appercevoir, bref je tombai d'un mal dans un pis, je laissai prendre trop d'ascendant sur moi. Les premiers moments de nôtre liaison furent délicieux, mais ce bien apparent s'est bientôt éclipsé pour faire place à un mal plus grand que ceux que j'avois enduré : cette femme, sûre de son ascendant sur moi, m'a régie avec une sceptre de fer ; élle étoit inquiète, jalouse, et intéressée. En conséquence, elle a exigé de moi de tout quitter pour elle. Les autres femmes lui faisoient ombrage, et elle avoit tout à craindre de mes amis ; pour moi, qui ne voyoit et ne craignoit qu'elle, je lui ai fait mon sacrifice tout entier. Hercule a filé pour Omphale, et moi pour elle. Il faut conclure qu'Hercule et moi nous sommes deux J . . . f . . . ; enfin, bon ami, j'ai ouvert les yeux ; je me ruinois, je donnois sur moi des droits qu'on n'avoit point eu. J'étois trompé ; et, le croiriez-vous ? je l'ai vu seul et seul ; j'ai rompu mes liens ; la nature a prêté des forces à ma raison. J'ai vû mes enfans prêts à payer de leur état des fautes qu'ils n'ont pas commises ; ma femme malade, et ne demandant que quelqu'un qui lui tendit la main pour rentrer dans la route qu'elle est faite pour tenir. J'ai fait ce que j'ai dû ; j'ai secoué un joug avilissant pour prendre celui de la nature ; je suis avec ma femme, mes enfans, depuis un mois, et je suis heureux. Je suis plus digne d'avoir des amis, de retrouver ceux dont je m'étois éloigné, et je cherche à me raprocher de vous ; ne me refusez pas, et vous ajouterez à mon bonheur.

Je suis, avec tout l'attachement possible, vôtre serviteur,

PRÉVILLE.

Bon jour et bon an !

DE M. MOLÉ À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 11 Mai, 1765.

IL y a aujourd'hui quinze jours, mon cher Garrick, que j'ai fait partir pour vous une lettre de laquelle j'espérois une réponse quelle qu'elle fût ; maintenant que le tems de la recevoir est passé, je l'attends de jour en jour ; car je ne doute pas de la franchise de vos premières offres lorsque rien ne vous y obligeoit, et puisque j'ai fait la démarche de réclamer de vous un service, démarche toujours couteuse, mais que la confiance que vous m'avez inspirée m'avoit rendu plus facile, j'attendrai pour le solliciter de quelqu'autre, que vous m'ayez marqué si vous êtes dans l'impossibilité de me le rendre. Nôtre affaire est enfin terminée depuis avant-hier au soir, après vingt-quatre jours de prison pour d'Auberval, vingt-trois pour Brizard, et vingt-deux pour Le Kain et moi. Vous savez, sans doute, que le lendemain de vôtre départ de Paris, nôtre chère Clairon étant fort malade au Fort l'Evêque ; elle fut renvoyée chez-elle, avec ordre de n'y recevoir personne exactement que son médecin et quatre amis nommés : enfin, Jeudi dernier au soir, nous sommes sortis de l'Abaye, prison mili-

taire où nous avions été conduits parceque le Fort l'Evêque affectoit nos santés, à cause de la mauvaise odeur. Vous saviez que nous ne voulions pas jouer avec le Sieur Dubois, dont vous n'ignorez pas la coquinerie. Nous n'y avons pas joué, on l'a forcé à demander son congé, il l'a fait, et grâce au ciel, nous voilà débarrassés de l'homme le plus déshonorant. Nous espérons, mon cher Garrick, qu'à force de régularité de mœurs, d'honneur et d'honnêteté, nous obtiendrons des chers François un peu de cette distinction, dont les talens sont honorés en Angleterre et dans tous les pays de l'Europe. Mademoiselle Clairon ne se porte pas encore bien, elle peut à peine se soutenir, tant elle est affaiblie par ses pertes continuelles. Il court un bruit sourd qu'elle ne jouera plus à Paris, et moi, qui vous parle, je peux en avoir quelques notions; je souhaite me tromper, mais j'en ai peur. N'oubliez pas, s'il vous plaît, de dire de ma part à Madame Garrick tout ce qu'elle doit attendre d'une âme sensible et juste. J'attends pour le coup une réponse, quoique je ne perds pas l'espoir d'en recevoir une de ma première lettre.

MOLÉ.

À Monsieur
Monsieur Garrick,
Directeur des Spectacles, à Londres.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 15 Mai, 1765.

"THERE is my drug, my stuff, my foolery, what call you it?" J'ai grand plaisir, Monsieur, à vous l'envoyer, à vous écrire, à vous dire que je vous aime bien, que je vous regrette beaucoup, et que j'ai toujours devant les yeux cette belle et grande lady, si bien faite, si jolie, et l'heureux mari dont les regards lui disent sans cesse, "I love you." Je répète mille propos flateurs à vôtre portrait; et quand je me rappelle la vivacité de celui qu'il représente, je ne sçaurois assez m'étonner de le voir immobile, et dans la même place.

On vous aura, sans doute, écrit que les comédiens François l'ont emporté sur le Maréchal de Richelieu. Dubois (poor rascal) est retiré, mais avec les honneurs de la guerre, se plaisant de l'aventure, c'est qu'il a demandé son congé, ne pouvant, dit-il, vivre avec un tas de maroufles comme ses camarades. Enfin, le combat est fini, et le champ de bataille reste à Clairon. Ses ennemis fâchés de sa victoire, font courir le bruit que vous avez dit à Milady Holland, "Mademoiselle Dumenil est très-supérieure à Mademoiselle Clairon." C'est assurément de quoi flétrir ses lauriers, les entrelacer d'absinthe. Un certain Monsieur Fox est nommé dans ce caquet. Que dira Clairon? Hélas! que les biens de la vie sont mêlés! O cette terre! ces fourmis qui l'habitent! ces insectes qui s'entre-dévorent:—comment trouvez-vous ma morale? ne ressemble-t'-elle pas à celle de Mistress Lovemore?* Ah, que Monsieur Garrick doit être charmant dans ce rôle! la pièce est jolie, bien faite, j'aime mieux ce mari *honteux*, comique,

* A character in Murphy's "Way to Keep Him." Garrick acted Lovemore, the *mari honteux*.—ED.

que sérieux ; il prête davantage ; les deux pièces Françoises sont très-bien fondues, et l'Angloise est extrêmement plaisante. Le dénouement est vif. La veuve Belmour parleroit trop sur le même sujet à la fin, si vôtre jeu muet ne renouvelloit les risées toutes les fois qu'elle vous adresse la parole. Je devine cela, et je crois voir en mouvement cette jolie mine dont vous faites tout ce que vous voulez. Mais ôtez-vous de-là ; je veux parler à Madame Garrick,—— ôtez-vous donc : faut-il que vous entendiez tout ce qu'on lui dit ?

Bon jour, aimable dame ; comment vous portez-vous ? vous rappellez-vous quelquefois un pays où vous êtes aimée, où l'on pense avec plaisir à vous, où l'on conserve chèrement l'espérance de vous revoir ? Il est doux, très-doux d'être vôtre amie : ce titre me flateroit plus que tous ceux dont l'orgueil décore. Ma compagne dit comme moi, elle embrasse the dear, dear Madame Garrick, et toutes deux nous vous assurons du plus sincère, du plus tendre, et du plus constant attachement :—— ne voilà-t'-il pas Monsieur Garrick qui regarde du coin de l'œil ? Il est jaloux, je crois, il vous veut toute entière pour lui ; je vous embrasse donc bien vîte, et je retourne à lui, de peur d'élever du bruit dans le charmant ménage.

Ça, Monsieur : à présent parlons d'affaires. J'ai reçu hier par un libraire de Paris des complimens très-honnêtes d'une Madame Broock, ou Brock, je ne m'en souviens plus. C'est la traductrice de Milady Catesby : elle écrit qu'elle en est à la quatrième édition. Cela est fort différent de Monsieur Becket, qui s'est ruiné avec Miss Jenny. Cette dame me fait demander *la permission* de m'envoyer ses ouvrages. J'avois dessein de lui faire tenir les miens ; mais Monsieur Hume ne la connoissoit point, et s'avisa de donner cette malheureuse Jenny à Monsieur Becket, qui en a fait un garde-boutique, un fond de magazin pour ses arrières neveux. J'ai encore de la rancune, comme vous voyez.

Dans le petit envoi, des cent huit livres restés entre les mains de Monsieur Becket, je vous serai obligé de préférer les comédies aux tragédies, et les comédies modernes aux anciennes. Au reste, pourtant, vôtre choix sera toujours bon, et je m'en contenterai assurément.

O quelle longue lettre ! voilà bien de quoi s'écrier je déteste ! là, patience ; je finis. Vous me donnerez bien le tems de vous embrasser, peut-être ? Allons, voyons si vous resterez en repos ! Voulez-vous me baiser,—si, o, no ? Addio amico mio dilettissimo ; baccio, no i mani de vostra Signoria, ma bene gli vostri occhi malitiosi.—Adieu, Madame ; adieu, Monsieur. Adieu tout de bon, tout de bon. Je vous épargne la platte formule complimenteuse, et suis, de tout mon cœur, de toute mon âme, vôtre sincère amie,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 20 Mai, 1765.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu vôtre lettre, à laquelle j'aurois répondu plutôt sans le retard de vos estampes qui ne sont arrivées ici que depuis quatre jours. Madame la Marquise de Villeroi a reçu la sienne avec satisfaction, en me disant beaucoup de bien de vous et en me priant de lui donner de vos nouvelles toutes les fois que j'en recevrois. Vous verrez par la lettre ci-joint les remerciemens de Mr. le Comte du Luc: je vous fais les miens pour celle que vous m'avez donnée. Il m'en reste deux dont je disposerai lorsque vous m'aurez nommé les personnes pour lesquelles elles sont destinées. Mr. Briasson m'a remi aussi une grammaire; à qui dois-je la remettre?

J'ai fait toutes les commissions dont vous m'avez chargé en partant. Mr. de la Place a été très-satisfait de l'excuse que je lui ai fait de vôtre part, et le valet-de-chambre du Baron d'Holbach bien-content de l'écu de six f. que vous m'avez dit de lui remettre.

Mr. Boquet me donnera à la fin de ce mois les deux desseins que vous lui avez demandés, et je vous les ferai parvenir par la voie la plus sûre et la plus prompte.

J'ai dîné il y a deux jours chez Mrs. Cazeau; nous avons beaucoup parlé de Mademoiselle Allard: nous aurions bien voulu vous la faire avoir, mais il n'y a point de danseur ici qui puisse aller avec elle, et Balletti n'est pas non plus de son genre. D'ailleurs, on offre à cette danseuse cinq cent louis, et voyage payé, pour aller passer trois mois l'hiver prochain à Stutgard avec Vestris. Toutes les raisons doivent vous déterminer à renoncer à Mademoiselle Allard pour l'année prochaine. J'ai écrit aujourd'hui à Régina, et je lui ai marqué positivement que vous étiez prêt de lui faire un engagement s'il pouvoit vous procurer une bonne danseuse de son genre, pour aller à Londres avec lui. Je vous ferai part de sa réponse sitôt que je l'aurai; mais je crains bien que le retard que vous avez mis dans celle que vous deviez lui faire, ne lui ait donné le tems de s'engager ailleurs.

Je vous enverrai avec les desseins de Boquet, le portrait de Voltaire, que je vous ai promis. J'y joindrai l'arbre chronologique que vous avez demandé à Léviés.

J'ai sorti tous vos habits du vilain coffre où vous les aviez mis, je les ai fait arranger dans une armoire, et vous trouverez ci-joint un état des effets que vous m'avez laissés.

Je vous remercie des soins que vous voulez bien vous donner pour mon Anthologie. Mr. Becket peut recevoir des souscriptions jusqu'au 20 du mois prochain; et après, vous me marquerez le nombre d'exemplaires qu'il faudra que je fasse passer en Angleterre.

Le pauvre Clairant, vôtre ami, vient de mourir d'une fièvre maligne; c'est un grand homme de moins, et généralement regretté.

ÉTAT DES EFFETS QUE MR. GARRICK M'A LAISSÉS.

Une paire de pistolets.
Une paire de chandeliers argentés.
Un petit chandelier aussi argenté; et des mouchettes d'acier.
Une épée noire, et un fleuret.
Une boête de fer blanc où il y a du thé.
Deux coussins de toile à carreaux.
Un habit, veste, et culotte verd en soie, gallonnée d'argent.
Un habit, veste, et culotte de soie lustrine jaune et [melé] d'or.
Un habit, veste, et culotte toile grise.
Un habit, veste, et culotte de ratine.
Un morceau de lustrine de soie.
Vingt-sept brochures ou livres reliés.
Un paquet de quatre bougies.

Je reconnois avoir les effets ci-dessus nommés apartenant à Mr. Garrick, que moi, ou mes héritiers lui rendront à la première demande qu'il en fera.

À Paris, ce 20 Mai, 1765. MONNET.

Tous vos amis vous font des compliments, principalement Favart, qui vous aime autant que moi. Bien des respects à Madame; et croyez, mon ami, que je vous suis dévoué pour la vie, MONNET.

N'oubliez pas, mon ami, d'aller avec Madame Garrick voir les quatre tableaux de Messrs. Boucher et Vernet, chez Mrs. Thornhill, Berkeley Square.

À Monsieur
Monsieur David Garrick,
in Covent Garden, à Londres.

DU CHEVALIER DE CHASTELLUX À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 29 Mai, 1765.

J'AI reçu, mon cher ami, le papier que vous m'avez eu la bonté de me renvoyer, et j'ai reçu avec bien plus de plaisir encore les assurances que vous me donnez de vôtre amitié. Croyez que vous avez en moi plus qu'un admirateur de vos talens; puisque personne n'aprécie mieux que moi vos vertus sociales, et les charmes de vôtre caractère, qui vous rendront à jamais précieux à tous ceux qui vous connoissent. Je vous exacte à venir tous les ans voir vos amis en France. C'est avec bien du plaisir que je me mets à leur tête pour vous en presser. Personne ne jouira mieux que moi de vôtre présence, et personne n'aura jamais pour vous un attachement plus sincère que celui avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être, mon cher Garrick,

Vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

LE CH. DE CHASTELLUX.

Je pars ce soir pour aller à Landau, où est mon régiment: si vous m'écriviez, adressez vôtre lettre à Mr. Hume, ou au Baron d'Holbach.

Je vous envoye un petit ouvrage qu'on m'a engagé à faire imprimer. Je souhaite de bien bon cœur que vous en soyez content.

J'ai vu vôtre buste chez Le Maire: c'est un chef-d'œuvre.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 1er. Juin, 1765.

Vous voudrez bien m'excuser, mon cher Garrick, si j'ai tant tardé à vous donner des nouvelles de la suite de nôtre malheureuse aventure. Nous nous en sommes tirés assez glorieusement, mais aux dépens de nôtre recette et de nôtre liberté; c'est ainsi que l'on gagne toujours son procès en France contre les gens de qualité. Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu fait tout ce qu'il peut pour nous faire éprouver la suite de son ressentiment; mais il aura beau faire, il ne pourra dissimuler à qui que ce soit qu'il est honteux d'attendre que l'on soit Maréchal de France, et que l'on ait soixante dix ans, pour faire des étourderies dignes d'un jeune mousquetaire. J'ai vu le moment où cette partie d'administration alloit être enlevée par le Parlement à Messieurs les premiers gentilhommes de la chambre; c'est la partie qui a été cause que le Maréchal a été obligé de fléchir et de consentir à l'expulsion de Dubois, comme nous l'avions exigé. Vous voyez, mon cher Garrick, qu'en France, comme dans tout autre pays, on n'obtient la justice qu'à force de fermeté et de persévérance. On dit ici que vos fabriquants de soie ont jetté des pierres dans la voiture de Monsieur le Duc de Bedford, pour l'avertir seulement qu'un pair de la Grand Bretagne ne doit pas s'opposer à ce que désire le peuple; on dit aussi, qu'il n'a été fait aucune justice de l'insulte faite à Monsieur de Bedford, et que plusieurs bataillons du milice ont jugé le procès; ce jugement ne me parait pas trop dans les règles, mais aujourd'hui, mon cher ami, *Le droit canon* me semble le droit favori de tous les potentats. Quand les loix le cédent à la force, il faut renoncer aux loix; mais il faut aussi convenir que les hommes sont si injustes et si inconséquens qu'il faut soutenir les loix par la force, si l'on veut les faire respecter.

Vous avez vraisemblablement reparu sur la scène, et les Anglois vous ont reçu, sans doute, avec tout le fanatisme d'une nation ivre des vrais talens; voilà, mon cher ami, ce qui intéresse vivement tous ceux qui chérissent vôtre personne et vos talens. Si vos affaires vous laissent un moment de repos, n'oubliez pas les prisonniers du Fort l'Evêque. Écrivez tout, et parlez beaucoup de vous: si vôtre modestie vous en empêche, écrivez un mot, et nous suppléerons au reste. Je vous enjoins aussi, au nom de nôtre amitié pour vous, de nous donner des nouvelles de Madame Garrick: nous n'oublierons jamais l'excès de toutes les bontés qu'elle a eu pour nous. Permettez, mon cher Garrick, qu'au nom de tous les dévoués j'adresse à vôtre adorable femme les hommages sincères de nôtre respectueuse reconnoissance.

C'est un de mes parens qui vous remettra ce petit mot de lettre: si vous pouvez lui être de quelq'utilité, je vous en aurai pour ma vie une entière obligation.—Adieu, mon cher ami; continuez à faire l'ornement et les plaisirs de vôtre nation; vous ferez les nôtres si vous voulez bien encore vous ressouvenir des quatre dévoués qui vous aimeront jusqu'au dernier moment.

Je vous embrasse, et vous salue de tout mon cœur,

LE KAIN.

DE MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON À M. GARRICK.*

MR. DE MAROLLES, conseiller à la cour des aides, homme d'esprit et de mérite, ayant déjà beaucoup voyagé, curieux d'admirer ce qui distingue, honore, embellit chaque nation, veut faire connoissance avec vous, et croit que vous m'aimez assez pour le bien traiter à ma seule recommandation. Je suis trop flatée de cette idée pour ne pas l'adopter: je le dois d'autant plus, que personne ne vous aime plus que moi, ne sait mieux tout ce que vous valez, et ne vous croit plus juste.

Je voudrois bien pouvoir vous donner le détail exact de tout ce qui s'est passé depuis vôtre départ: ma foiblesse ne me le permet pas, je ne puis qu'esquisser.

On m'a fait sortir de prison le cinquième jour, on m'a conduite chez le lieutenant de police comme mauvais train, là on m'ordonna de la part du Roi de garder les arrêts jusqu'à nouvel ordre; de ne recevoir que six personnes, et de donner leurs noms par écrit; au bout de vingt-quatre jours on rendit la liberté à mes camarades, et l'on oublia de me rendre la mienne, qui enfin arriva vingt-quatre heures après. Mr. le Duc d'Aumont, que je vis alors, me demanda quels étoient mes projets pour l'avenir; je lui répondis que je ne parlerois de moi que lorsque la comédie seroit entièrement calmée. Au mois de Juin tout ayant pris son cours ordinaire, d'accord avec Le Kain et Molé, pour lesquels je m'étois sacrifié, je signifiai mon congé; on me répondit que le Roi me le refusoit, j'insistai, et Mr. le Duc d'Aumont vint alors me demander au nom du Roi, du public, et de la comédie, de suspendre au moins jusqu'à mon retour de Genève, où j'avois dit que j'allois. Les motifs de sa demande étoient raisonnables: je m'y rendis. Il m'offrit alors pour rentrer au théâtre tout ce qui peut séduire une âme ambitieuse ou intéressée; je refusai tout, je ne voulus faire le sacrifice de ma vengeance et de ma vie qu'à la gloire; je dis, que si l'on vouloit abolir l'infame préjugé attaché à la comédie, lui accorder tous les droits dont jouissent tous les autres citoyens, je reparoîtrois, mais que c'étoit à ce seul prix: on me promit d'y travailler. À mon retour, j'apris que cette affaire avoit la plus grande publicité; personne ne doutoit de son succès, mais l'étourderie, la mal-adresse et la méchanceté

* When the memoirs of Clairon first appeared, there seemed to be some doubt whether she had ever displayed that elevated mind which is attributed to her by the writer of them. But we now see, from her letters written during the events which called her into action, that the swelling sentiments she had uttered on the stage passed really into her character, and rendered her a very intractable subject to either the menaces or the entreaties of the ruling powers.—ED.

l'ont fait manquer, au point même que les comédiens sont pis qu'ils n'ont jamais été. De-là je suis libre. Cependant on s'obstine à me refuser toujours mon congé ; il n'est point de persécutions que je n'éprouve, je viens d'en être à la mort, mais dussois-je périr, je ne changerois pas. Ce seroit foiblesse ou lâcheté : mon âme est incapable de l'une et de l'autre, ma fermeté lassera les persécuteurs : gloire entière, ou repos ; voilà mon seul refrain.

Bon jour, mon cher ami : ressouvenez-vous de moi ; priez vôtre charmante femme d'en faire autant, et venez nous revoir le plustôt possible.

Il faut encore que je vous dise que le plus coquin, le plus fourbe, le plus méchant des hommes est Mr. Le Kain ; ce n'est pas un ouï-dire, j'en ai les preuves par écrit de sa main. Cependant, c'est à moi seule qu'il doit un quart de plus pour sa femme, une pension du Roy pour lui, et un certificat sur sa probité, attaquée par un de ses supérieurs même, et plus que suspectée par les autres.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 15 Juin, 1765.

Mon ami, la lettre que vous avez donnée à Mr. Hochereau ne m'a été remise que Mardi dernier. J'ai fait vos deux commissions, et je vous enverrai avec les desseins de Mr. Boquet un réverbère, et deux modèles différents de la lampe, que vous voulez pour éclairer la rampe de vôtre théâtre. Il y a deux sortes de réverbères, ceux que l'on place dans une niche contre la muraille, à une mèche, et ceux de suspension en forme de lustre, à cinq mèches : les premières et les plus convenables (à ce que je crois) pour éclairer vôtre salle valent quinze livres, et les autres depuis trente-six livres jusqu'à soixante-et-douze livres, suivant la grandeur et les ornemens qu'on y met. Je vous en enverrai d'abord un de quinze livres. Si vous en voulez dans la suite un grand, vous me le ferez sçavoir, et vous aurez toujours l'attention de me marquer l'endroit et la grandeur du lieu pour lequel vous le destinerez. Quand aux lampes pour éclairer vôtre théâtre, il y en a deux sortes ; l'une de terre en forme de biscuit, à six ou huit mèches, où l'on met de l'huile, et l'autre de fer blanc, en forme de bougie, avec un ressort où l'on met des bougies. Les premières sont moins couteuses, et donnent plus de lumière. Mais il faut pour que cela ne donne point d'odeur, employer la meilleure huile, et la plus grande propreté dans les lampes.

Mr. Boquet vous auroit déjà envoyé les desseins qu'il vous a fait de Castor et Pollux ; mais il veut y joindre la cascade du nouvel opéra qu'on représentera Mardi prochain pour la première fois ; il veut en voir l'effet pour terminer ce qui vous regarde.

Une personne qui est à Londres il y a huit à dix jours, a du vous faire remettre de ma part le portrait de Mr. de Voltaire, l'arbre chronologique, et la brochure dépendante de cet ouvrage.

Je sçais de bonne part que Mademoiselle Clairon a demandé sa retraite, et qu'on la lui a accordé. À propos de théâtre, nous avons eu ces jours derniers au Fran-

çois, un débutant qui a eu beaucoup de succès: des gens qui ont vus Baron, osent le comparer à lui dans bien des choses: pour moi, je lui ai trouvé une grande intelligence, et une déclamation naturelle. Cet acteur se nomme Aufrenne, il est, dit-on, Génevois, et bien déterminé de ne pas rester à Paris à moins qu'on ne lui donne une demi part en entrant; il s'offre de partager l'emploi de Brizard, et de jouer dans le comique, où l'on dit qu'il est assez bon.

Il est inutile de m'envoyer les noms des personnes qui ont souscrit pour mon Anthologie; je prie seulement Mr. Becket de me marquer au plutôt combien il lui en faut d'exemplaires: je voudrois bien aussi, qu'il pût vendre un peu du Comte de Comminges; car le pauvre Arnauld de Baccular a encore plus besoin d'argent que moi, et je suis toujours fâché de ne vous en avoir pas glissé secrètement cinq à six cents exemplaires dans vôtre coffre.

Je viens de payer à Mr. George Edoulfe, banquier de Mr. Robert Lathropp, 2000 livres pour cette comédie Françoise que j'ai mené à Londres. Je vous prie de le voir, et de lui dire que vous lui payerez vous-même le 20 Juillet prochain, 1259 livres, 12 sols, que je lui dois encore: vous me ferez ce plaisir-là sur l'argent que vous retirerez de mes souscriptions; s'il n'y en a pas assez, je vous enverrai le surplus.

Le dessein que vous avez donné à Mademoiselle Clairon est gravé; on le vend, et Mr. de Crébillon est très-fâché de ce qu'on a mis son père après Voltaire, c'est à dire, au-dessous le dernier des volumes sur lesquels Mademoiselle Clairon est appuyé. J'ai jetté la faute sur Mr. Gravelot, en lui disant que vous faisiez trop de cas des talens de son père pour avoir fait une erreur de cette nature: effectivement, quand au tragique Crébillon passe avant Voltaire, ne seroit-ce que par ordre de date. Nos amis vous font des compliments; faites les miens, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick; vous sçavez combien je vous aime tous deux. MONNET.

Toujours chez Mr. le Comte du Luc, rue Beauregard, quartier de Bonnes Nouvelles.

Vous devriez écrire à Mr. Favart; il vous aime, et il mérite du souvenir de vôtre part: il loge rue Mauconseil, près la Comédie Italienne.

DE M. MOLÉ À MR. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 15 Juin, 1765.

VOILÀ le parti que je prens, à moins qu'on ne remédie à tous les maux que nous éprouvons, et qu'ils ne soient réparés authentiquement. Vous me demandez pourquoi je ne vous ai pas fait le détail de mes besoins dans l'instant où vous m'avez fait offre et services. J'étois loin de présumer que nôtre démarche, dont le motif étoit estimable, produiroit un désordre et des effets aussi facheux; j'espérois jouir de mon état et remplir mes engagemens, sans être à charge à mes amis. Vous savez que c'est le dernier remède où l'on doit recourir, et plus vous avez mis de franchise et de zèle à nous vouloir obliger, plus j'ai crû devoir être scrupuleux dans l'usage que je devois faire de vos offres.

Aujourd'hui, je crois voir le moment de les mettre à profit ; non que je sois sûr qu'on m'accordera ma retraite que je vais demander sous peu de jours. Peut-être me la refusera-t'-on pour le moment ; auquel cas, ce que j'attens de vôtre amitié me seroit inutile, et je le remettrois ; mais comme il faut tout prévoir, et que dans le moment où ma probité est mon seul guide, ce seroit mal l'entendre que de me mettre dans le cas de manquer à des engagemens pris, je crois ne rien faire de mieux que de réclâmer sur cela, celle d'un galant homme digne de confiance, et fait pour entendre, sentir, et se prêter au motif qui me fait agir. J'attens vôtre réponse par la même voie que la dernière ; je vous prie de m'y marquer positivement ce que vous pouvez faire, et pour quel tems au juste je devrai compter sur vous ; je prendrai les arrangemens les plus prompts qui me seront possible, et qui pourront le mieux vous convenir. Comptez, mon cher Garrick, qu'avec moins d'exactitude que j'en ai, je ne serois pas dans le cas de me livrer à toute ma confiance en vous.

Mille assurances d'attachement, de considération, et de respects à Madame Garrick, que je salue de tout mon cœur ainsi que vous.

MOLÉ.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 21 Juillet, 1765.

JE ne puis vous exprimer, mon cher et digne ami, le plaisir que m'a fait la lettre que vous avez eu la bonté de m'écrire ; le part que vous prenez à ma situation prouve que vous vous intéressez bien vivement à ce qui me regarde, et je vous en remercie de tout mon cœur. Il n'est que trop vrai que le théâtre François se dégarnit de jour en jour de ce qu'il a de mieux, et le tout par une mauvaise administration : ce ne sera jamais par la fortune ni par l'intérêt que l'on engagera les artistes de France à ne prendre une émulation que l'avilissement leur aura otée ; il faut à ces êtres extraordinaires plus d'estime et de considération, c'est le seul bien par lequel on peut leur faire faire des miracles, et c'est celui que la noblesse n'entend pas.

Je n'ai pas, comme Moïse, le don de lire dans les choses à venir ; mais autant que je puis m'y connoître, il faut que nôtre établissement ou culbute, ou se relève à Pâques prochain sous une autre forme. Nous ne pouvons pas demeurer diffamés comme nous le sommes ; mais telle chose qu'il en puisse arriver, soit que je me retire dans une cellule philosophique, soit que je paroisse sur le grand théâtre du monde, je vous demanderai en grâce, mon cher et bon Garrick, la permission de vous rendre ma visite à Londres, soit avant la clôture de Pâques, soit à la rentrée.

Je veux mettre au nombre de mes bons jours, celui où j'aurai pû acquérir ma liberté, et où il me sera permis de vous contempler dans toute vôtre gloire. Il me sera bien doux de joindre mes applaudissemens à ceux que vous recevez tous les jours d'une nation dont vous avez eu quelquefois à vous plaindre, mais qui a immortalisé

vos talens, et cimenté vôtre fortune : avec de pareils dédommagemens, mon cher ami, l'on pardonne bien des choses. Vous êtes dans les bonnes grâces de vôtre clergé, et nôtre archevêque nous envoye à tous les diables ; vous êtes vôtre maître, et nous sommes esclaves ; vous jouissez d'une gloire véritable, et la nôtre nous est toujours disputée ; vous avez une fortune brillante, et nous sommes pauvres : voilà de furieuses oppositions. Quoiqu'il en soit, j'oublierai peut-être tout, quand j'aurai le plaisir de vous voir.—Adieu, mon cher et bon ami ; faites moi l'amitié d'assurer Madame Garrick de mes civilités ; assurez-la bien que je n'oublierai jamais toutes les bontés dont elle nous a comblées : ma reconnoissance et toute mon estime vous sont acquises ; je serai trop content si j'ai pû mériter la vôtre.—Adieu encore une fois, mon cher ami. Je vous embrasse du meilleur de mon cœur,

LE KAIN.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

MAUDIT soit l'étourdi !—Sçavez-vous de qui je parle, mon ami? *De moi, sans doute,* allez-vous dire. Eh non ! c'est de Mr. Sturz : il a bien de l'esprit, mais c'est la plus mauvaise tête ! Écoutez mon histoire.

Je lui conte bonnement mes petites affaires, je lui dis que j'attends le courier de Mr. François pour vous envoyer ma lettre, et nôtre traduction. Pouf ! le voilà comme un fou. *Un paquet adressé à Mr. Garrick, à mon ami, donnez-le-moi,—je lui écris aussi, je remettrai le tout en des mains sûres.* Je me laisse persuader ; il emporte les livres, la lettre ;—après—oh, devinez ! c'est à Coppenhague qu'il envoye les deux exemplaires destinés à Mr. Murphy, et à vôtre lordship. Je l'aurois tué : j'ai juré, pesté, tappé du pied, et puis je me suis tranquillisée en voyant mes lettres entre les mains d'un de vos compatriotes, assez obligeant pour réparer le mal. Il veut bien se charger de vous remettre ce petit paquet.

Je n'ai pas un chat ici, que je puisse employer à faire passer mes lettres à Londres, si ce n'est cet ami de Mr François. Vôtre inconstant gouvernement m'est insupportable ; je haïs les deux chambres en perfection, surtout la maison des lords. Je ne suis pas consolée de Mr. Porter, et ce petit vilain Mr. Heyden, qui juroit de ne pas rester à Londres.—À présent, je me soucie de l'embassadeur et des sécrétaires comme de rien du tout. Vous verrez qu'ils ne bougeront de Paris. On m'avoit annoncé le retour de Mr. Hume, j'en recevois les complimens, mais c'est un faux bruit.—Me voilà comme vous, finissant in a hurry,—on vient,— c'est une belle dame, —vous rappellez-vous une charmante petite personne que vous vîtes chez-moi ? elle étoit alors Madame Daugni, sous le nom de Mademoiselle de Riancour. Son mariage, fait depuis cinq ans, est déclaré. Si vous voyez Mr. Porter et Mr. Hume, donnez-leur cette nouvelle : elle leur fera plaisir, j'en suis sûre.—Adieu, bon jour ! Je vous embrasse, et Madame Garrick aussi. Dame ! je suis pressée, il fait un froid terrible, et j'écris loin du feu.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 29 Juillet, 1765.

Je ne me suis pas pressée de vous écrire, Monsieur ; j'espérois une lettre d'avis, un balot de livres ; je comptois devoir bientôt vous rendre grâce de vos soins, de la diligence de Mr. Becket, et joindre mes remercimens à ma réponse ; mais vous m'avez oubliée : j'en suis fâchée, bien fâchée assurément, car je me souviens de vous, et j'aimerois à vous le prouver. Pour ce libraire maudit, très-maudit, mille et mille fois maudit ! vous voyez s'il m'est possible de garder *la paix* avec lui ; vous m'avez engagée à lui pardonner, il recommence à m'impatienter. The devil take him ! Vous ne me dites point si on vous a remis le petit volume qui a du accompagner ma lettre.

Il seroit bien difficile, je crois, de mettre du trouble dans vôtre joli ménage : vous mentez. Madame Garrick trouve bon qu'on aime son cher mari, et vous êtes bien aise qu'on rende justice à vôtre aimable compagne. Ainsi je ne me reproche point ma lettre. Si elle a élevée une petite querelle, c'est tant mieux, vous lui aurez du le plaisir d'un doux raccommodement.

Vous me croyez donc un tinder heart ? vous vous trompez, en vérité. J'en avois un très-sensible, très-tendre, et fort constant dans ses affections. J'imagine comme vous, que Madame Garrick et mon ami ont beaucoup de rapports dans le caractère. Douces, posées toutes deux, leur façon d'aimer pourroit être la même, ou du moins leur façon d'exprimer le sentiment ; car pour celle de le sentir je la crois égale dans toutes les créatures. Nous avons vous et moi plus de vivacité apparente, nos mouvemens sont plus marqués, plus impétueux aux yeux des autres, nous nous montrons, nos passions se peignent sur nos traits, elles éclatent ; en sont-elles plus fortes ? je ne le crois pas. Nous nous agitons au dehors ; une personne d'un naturel doux s'agite au dedans d'elle-même ; si elle se blesse, elle ne crie pas, en sent-elle moins de douleur ? demandez à Madame Garrick, elle vous dira non.

Est-ce bien un compliment de ne pas vouloir de vingt années s'il falloit que vôtre cœur *d'amadou* s'attacha à mon cœur de *méche*, de *soufre*, et de toute matière combustible. Cela est un peu traduit comme Madame Belot, n'est-ce-pas ? jamais je n'eus un cœur passionné ; et, malgré la *vivacité de mon esprit*, j'ai été tendre en amour et le suis en amitié. Mais voilà un beau caquet pour une honnête vieille qui ne voudroit pas être jeune, et ne regrette point la saison des roses, dans la crainte de se rappeller qu'elle est aussi celle des épines. *Morale de savetier*, diroit le Général Clerk, et il n'auroit pas tort.

À MADAME GARRICK.

Ah, Madame, vous avez un bien malitieux, un bien méchant mari. Il me dit des menteries, il néglige mes affaires ; son libraire est un enragé, un papiste, un Jésuite ! il a juré de me désoler. Je vous demande vôtre protection contre lui : vraiment si j'étois sa Dulcinée, je l'exilerois en Sibéric. Je voudrois bien être Monsieur

le Baron d'Holbach, je voudrois l'être pour cent mille raisons; il va vous voir, vous parler, vous embrasser, c'est un bonheur que je lui envie, je désirerois le partager avec lui. Vous aurez bien de la joie à le recevoir chez-vous. Ma compagne vous fait les plus tendres complimens, elle vous prie de vous souvenir quelquefois combien elle vous aime: moi, je vous demande une petite place dans ce cœur tender, et non pas tinder.

À MONSIEUR.

Ça, mon aimable corréspondant, qui mettez vôtre tête avec celle de Mr. Becket, et ne faites rien qui vaille; je ne vous en aime pas moins, malgré vôtre oubli. J'avois un peu trop présumé de mon *crédit à Londres*, de mes *amis de Londres*; je me vantois, patience. Je dirai que nos sages voisins sont un peu légers, un peu négligens, un peu étourdis, un peu François. Oui vraiment, je le dirai: quitte à me dédire quand vous m'aurez prouvé le contraire. Je vous embrasse, [avec] un pochetin di rabbia, ma non importa: je vous souhaite de la joie, de la santé, des désirs; car c'est un bonheur d'en avoir, et de les satisfaire.—Addio, mio caro, caro amico.

Eut-elle tous les talens du monde, Mistriss Brooke n'aura jamais mes ouvrages: pour moi, je haïs l'esprit vindicatif, et les satiriques me sont en horreur.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 31 Juillet, 1765.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu hier, à mon retour de Compiegne, les lettres et les deux petits paquets que vous m'avez fait tenir par le Chevalier Lambert. J'ai fait toutes les choses dont vous m'avez chargés, à l'exception de Mr. Duvivier, dont vous ne m'avez pas donné l'adresse. Quand vous me l'aurez indiquée, ou que je l'aurai découvert, je lui remettrai ce qui lui appartient.

J'ai remis à Mr. Vanderguck, peintre, vôtre réverbère et les deux modèles de lumières que vous m'avez demandés pour éclairer vôtre théâtre; celui qui éclaire par de la bougie se fera facilement en Angleterre. Si vous n'avez pas la facilité de faire les biscuits de terre qui éclairent avec de l'huile, je vous en ferez faire ici le nombre dont vous aurez besoin. J'ai remis aussi à Mr. Vanderguck une boîte de fer blanc, dans laquelle il y a les desseins de Mr. Boquet, et ceux de Pillemant, dont vous voulez vous accommoder pour l'argent que Mr. Leviès vous doit. Mr. Boquet n'a pas eu le tems de vous faire la lettre qui vous est nécessaire pour l'explication et l'intelligence de ses desseins; mais il me la donnera Samedi prochain, et je vous la ferai remettre par un ami Anglois, qui retournera à Londres vers le 10 ou le 12 du mois prochain. Leviès et sa femme se louent beaucoup de vous: vous avez bien fait de les obliger; quand vous voudrez, je leur rendrai le billet que le mari vous a fait.

J'ai fait partir le 23 de ce mois une caisse de cent exemplaires de mes chansons à l'adresse de Becket. Je vous prie de lui faire dire de les retirer de la douanne, j'en ai payé le port jusqu'à Calais: il en payera l'entrée à Londres, dont je lui tiendrai compte sur la vente qu'il en aura fait jusqu'à présent, ou celle qu'il fera l'hiver prochain. Je vous ai dit, mon ami, que rien ne me pressoit moins que la vente de ce livre; quelque sorte qu'il eusse en Angleterre, je serai toujours content. Quand à Mr. Lattrop, un de mes amis, banquier, qui doit passer à Londres dans quelque tems, arrangera et finira cette affaire avec vous. N'ayez à ce sujet nulle inquiétude.

Je vous ai marquée par une lettre que Régina m'avoit écrit, et qu'il me recommandoit, ses intérêts auprès de vous. Vous avez trop d'expérience pour ne pas prendre toutes les mesures convenables pour vous mettre à l'abri des rûses des gens de son espèce.

J'ai encore un dictionnaire Anglois à vous: quand vous voudrez, vous me direz à qui il faut que je le remette.

Mr. Le Kain et Mademoiselle Clairon ne quitteront pas le théâtre; j'en suis garant. Mademoiselle Clairon vous a paru peut-être indifférente sur la gloire de son état, mais je n'en crois rien; et si elle étoit assez sotte pour le quitter, elle perdroit cent pour cent de sa considération. Les comédiens se sont conduits comme des sots, et les supérieurs encore plus mal.

Je me rapelle que vous m'avez dit dans une de vos lettres, que vous aviez encore fait l'acquisition d'une terre de trois mille livres sterling. Je croyois, au contraire, que vous vouliez vendre pour acheter en France: vous l'aimez, vous y avez été accueilli; et finalement, je crois que vous feriez bien de partager l'année entre Londres et Paris.

Nôtre ami Favart, qui me charge de vous dire bien des choses pour lui, donnera deux pièces aux Italiens l'hiver prochain, qui doivent réussir.

Je ne manquerai pas de faire vôtre cour à Mr. le Comte du Luc: il est à sa campagne, où j'irai le joindre demain. J'ai fait monter les deux estampes que vous nous avez envoyé, magnifiquement et *voluptueusement*, et dans un écusson qui est dans le haut de la bordure j'ai fait mettre les quatre vers suivants:

Entre Thalie et Melpomène,
Admirez l'embarras du héros de la scène;
Sous les traits de Garrick, l'une voit Æsopus:
L'autre réclame Roscius.

Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que Æsopus étoit le plus célèbre acteur qu'aient eu les Romains, et Roscius le plus parfait [comique] de l'ancienne Rome.

A propos d'estampes, je vous envoie avec les desseins de Boquet onze épreuves de la gravure de Mademoiselle Clairon, que Mr. Gravelot m'a donné, en me chargeant de bien des compliments pour vous; pour moi, je ne vous en fait point; je me contente de vous aimer de tout mon cœur,

Louis Cézare Auguste Monnet.

Renouvellez, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick mes tendres et fidèles sentimens pour elle.

Vous me donnez des regrets quand vous me parlez du lieu enchanté que vous habitez. Je voudrois y être, et je ne le puis pas dans ce moment, mais je ferai l'impossible pour vous joindre dans le mois de Septembre prochain, et avec mon chien et pollichinelle.

DE M. CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Paris, le 22 Août, de l'hôtel du Cornet d'Or, rue Ste. Marguerite.

Je suis trop mon ami, pour ne pas continuer, puisque vous me le permettez, un commerce épistolaire, qui flate ma vanité et mon cœur. Les nouvelles de Paris ne méritent pas d'occuper même vôtre loisir. Quand au théâtre François, il est toujours le champ des intrigues, de la haine, de la jalousie : la cabale y regne, et en chassera à la fin les talens : j'en suis sincèrement fâché, parceque j'aime la comédie pour elle-même. Vôtre ami Préville est revenu faire le plaisir de Paris, après avoir fait celui de Compiegne, où il a pris beaucoup de peine, et gagné beaucoup d'argent. Je lui ai parlé de vôtre habit, il l'a reçu, il vous a même écrit pour vous remercier, et vous détailler les affaires de la comédie. Il a même été fort surpris de ne pas recevoir de vos nouvelles, jusqu'au moment où Mademoiselle Clairon lui a dit que sa lettre ne vous était pas parvenue précisément à cause des détails où il était entré. Mademoiselle Clairon nous menace en effet du coup affreux, que vous redoutez avec tous les gens de goût; elle a commencé de vendre sa garderobe, elle a même écrit de chez Tronchin, auprès de qui elle est, que l'Hipocrate moderne la condamnait à la mort la plus prompte, si elle jouait encore. J'espère cependant que tôut cela est fait pour nous rendre plus précieux ce jour heureux, où elle daignera embellir nôtre scène. Elle a dit avant de partir, que le seul moyen qu'il y avoit pour l'y déterminer, était de ranger les comédiens dans la classe des citoyens, en les fesant jouir des privilèges qu'a même le dernier des mécaniques. On ramasse pour y réussir toutes les pièces qui prouvent qu'un comédien ne déroge pas. Il sera aisé de faire remarquer que puisqu'un acteur ne cesse pas d'être gentilhomme, il ne doit pas être infame. Quand à l'excommunication, elle tombera alors d'elle-même, en tout cas on s'en moque. Avant de finir l'article de nôtre Melpomène, il faut que je vous fasse part d'une aventure qui lui est arrivée chez Mr. de Voltaire ; elle entre chez-lui, on lui dit que le doyen des poëtes était presque anéanti, entre son médecin, son chirurgien, &c. mais que si elle voulait lui réciter quelques uns de ses vers, elle le ressusciterait ; elle s'y prête de bonne grâce, et déclame avec tant de force son rôle dans " l'Orphelin de la Chine," que l'auteur enchanté, ravi, oublie sa maladie.

Vous savez que Belcour étoit le parain d'une comédie qu'il a voulu faire jouer avant la mienne. Elle n'a été que jusqu'au seconde acte, et je crois, jalousie d'auteur à part, qu'elle méritait sa chûte. Il y avoit un faquin de maître à danser, qui d'un

air fort impertinent jetait son gand à une jeune demoiselle, lui ordonnait de le ramasser avec grâce. La pièce ne fut pas plus loin. Belcour piqué de ce qu'on ne voulait pas écouter son rôle, demanda au parterre s'il voulait qu'on continuât, ou qu'on cessât; il répondit oui; l'équivoque embarassa les acteurs, et les spectateurs rirent tant de leur embarras, qu'ils étouffèrent la pièce. L'intérêt que Belcour y prenait, fit croire qu'il en était le père: on eut la lâcheté de lui envoyer le soir même plusieurs lettres anonimes, où l'on le déchirait; alors il nomma Mr. Bret. Les uns blament son indiscrétion, les autres disent qu'il a bien fait.

Autre chûte! Le Kain protégeait une pièce intitulée "Pharamond:" le second acte était passable, mais le reste ne valait rien; cependant le parterre, qui ce soir-là était le plus docile parterre qui se soit jamais vu, applaudit toute la pièce, en faveur de ce qui l'avait amusé. On l'anonça pour la seconde représentation, et il n'y eut personne. Voilà bien des fausses couches: il faut espérer que les demoiselles Dubois et L'Épiné, qui sont, dit-on, grosses, seront plus heureuses.

Nous avons un nouvel acteur nommé Aufrêne, qui fait tourner la tête à tout Paris. On l'a placé tout de suite non seulement au-dessus de Brisard, mais à côté du grand Baron. La vérité est qu'il a quelque talent, et que si sa présomption et l'imbécilité du public lui permettaient de se placer, il serait excellent dans les rôles de raisonneur. Il n'a point d'entrailles; il n'a que trois gestes qu'il place à contre-sens, et il joue trop les mots, ce qui l'empêche de jouer la chose. Brisard a pris le sage parti de le laisser jouer tous les jours, et les fanatiques sont en plus petit nombre.

Marsan, que vous avez connu, a été obliger de quitter. L'avocat Achet, que vous avez vu débuter et tomber, l'a engagé dans la troupe du Roi de Pologne, dont il est directeur.

Mademoiselle Doligni a débuté dans le tragique: elle a joué tous les rôles dans le goût et sur le ton qu'elle joue l'Oracle; cela n'a pas plu.

Madame Préville a été bien mal. Les infidélités de Molé lui donneront la mort, et Préville est assez bon pour en être fâché.

Voilà tout ce qu'on dit des acteurs et des auteurs. Ma pièce est à l'étude; je vous prie de la recommander à Préville, et aux amis que vous avez à Paris. Soyez de grâce toujours le mien. Je suis, avec tout l'attachement et l'estime possible,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble serviteur,

CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX.

Le jeune homme qui peint les comédiens voulait vous envoyer huit tableaux: dites-moi, où il faut les porter, pour qu'ils ne vous coûtent rien de port.

"À Monsieur, Monsieur Garrick,
Directeur des Comédiens du Roi, à Londres."

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 2 Août, 1765.

Mon Dieu, la mauvaise tête! je parle de la mienne, et vous le jugez bien. Vôtre lettre est arrivée à Paris le même jour que nôtre aimable Baron en partoit, chargé de trois pages de mes impertinens reproches. Je vous le dis en secret, je suis étourdie, impatiente, grondeuse, pétulante, insupportable!—au reste, la meilleure créature du monde: quand j'ai fait cent sottises, je me chagrine, je me désole; je vois mes torts, je les sens, je m'en repends, je les avoue. Me voilà dans le cas: your pardon, my dear, dear friend, I write to you upon my knees. Vous méritiez mille et mille remerciemens; je vous ai querellé, traité comme un chien; il faudroit m'assommer; mais you are so good, j'espère ma grâce; forgive this fault: je n'y retournerai plus jamais, jamais, jamais. Et cet honnête libraire, poor man! n'allez pas lui dire que je le reconnois pour un bon, un très-bon Protestant; je lui écrirai, quand j'aurai reçu son envoi; ne me trahissez pas: chut! paix! Faites lui bien des complimens de ma part, bien des civilités; c'est un digne homme que Monsieur Becket,—a galant man a very good man; I kiss him.

De tant de présens que vous voulez bien me faire, vos œuvres sont le plus précieux pour moi. J'aurais bien du plaisir à lire ce qu'une plume guidée par un cœur noble, par un esprit perçant et naturel, aura tracé sur le papier. Monsieur Garrick, vous êtes mon frère en vivacité; vous en convenez; et, malgré your tinder heart, vous êtes aussi mon frère en sentimens.

J'essayerai de traduire tout ce qui me paroîtra pouvoir ne rien perdre de son agrément dans nôtre langue; ce travail me déclassera d'un ouvrage qui m'applique et m'ennuye. Nôtre bien-aimé Baron sera assez complaisant pour me revoir et me corriger. Je ne livrerai jamais une traduction à la presse, qu'il n'en soit content. N'aurez vous pas été bien surpris, bien charmé de le voir! il devroit avoir plus de foi qu'un autre: assurément son esprit, son intelligence, toutes les heureuses qualités de son âme, sont emanées des mains d'une divinité.

Vous remercierai-je de vos dons utiles et agréables? non, les recevoir avec plaisir, c'est vous donner la seule preuve de ma reconnoissance qui puisse vous flater. Ma piloder femelle n'a que le balot dans l'esprit, la moindre haleine du vent l'épouvante: elle tremble pour le packet-boat. Jamais elle ne redouta tant les orages. Les œuvres de Monsieur Garrick sur le terrible élément lui rappellent tous les naufrages excités par Eöle depuis le Déluge. Elle est prête à sacrifier au cruel Neptune tous les poëtes, les moralistes, les romanciers, le gros, grand, et fameux David Hume même! pourvu que la blanche Thétis conduise au port les petits volumes composés per il delittissimo amico, the litle David.

À MADAME GARRICK.

Là, Madame, là; ne vous fâchez pas! eh bien oui, on aime vôtre dear husband. On est de vôtre goût, on pense comme vous; est-ce un mal? ferez-vous du bruit?

ne vous aime-t'-on pas aussi? en le trouvant un homme charmant, ne vous trouve-t'-on pas une dame accomplie? Si vous grondez, on ne vous aimera pas moins tous deux; ainsi prenez patience. Permettez qu'on vous embrasse, et qu'on se chagrine de vous embrasser de si loin.

À MONSIEUR.

ADIEU, mon très-aimable et très-cher ami. Portez-vous bien, amusez-vous. La gayeté est le charme de la vie. Écrivez-moi quelquefois, ne m'oubliez jamais, et soyez sûr d'avoir en moi une véritable, une sincère, une tendre et constante amie.

RICCOBONI.

"À Monsieur, Monsieur Garrick,
au Théâtre Royal, in Drury Lane, à Londres."

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 14 Août, 1765.

MON ami, sur l'ordre que vous m'avez donné, j'ai remis à Antonio l'habit, la veste, et la culotte de rattine: ce garçon se loue beaucoup de vôtre générosité, et des bontés que vous avez eu pour lui. À propos d'habit, nous avons eu ici pendant quelques jours les plus grandes chaleurs; pour les suporter et pouvoir courrir le matin, j'ai crû que rien ne convenoit mieux qu'un habit de toile comme celui que vous m'avez laissé. Mais mon tailleur m'a demandé huit jours pour en faire un: j'ai pris tout naturellement le vôtre, qui me va très-bien. Quand vous viendrez à Paris, j'en serai quitte pour vous en faire faire un: vous voyez, mon ami, que j'en use sans façon; cela doit vous engager à faire de même avec moi.

J'ai révé cette nuit, que vous aviez absolument renoncé au théâtre, et fait un traité avec une personne pour la cession de vôtre part de la direction. Je le souhaite pour vôtre repos, et pour l'intérêt que je prends à tout ce qui peut faire vôtre bonheur. Vous êtes riche, sans enfans, et couvert de gloire: vous ne devez présentement vous occuper que de vôtre santé, et vous en aurez tant que vous voudrez quand vous pourrez prendre sur vous (comme je l'ai fait) d'éloigner toute affaire et embarras.

Antonio m'a dit que Mr. Becket lui avoit demandé cent exemplaires de mon Chansonnier. Il doit les avoir reçu: à présent, je ne vous fais point de remerciemens sur les soins que vous vous êtes donnés pour cette souscription ici; je ne veux point exciter le cœur pour mettre l'esprit dans mes intérêts, ils se servent trop bien l'un et l'autre chez vous; je désire seulement que vous me conserviez toujours un peu de part dans vôtre amitié.

Mr. Bragge et Lathroppe demeurent l'un et l'autre en St. James's Street. Vous pouvez les voir, mais ne pas les payer, comme je vous l'ai déjà marqué, que Mr. Woulf, leur banquier, ne soit à Londres; ce sera dans peu de jours; pour lors vous arrangerez cette affaire.

Mr. Aufresne continue avec succès dans les rôles qu'il joue. Cet homme est froid; il a des défauts; mais il a une déclamation naturelle, et je le crois, très-nécessaire à la Comédie Françoise. Mademoiselle Clairon, comme vous le savez, est à Genève pour sa santé, sous la direction du Docteur Tronchin: elle a déclamé chez Mr. de Voltaire, qui nous écrit qu'elle l'a rajeuni de vingt ans: le medécin lui sera plus essentiel que Mr. de Voltaire, car celui-ci a souvent gaté ceux qui ont eu la foiblesse de se fier à ses compliments, ou pour mieux dire à sa fausseté.

Je joins ici la lettre de Mr. Boquet pour l'explication des desseins qu'il vous a envoyé: je vous fais bien ses compliments.

J'ai découvert Mr. Duvivier: il est à la campagne. Sitôt qu'il sera de retour, je lui remettrai le paquet que vous m'avez fait remettre pour lui.

On donne aujourd'hui pour la première fois à la Comédie Françoise, "Pharamond," tragédie; on ignore l'auteur: et à la Comédie Italienne, une petite pièce de nôtre ami Favart. Je serois bien trompé si elle n'avoit pas un grand succès. Il vous fait bien des compliments, et je me charge du soin de vous faire tenir un exemplaire de cette pièce.

Mr. le Comte du Luc est bien sensible à vôtre souvenir, et il m'a bien recommandé de vous renouveller son estime et son amitié pour vous.

Vous devez avoir reçu le réverbère et les lampes; je souhaite que le tout soit à vôtre gré.

J'ai dîné hier avec dix de vos compatriotes, qui m'ont rompus le timpan de l'oreille à force de parler Anglois: je me suis bien vengé; j'ai mangé comme un diable, et crié comme quatre. Mr. Lascelles, l'un d'eux, [qui] est fort aimable, a bien voulu se charger de vous faire remettre ce paquet. Je vous embrasse, et je vous prie de réitérer mon attachement inviolable à Madame Garrick.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON ami, depuis ma lettre écrite, j'ai vu hier la première réprésentation de "Dame Gertrude, ou l'École de Prudes," de nôtre ami Favart. Cette pièce a eu le plus grand succès: vous la connoissez puisqu'il vous en a fait voir le plan, et il prétend que vous lui avez donné des conseils sur ce sujet dont il a tiré un bon parti. Il vous remercie, il vous embrasse; il ne vous écrit pas parcequ'il ne voit goûte, mais vous aurez le premier exemplaire de sa pièce.

Vous avez, sans doute, sçu la mort du pauvre Vanloo: le Roi vient de donner à la veuve 2400 l. de pension, et un logement.

Mon ami Boucher est premier peintre du Roi, avec 6000 l. de pension. Michel Vanloo, que vous avez eu à Londres quelque tems, 1600 l. de pension, et la conduite de la petite école de peinture.

Par la première occasion, ne manquez pas de m'envoyer une de vos estampes pour Mr. Duclos ; je l'ai promis, et cet homme vous aime.

Mr. Lescalier, secrétaire du Comte de Guerchy, me marque qu'il a passé chez Becket, et que ce libraire lui avoit dit que je pouvois lui envoyer cent cinquante exemplaires de mon chansonnier ; je vous ai dit par ma lettre, que je n'en avois envoyé que cent ; s'il en veut davantage, il me le fera sçavoir, et je pense qu'il aura l'attention de faire mettre dans les papiers publics que ce recueil est arrivée à Londres.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON AMI, Ce 12 Septembre.

Mr. King, porteur de ma lettre, a été trop peu de tems ici pour avoir pu éprouver de ma part tout ce que j'aurois bien voulu faire pour lui ; mais je lui ai offert de bon cœur tous mes services tant pour le présent que pour l'avenir. Mr. de Villeneuve est retourné à Strasbourg avec sa fille, où je lui ferai tenir dans peu vôtre lettre et les estampes. Je ferai aussi vôtre commission auprès de Mr. Dannetaire au retour d'une campagne, où il est allé passer huit jours, sous la condition, mon ami, que vous ne negligerez pas de m'envoyer par la première occasion une médaille comme la sienne, bien dorée, avec une petite boête, que je conserverai comme la prunelle de mes yeux. Je donnerai celle de cuivre que vous m'avez fait remettre par Mr. Jaquet Droz, à Mr. Cailhava. Mr. King a fait l'engagement de Fontaine danseur : le dernier partira bientôt, et je crois que vous l'aurez pour l'ouverture de vôtre théâtre. —Adieu, mon ami ; aimez-moi toujours, et agréez les amitiés de Madame.

MONNET.

Mr. King vous remettra " La Belle Arsene." Dites quelque chose pour moi à mon ami Jaquet Droz.

" Pour Mr. Kings, rue du Colombier,
Hotel de Bruxelles."

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON AMI, Ce 8 Septembre.

Je vous fais tenir par Mr. Jaquet Droz le n° seize de Fréron, et plusieurs feuilles des affiches et annonces. Mr. Leak vous a remis, sans doute, ce que je lui ai confié : je n'ai pas pu vous envoyer " La Belle Arsene." Vous l'aurez quand elle sera imprimée : l'auteur vous remercie de vôtre bon souvenir, et il vous fait mille compliments. Je n'ai pas jugé à propos de souscrire pour la nouvelle édition de Piron ; je connois l'éditeur de cet ouvrage ; trop prévenu sur les choses médiocres de cet auteur, il fera quatre vols. qu'on auroit dut réduire à deux. On préférera toujours l'ancienne

meilleure pièce de Mr. Piron: vous en jugerez quand la nouvelle paroîtra. Le Sieur Fontaine compte partir Samedi prochain pour Londres, sous la promesse de cent quarante guinées, pour danser une saison sur vôtre théâtre, et quinze guinées que je lui donnerai en avance.—Adieu, mon ami; je joins ici une petite note de débourse, qui m'a été [payé] par mon ami Jaquet Droz: je le recommande toujours à vôtre amitié.

JEAN MONNET.

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L'ENGAGEMENT DU SIEUR GUIDETTI.

À Paris, ce

NOUS sousignées, Jean Monnet, chargé de procuration de David Garrick, Directeur du Théâtre Royal de Drury-Lane, à Londres, d'une part: et moi, Jean Guidetti, d'autre part, sommes convenus de ce qui suit; sçavoir: que moi, Guidetti, m'engage avec le Sieur Garrick, en qualité de premier danseur, et pour faire les ballets pendant vacance théâtrale, au théâtre de Drury-Lane, moyennant la somme de cent cinquante guinées ou louis d'or, et de trois cent livres argent de France, pour mon voyage. Et moi, Monnet, promets et m'engage de faire payer par M. Garrick, la somme ci-dessus énoncée au dit Sieur Guidetti, et promets en outre de lui faire donner un bénéfice dans le tems et le mois qu'on le donne à ceux qui ont tenu jusqu'ici la place de Maître de Ballets et de premier danseur, sous la condition que sur quelque prétexte que ce soit le dit Sieur Guidetti ne dansera à aucun théâtre sans une permission de Mr. Garrick; et que lui, Sieur Guidetti, se rendra à Londres le huit du mois de Septembre prochain.

Et pour dernière clause, moi, Monnet, je m'engage de faire payer par M. Garrick, au dit Sieur Guidetti, la somme de douze guinées et demie, pour revenir en France, dans le cas où il plairoit à mon d. Sieur Garrick ne pas renouveller son engagement avec le Sieur Guidetti.

Fait double entre nous, et sous les conditions ci-dessus énoncées; voulons que le présent ait la même force que s'il étoit passé devant notaires.

IO. GIOVANNI GUIDETTI, scritto come sopra mano.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 18 Août, 1766.

Mon ami, vous avez sans doute reçu l'engagement du Sieur Guidetti que je vous ai envoyé, par lequel vous avez dû voir que j'avois ménagé vos intérêts, si ce danseur répond à tout ce que j'en espère ; mais, comme je vous l'ai déjà dit, je crois que vous serez content de lui à tous égards. Il part demain pour Londres, avec l'Abbé Martinelli ; il a voulu profiter de cette occasion pour avoir un interprète dans la route, pour arriver plutôt auprès de vous, pour pouvoir disposer les choses où il pourra vous être utile dans la saison prochaine, et pour avoir le tems de former à sa manière la danseuse que vous lui destinerez. Cet homme, qui s'est ruiné dans l'entreprise d'un spectacle qu'il a fait en Italie, m'a demandé vingt louis d'avance, que je lui ai fait donner par Mr. Foley, et pour laquelle somme vous trouverez son reçu ci-joint : en déduisant les douze louis et demi que vous devez lui donner pour le voyage, il vous sera redevable de sept louis et demi, que vous lui ferez retenir sur ses appointemens dans le courant de la saison. Mr. Pittro, qui m'a procuré ce danseur, l'a adressé et recommandé à Mr. Angelo, comme il ne sçait ni le François ni l'Anglois. Pour le bien de vôtre théâtre, je crois qu'il seroit à propos que vous le recommandassiez à ce coquin de Grimaldi, qui lui servira d'interprète auprès de vos figurants et de vos figurantes ; mon ami, voilà assez parler danse.

Vôtre santé, celle de Madame Garrick, comment vont-elles ? pour la mienne, elle est merveilleuse. Je suis occupé présentement à faire meubler un appartement, qui fera une partie du bonheur de ma vie ; et quand vous le verrez, je suis assuré d'avance, que vous serez bien fâché de n'avoir pas loué celui que je vous ai proposé, et qui tient au mien. À propos d'appartement, Mademoiselle Clairon a quitté le sien pour en prendre un, rue Vivienne, près le Palais Royal ; et pour surcroît de bonheur, Mr. de Valbel, son ami, vient de faire un gros héritage de son frère, qui est mort depuis dix jours.

Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous prie de dire à Madame Garrick que je suis toujours, et serai jusqu'au dernier moment de ma vie, son tres-humble serviteur,

Monnet.

J'ai reçu de Mr. Garrick, par les mains de Mr. Monnet, quatre cent quatre vingt livres argent de France, à compte sur mes appointemens, et sur ce qu'on doit me payer pour mon voyage.—A Paris, ce quinze Août, 1766.

Io. Giovanni Guidetti, Scritto come sopra mano propria.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Je profite de l'occasion, mon ami, pour vous envoyer presque tous les livres que vous m'avez demandés, à l'exception des Hommes Illustres, et L'Almanach des Muses année 1766. On réimprime le dernier, que je vous enverrai aussitôt qu'il sera imprimé, et on ne veut pas donner les tomes vingt-et-un et vingt-deux des Hommes Illustres sans prendre le corps complet, parcequ'il n'y a plus du vingt-et-un ni du vingt-deux. Le libraire m'a bien donné l'espérance qu'on réimprimeroit ces deux vols., mais il n'a pas pu me dire quand : marquez-moi ce que vous voulez que je fasse à ce sujet. J'ai ajouté aux livres que vous m'avez demandés quelques brochures, qui, je crois, ne vous deplairont pas.

Le Duc d'York est, comme vous savez, à Compiegne, où il a reçu du Roi toutes les marques de distinction et d'amitié. Il vient à Paris Lundi, pour s'égayer avec nos demoiselles de l'Opéra, qui l'attendent avec empressement.

Mr. Changuion, que j'ai vu hier, et qui m'a chargé de vous faire des compliments, m'a dit que le petit Barthelomon étoit reparti pour Londres : vous le verrez, sans doute, et vous me ferez le plaisir de lui remettre une lettre que j'ai mis dans vôtre paquet.

Vous n'oublierez, mon ami, la dernière redingotte que je vous ai prié de me faire faire, et de donner à Madame Sayde, ou au Docteur Gent, tout ce que vous aurez à m'envoyer.—À Madame Garrick bien des choses pour moi ; et n'oubliez pas que je vous aime tous deux bien tendrement.

Monnet.

Guidetti vient de m'écrire pour quelques difficultés qu'il a avec vôtre trésorier pour le payement de trois cents livres, qui lui ont été accordés pour son voyage : je vous prie d'arranger cette affaire. Je ne suis pas fâché que vous gardiez cet homme. Il m'a paru bon diable, et je lui crois quelque mérite pour vos ballets.

ÉTAT DES LIVRES.

Almanach des Muses, 1765	.	.	2 0	Lettres de Julie	.	.	. 1 0
Feuille No. 14, Fréron	.	.	. 10	Théagene	.	.	. 2 0
Déclamation Théâtrale	.	.	. 4 10	Le Tuteur dupé	.	.	. 1 0
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Regulus	.	.	. 2 0	Les Scythes	.	.	. 1 4
Les Tourterelles	.	.	. 2 0	Guillaume Tell	.	.	. 1 4
Lettres en vers	.	.	. 2 0	Lettre de Valcourt	.	.	. 1 10

J'ai fait avoir la plus grande partie de ces livres au prix marchand.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Ce 31 Août, 1765.

You whirlwind, you bomb-shell, you devil to pay—you—basta.

Oh pour cela oui! vous m'avez écrit *en poste*, sur un cheval de course, courant au grand galop. I have tired my eyes out in reading your scrawling. Vous aviez le Baron dans la tête, et le diable tout au travers de l'esprit, you quicksilver. J'espère que le *mistère* est dévoilé; vous aurez vu nôtre charmant ami; il vous aura donné ma lettre; tout est expliqué. Au reste, good master impatience, quand vous désirerez une réponse prompte, écrivez-moi à ma demeure: Mr. Suard oublie de m'envoyer vos lettres; celle datée du 15 m'est arrivée le 30.

J'ai remis à Mr. Foley la petite somme dont j'étois redevable à Mr. Becket. Remerciez-le bien pour moi, I charge you. Je ne lui écris point, dans la crainte qu'il ne se fasse lire ma lettre par son traducteur, qui y trouveroit une foule de malédictions contre lui. Jenny est pitoyable; une traduction lâche, froide, pleine de contresens, de répétitions, de plates épithètes, *snowy hands, the fountain of love*, fy, eh, fy! rien de plus long, de plus maussade, ce n'est ni mon style ni mes idées. En appliquant à la personne qui parle des maximes générales, le traducteur a l'art de mettre un *nonsense* à la place d'une réflexion juste ou raisonnable. Poor, poor Ernestine! elle aura bon air en sortant des pattes de ce Monsieur, elle sera a pretty stuff. Mistress Brooke s'est trompée lourdement en cinquante endroits de Catesby; mais il faut lui rendre une justice due; ce qu'elle entend, elle exprime très-bien.

Nous lisons vos pièces avec un extrême plaisir. Je vous en parlerai dans la suite; mais puisque vous avez fait un si bon usage de quelques idées Françoises, vous devriez bien mettre sur vôtre théâtre *La coupe enchantée*. C'est une très-jolie comédie, dont tous les personnages ont du jeu. Si personne ne vous a prévenu, vous en feriez une charmante farce, comme vous les nommez: il y a un précepteur que Mr. Garrick joueroit; il seroit bien plaisant dans sa bouche, dans sa séduisante bouche.

Mr. Hume et moi nous sommes tout au mieux; il m'a fait présent de son Histoire; il m'a amené Mr. Elliot, un homme de mérite, un très-aimable homme. Paris regrettera Mr. Hume: il va en Irlande, you know.

Madame Garrick envoye des complimens, et jamais un petit mot de sa *snowy hand*. N'importe, nous l'aimons toujours, nous en parlons toujours avec plaisir. Nous ne l'oublions jamais.

Une nouvelle: les artificiers du boulevard ont sauté ces jours passés. Un baril de poudre s'est enflammé; il a enlevé la charpente, tué cinq hommes, ébranlé les maisons voisines, cassé les glaces, les vitres; il a comblé un puits; nous en avons senti l'impulsion à nôtre fenêtre, comme celle d'un léger tremblement de terre. Par bonheur, ce n'étoit pas un jour de représentation. On va, je crois, défendre un si dangereux amusement.

Vous me dites bien des douceurs, bien des injures; je ne vous en aime pas moins;

je ne saurois vous en aimer davantage; on ne peut rien ajouter aux sentimens que j'ai pour vous. Ainsi, my dear friends, mettez-vous à vôtre aise; criez, pestez, jurez; caressez, ou grondez; je dirai toujours à Mr. Garrick, I love you, I esteem, value, regard, prize you:—mon Anglois n'est-il pas Turc? j'en ai peur.—Mais vous devinerez, I hope.

Encore un peu d'embarras. Nous voudrions avoir la Vie de Colley Cibber, écrite par lui-même: Emily, or, the History of a Natural Daughter: History of two Orphans, by W. Tordervey:—en observant que ces deux romans ne soient point des traductions. Mr. Becket les remettroit à Mr. le Baron d'Holbach, qui auroit la bonté de les payer et de me les apporter. Pour la Vie de Colley Cibber, elle doit être curieuse, parce-qu'elle sert, sans doute, à l'histoire de vôtre théâtre. Oh, j'allois l'oublier! "Le Joueur," une tragédie bourgeoise; où le joueur meurt empoisonné. Est-ce tout? Non: nous voudrions Mr. et Madame Garrick, si le Baron vouloit nous les apporter! Adieu, my dear friend; adieu, charming devil; je vous embrasse, vous, la belle dame, la petite chienne, tout ce que vous aimez, tout ce qui vous appartient. Ma compagne dit comme moi.—Adieu, adieu,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON AMI, Ce 31 Août, 1765.

JE vous envoie par Mr. Leak les livres que vous m'avez demandés: oui, j'ai ajouté un requête présentée au Roi par le Sieur Mercier, qui vous fera plaisir. Ces livres, que je n'ai pas eu le tems de faire relier, sont, Le Théâtre de Campagne, en 4 vol.; celui de Le Sage, en 2 vol.; La Vie de Taconet; et cinq feuilles de Fréron, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, et 15. Je vous ai tout envoyé de ce qu'il a paru jusqu'à présent, et je continuerai: mais je vous repète, que vous feriez bien d'avoir pour vos gens de la poste une adresse pour recevoir plus exactement ce journal, sans quoi vous l'aurez toujours incomplet. J'ai vu assez souvent Mr. Leak et son associé; je crois qu'ils vous diront du bien de moi, et je suis très-content de l'un et de l'autre. Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous recommande sur toutes choses le soin de vôtre santé,

MONNET.

Envoyez-moi donc de vos medailles pour Mr. Dannataire; Mr. Cailhava, qui vous fait ses compliments, me tourmente aussi pour en avoir une.

DE M. WIELAND À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Paris, ce 17 Septembre, 1765.

J'AI eu l'honneur de présenter, il y a un mois, mon ouvrage à son Excellence Madame l'Ambassadrice, dont elle me paroit très-satisfaite; en même temps me

demandant si j'avois quelque occasion à vous l'envoyer. Je dis que non. Madame m'a répondu, Je veux moi-même le porter à Mr. Garrick: donnez-le moi; et s'il y a quelque chose à débourser pour cela, je vous le donnerai. N'ayant pas d'ordre de vôtre part, je n'ai point accepté cet offre si gracieuse. L'ordre et la Jarretière sont ajustées dans un étui de rousset. Le voyage de son Excellence est fixé au 21 du mois: J'espère d'aprendre que mon ouvrage vous soit remis, et vous jugerez vous-même si je puis mieux faire. S'il y a quelque autre chose de mon ouvrage qui vous pourroit faire plaisir, Monsieur, je vous prie de m'ordonner, en vous promettant une prompte expédition, et de m'honorer de vôtre confiance en toute commission que Monsieur et Madame pouront avoir à Paris. Je me ferai un plaisir de me dire, avec toute estime et considération,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

WIELAND.

MEMOIRE À M. GARRICK.

Fourni	
Un Ordre d'Angleterre, en pierres	16 louis.
La Jarretière, en vingt lettres	12
Pour cet étuis et la monture de l'Ordre et la Jarretière .	2
La somme fait totale	30 louis d'or.

DE M. L'ABBÉ MORELLET À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR ET CHER AMI, 4 Nov. 1765.

JE trouve une occasion de me rappeller à vôtre souvenir, et, j'ose ajouter, de vous prouver que je ne vous ai pas oublié moi-même, et je ne veux pas la laisser échapper. J'ai dit à Mr. Mallet, qui vous donnera cette lettre, que vous le recevriez très-bien s'il vous étoit addressé par vôtre cher Abbé. Indépendamment de toutes les raisons qui peuvent vous déterminer à accueillir un homme aussi instruit et aussi philosophe que lui, je vous avertis que nôtre bon ami le Baron est de moitié dans les sollicitations que je vous fais. Il auroit joint une lettre à la mienne, mais comme je l'ai pris au dépourvu, et que je ne lui ai guères donné de temps, il m'a chargé de vous écrire pour nous deux. Il m'a raconté avec beaucoup de sensibilité la manière obligeante dont vous l'avez traité, et je vous ai bien reconnu à tout ce qu'il m'a dit du plaisir que vous avez eu à le voir. Je vous ai bien reconnu encore aux choses que vous lui avez dites pour moi. Il m'assure que vous ne m'oubliez point, et que j'occupe une place distinguée parmi les amis que vous avez fait en France. Ce n'est pas peu dire, car j'ai beaucoup de rivaux: nous ne parlons de vous qu'avec attendrissement, et nous desirons bien véritablement que vous nous reveniez voir de temps en temps; donnez-nous-en, au moins, l'espérance. Si mes occupations ne m'arrêtoient pas ici, j'irois bien prendre chez-vous le logement que vous m'avez offert, et, malgré tous les liens qui

m'attachent, j'irois vous chercher à Londres, et vous ramener à Paris. Mais je suis forcé de remettre l'exécution d'un projet aussi agréable à un temps encore éloigné. Le Baron m'a dit qu'il vous avoit lû un petit papier que j'ai barbouillé depuis vôtre départ de Paris, et qui fait l'apologie de la Gazette Littéraire de nôtre ami Suard contre des fanatiques qui l'avoient attaquée: comme ce petit morceau n'est pas précisément polémique, que l'objet en est utile, puisqu'il tend à établir la tolérance et la liberté de la presse, et à venger et à défendre des gens de lettres, avec lesquels tout homme éclairé doit faire cause commune, et qu'enfin vous avez paru désirer d'en avoir un exemplaire, je vous sacrifie le seul qui me reste; tous les autres, excepté dix ou douze, ayant été confisqués et anéantis au nombre de quinze cent, par la vigilance de nôtre police et l'humeur du ministre, Mr. le Duc de Praslin. Je charge Mr. Mallet de vous le remettre, et vous mettrez, s'il vous plait, à la tête, *by my friend*, &c. Le Baron m'a dit que vous songiez à me procurer une réponse à mes questions: vous me ferez plaisir de vous en occuper aussi bien que de la note des livres rélatifs aux matières d'administration, dont je m'occupe, et que devoit vous donner Mr. Charles Takhausen: addressez ce que vous pouvez me procurer en ce genre, " À Mr. de Montigny, Intendant des Finances, rue des Vieilles Andriettes, à Paris," et au dedans pour toute addresse, mettez, " Pour l'Auteur du Dictionnaire de Commerce," sans nom: par ce moyen, vos lettres et paquets m'arriveront francs de port et très-surement. Je salue très-respectueusement vôtre aimable et respectable femme. Le Baron vous embrasse de tout son cœur; et je vous prie de croire que je vous estime et vous aime autant que lui, et que je suis pour la vie, et sans cérémonie, vôtre ami,

L'Abbé Morellet.

DE MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON À M. GARRICK.

De Paris, ce 29 Décembre, 1765.

Une des choses que j'aime le mieux dans le monde, c'est mon Garrick: j'irois surement le voir si j'en étois la maîtresse, mais comment voyager sans fortune? La Comédie Française ne procure que de la fatigue et des infirmités, l'honneur de loger quelquefois chez le Roi, comme vous l'avez vû, voilà tout. Il faudra bien que ce soit vous qui me veniez voir. Vous n'attendrez pas, sans doute, que je rejoue, puisque vous avez de l'amitié pour moi; vous savez que je ne suis pas capable de faire une démarche foible et basse. J'ai fait pendant vingt-deux ans le bien de ma société, et les plaisirs du public; je n'ai jamais eu un tort; j'ai sauvée la comédie; j'étois l'amie de mes supérieurs; à peine ai-je de quoi vivre, et l'on m'a traînée mourante, et sans m'entendre, dans une prison. Quel seroit mon espoir? Je trouve dans mon âme tout ce qu'il faut pour pardonner la barbarie, l'injustice, l'injure; mais je m'en ressouviendrai jusqu'à mon dernier soupir. Si, comme vous, je n'avois de maître que le Roi, je n'hésiterois pas. Mais—mais—mais—D'ailleurs, je me porte à merveille

depuis que je ne joue plus, et Tronchin m'a condamnée à perdre la vie si je rejouois; de-là tout est dit. On prétend cependant que tout n'est pas dit; on espère pouvoir donner aux comédiens l'état que j'ai désirée; l'envie de me ravoir, fait travailler à ce projet avec ardeur: s'il réussit, il me couvrira de gloire, et je rentrerai sans doute; mais comme il me paroit impossible qu'il aît lieu, je reste fort tranquille. On me refuse toujours mon congé, on me retient mon fond, je ne jouis point de ma pension, on veut que je reçoive toujours ma part qui est en séquestre, autre bassesse que je ne ferai surement pas; les comédiens paroissent oublier que j'éxiste encore: voilà, mon cher ami, où en sont toutes mes affaires. Mais je me porte bien, j'ai des amis qui flattent ma vanité, un amant qui fait le bonheur de ma vie, et point de besoins. Vôtre anana étoit le meilleur du monde: vôtre lettre m'a fait le plaisir le plus sensible, et s'il vous étoit possible de me donner quelques uns de ces momens délicieux que vous passez avec vos amis et cette femme charmante, quoiqu'elle soit la vôtre, vous contribueriez beaucoup au bonheur de ma vie, parceque c'est très-réellement et très-vivement que je vous aime.

J'ai trouvé, à mon retour à Paris, un rouleau de toutes vos estampes, et un billet de Mr. Kaye, qui me les envoyoit; ne sachant où adresser ma réponse, je n'ai pû le remercier de son attention; faites-le pour moi, je vous en prie, et dites-lui bien qu'il ne pouvoit pas me faire une galanterie qui me fût plus chère. Le Comte de Valbelle, le Marquis de Villepente, et Mr. de Néledinski, vous font mille et mille complimens: faites les miens à Madame Garrick le plus tendrement que vous le pourez, et causez quelquesfois ensemble de la pauvre Clairon, qui vous aime à jamais tous les deux.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Ce 16 Janvier, 1766.

THE devil take you, my dearest friend! comment vous me croyez un *tinder heart*, et vous avez la malice de charger Mr. Burke d'une lettre pour moi. Cela s'appelle vouloir mettre le feu à la mèche, et faire sauter la mine. O barbarian! ma foi, par ma foi, ce Sir Richard Burke est a very pretty, a very charming creature: des grâces de l'esprit comme un ange, une noble aisance, deux grands yeux à bruler le monde, une bouche si belle, un si joli sourire, et tout cela vient étudier le François au coin de mon feu.—The devil take you, I say. Par bonheur, la vanité m'a armée de sept plaques d'airain. Mais si plus jeune et moins raisonnable j'avois eu un pareil écolier, je ne l'aurois pas gardé un mois de peur d'accident. Sans badiner, Mr. Burke est un des plus aimables hommes que l'on puisse voir; et si nos dames le couroient comme elles ont fait Mr. Hume, cela seroit tout simple et plus naturel. À présent, venez ici, que je vous gronde comme un chien: est-il bien, Monsieur, de négliger une bonne et tendre amie, qui conserve de vous un souvenir si vif? vous ne répondez point,

vous m'écrivez un chiffon de lettre pour me dire, *je vous écrirai*, et sans le voyage de Mr. Burke je n'aurois plus entendu parler de vous—a pretty friendship indeed! Soyez juge dans vôtre propre cause; pardonnez-vous si vous pouvez; moi je suis fâchée, oui, très fâchée.

À MADAME GARRICK.

Vous ferez sagement, Madame, de tenir Mr. Garrick à une grande distance de vous: c'est un paresseux, un négligent, un ingrat, il ne mérite pas d'être aimé. Soyez huit jours sans l'embrasser, pour le punir de son indifférence,——pas huit jours pourtant, il n'est pas assez criminel, le suplice surpasseroit le délit, mais vengez-moi je vous en prie. Agréez mes plus ardents souhaits pour vôtre bonheur, et pour le plaisir de vous revoir en France; ma compagne vous assure de son plus tendre souvenir, et nous vous embrassons toutes deux.

Je reviens à vous, dear monster; le Baron d'Holbach se plaint aussi de vôtre paresse. Sçavez-vous qu'il a rompu ses Jeudis, ses Dimanches, qu'il ne va point les Mardis chez Helvétius. Il prie, il assemble ceux qu'il veut; plus de confusion, plus de bruit, on ne crie plus à ses diners, on se parle, dit-il, on s'écoute, on se répond: je n'en crois rien. J'ai remarqué toute ma vie, que nos gens d'esprit parlent toujours, et ne causent jamais.

Grande nouvelle! la traductrice de Mr. Hume, en dépit des nonsenses Anglois, des barbarismes François, vient de se marier; yes, forsooth, et à Mr. le Président de Meiniere: elle a un carrosse, trois laquais; est plus digne, plus pédante, plus jeune, et plus complimenteuse que jamais. Quand elle m'a fait sa visite de noce, j'ai beaucoup regardé the bridegroom, an ugly old devil. Le carrosse et le titre m'ont paru acheté très-chèrs. Je vous suis fort obligée de vos offres, mon très-aimable ami. J'ai renoncé à ce projet d'histoire du théâtre, mais quand vous aurez fait l'ouvrage dont vous me parlez, je le traduirai, si vous voulez. Je prends actuellement des leçons de vôtre langue. Je lis à faire horreur, mais je m'entends bien: je commence à écrire des nonsenses; avec le tems je deviendrai plus habile, et quand je le serai, mes talens seront à vôtre service.—Adieu, on me presse, on m'attend; ma patiente compagne crie comme Job, *finirez-vous, viendrez-vous, à quoi bon ennuyer Monsieur Garrick?*—Allons donc, je laisse tout là. Mille et mille complimens à Madame Garrick. Vous embrasserai-je, ou non? Je suis encore en colère.

Mr. Burke is turned Papiste:* il a été hier à la grande messe, et a prié la Vierge Marie à Nôtre Dame.

* This was Richard Burke, Edmund's brother, who went to Grenada. See her letter of 3d Jan. 1767. As to his praying to the Virgin Mary, Richard was a man of great sensibility, but not quite so easily converted. He led the life of a man of pleasure, was an *étourdi*, and a *bon vivant*, hardly serious in any thing but his reverence for his brother Edmund.

M. L'ABBÉ BONNET TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, From Paris, 20th January, 1766.

You expect, nay you require a thousand excuses from your Abbé Bonnet for his silence, and you are in the right for aught you know: but when better informed of my misfortunes, you will readily confess that I am unhappy, but nothing more. The golden apple, once more fatal to the man that delivered it, was a source of trouble to me. Before I begin such a lamentable story, I must, however, let you know that a very fine pine-apple has been delivered to Mademoiselle Clairon by me, and from you, that you may not be uneasy about it; but the identick one, in the language of Hudibras, my favourite author, which you charged me with, was left at St. Omer. I had brought it in my own hands as far as Calais, but being obliged to ride post, and being no longer able to keep it in that position, I trusted one of Mr. Mead's servants to put it into the post-chaise. Don't you guess at what happened? *jubes renovare dolorem*:—but I am not master enough of the energy of your language to draw in English the picture of my despair. I arrived at Douai, and found no such thing as a pine-apple in the post-chaise. Mr. Mead, being a witness of my desolation, was so kind as to write immediately to London, to try if he could get me one. On the other hand, I wrote to the innkeeper where we had slept the night before; but for all that I was no less uneasy, being afraid that every place from London to Paris would prove another St. Omer. I strove to forget your and Mademoiselle Clairon's existence, which I could not by any means, because of the many proofs of goodness and friendship I had received from you. I leave you to judge if, in such a situation, it was very entertaining to me only to think of writing to you. You will say not; but I must add something more; I would not even go out of my room in such circumstances, out of fear of being asked some questions or other that would call my disgrace to my mind. So I was during a whole month, when at last I was relieved by two pine-apples, yours and Mr. Mead's. But yours being quite spoiled, I carried the other, that was very fine, and did not choose to let Mademoiselle Clairon know my accident till yesterday, a fortnight after my first visit. I don't know whether it would afford you a great deal of pleasure to repeat you all the pretty things she told me on your subject. I suppose you have heard the same things from her and many others, that your sensibility must be quite worn out in that respect.

Brisard told me, that had he known at first how long the play-house would be shut up, he would have paid you a visit. For Mademoiselle Clairon, I think her health will not allow her to make that voyage, though she was better when travelling than now at Paris. I saw, last Thursday, the first appearance of a young actress who played the part of Phædra; she was received with great applause, and deserved it, which is saying a great deal for one who appears after La Dumesnil and La Clairon. I suppose you have received an account of the "Philosophe sans le Savoir," a comedy of Mr. Sedaine, and a very interesting one; some critics will say that it is but a sketch of a play, that there are some childish scenes in it, et que cela n'est pas rempli;

but the author did so on purpose; being well acquainted with the abilities of the players, he depended much upon their actions and gestures, thinking it better by much than fine speeches in the circumstances of a violent passion, after the great principle of Horace, so that his play is written in a quite new way. We have also on the stage another new little thing, "La Bergère des Alpes," from Marmontel's Moral Tales; a very little thing, indeed; but Marmontel himself is now about putting that same tale into the form of a play, being angry with the author, who spoiled it without paying him any compliment. Now I am upon the subject of the stage, I cannot help telling you that our authors will never do you justice in that respect. Mr. Suard, your friend, *tu quoque Brute*, as you said, must have answered your letter some days ago, and you will know by his letter that I am in the right to say so. I confess that there is a standard of true taste which is founded in nature; but at the same time nobody can deny that there is so much art in any production of genius whatsoever, that every nation is apt to call true taste its own, artificial and habitual mixed with the natural one. I see daggers and cups of poison on our theatre; I saw on your's people besmeared with blood, and others handling skulls; but I can't find any law in nature which allows us to represent horrid and shocking deaths, and forbids us to represent its accessories. A skeleton was far, you know, from being held as a subject of horror among the Romans. There will be a peculiar good taste to every nation, as there are many particular kinds of beauty. How many handsome women, though never so little resembling one another; some will give for model a Venus of Medicis, and others a Mistress Garrick; and how justly, every body knows it that was happy enough to see her. Art is poor and confined, nature is rich and varied.*

Il faut que je finisse ma lettre en François, de peur de mal rendre les sentimens dont je suis pénétré pour vous et pour Madame Garrick. Je n'oublierai jamais les bontés dont vous m'avez comblé, et j'espère que mon silence, après les raisons que je vous ai dites, ne me fera point soupçonner d'ingratitude. Je voulais à la verité vous écrire immédiatement après ma visite à Mademoiselle Clairon, qui vous prie très fort de ne pas attendre qu'elle joue pour la venir voir, parceque ce serait un peu tard, dit-elle; mais je voulais voir vos amis, et je ne pus tous les rencontrer qu'hier. Ils vous font mille compliments. Mademoiselle Clairon, qui avait été un peu indisposée, se trouve mieux; Mr. l'Abbé Morellet me dit vous avoir envoyé sa traduction des Peines et des Délits, je ne le suis allé voir que depuis quelques jours, parceque j'avais prié Mr. Suard de faire votre commission auprès de lui. Les lettres dont Mr. Wilson m'avait chargé entreront dans la Gazette Littéraire. Je traduis celle de Mr. Delaval pour l'Abbé Nollet qui m'en a prié. L'homme que Mr. Bickerstaff avait soupçonné n'est point celui qui a rendu compte de "L'Ambitious Stepmother." Bien des choses, je vous prie, pour moi à ces Messieurs, dont je vous dois la connaissance.

Je vous prie de faire agréer mes respects à Madame Garrick, et de les agréer aussi pour vous; je vous recommande toujours mon Mr. Daws.

* The Abbé Bonnet was certainly under no necessity of changing the language he composed in for anything so trivial as complimentary effusion. He wrote English beautifully.—Ed.

Mon adresse est à l'Abbé Bonnet, chez Mr. Chocquart, Pension Militaire rue et barrière St. Dominique à Paris. - Servez-vous-en un peu pour ne pas me laisser croire que vous êtes fâché contre moi, et faites-moi le plaisir de me donner vos commissions.

DE M. GRIMM À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 15 Février, 1766.

J'espère, illustre David Roscius, que M. Noel, vôtre compatriote, vous aura remis la lettre dont je l'ai chargé à son départ de Paris. C'est un très-habile virtuose, et un des plus belles têtes que j'aie entendu en fait de poësie musicale. Son instrument est presque unique en Europe. Je suis persuadé que si vous pouvez contribuer à son succès à Londres, vous le ferez en digne et loyal ami de tous ceux qui aiment et professent les arts. La lettre qu'il vous a remise de ma part ne vous aura dit que très imparfaitement combien j'ai été touché de la marque d'amitié que vous m'avez donnée dans votre lettre à nôtre ami M. d'Holbach. Je vous assure que je n'en suis pas encore revenu, et que je serois bien fâché que M. Rousseau n'eût pas eu cette estimable intention de répandre sur moi une partie de son fiel, puisque j'aurois été privé de la marque d'intérêt que vous m'avez donnée, et qui me sera à jamais précieuse. J'espère que nous verrons ici les fruits de sa plume qu'il prépare; et si mon sort veut que j'en sois marqué, il faudra bien que je lui en fasse un remercîment aussi public que son souvenir.

En attendant, mon cher et illustre Roscius, j'ai pris à M. Foley deux cent quarante-sept livres dix sols pour vôtre compte, et cette somme m'a servi à vous faire expédier l'Encyclopédie. Si vous n'avez pas été un des premiers servis, prenez-vous en à nôtre étoile. Imaginez que tout le monde savait que l'Encyclopédie paraissait en pays étranger excepté nous, y compris le philosophe Diderot, qui vous aime autant que moi. C'est lui qui m'a donné vôtre souscription, et qui m'a prié de vous faire expédier vôtre exemplaire. Vous verrez par le billet ci-joint le jour du départ du ballot, et qu'il vous est adressé à vôtre adresse Southampton-street.

	ll.	*so.*
J'ai payé pour les dix volumes in folio de texte	200	0
Pour le volume de planches relié en carton (les trente sols sont pour la reliure) .	37	10
Comme ces Messieurs ne commettent à personne l'expédition du ballot, il a fallu leur payer pour emballage, frais de douane, &c.	10	0
Somme pareille à celle que M. Foley m'a donnée	247	10

Je garde la reconnoissance que les libraires m'ont donnée pour les volumes de planches qui doivent encore suivre. À mesure qu'ils paraîtront je vous les ferai tenir. Edifiez-vous en attendant avec ce que vous allez recevoir. Mes respects à Madame Garrick. M. d'Holbach m'a dit qu'il vous a écrit ces jours derniers. Man-

dez-lui dans vôtre réponse que vous avez reçu le ballot, afin que nous soyons tranquilles. Mille complimens à M. Maty, si vous le voyez. J'ai reçu sa lettre, et recommande le tout à son zèle philosophique. Je vous aime et vous embrasse, cher et charmant David, de tout mon cœur.

Madame d'Epinay ne me pardonnera de sa vie de ne vous avoir pas parlé d'elle; ni tant d'autres. Nous vous attendons, et si vous ne venez pas, je ferai imprimer que vous êtes un noir, un ingrat, un monstre.

DE M. J. L. FAESCH À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 16 Février, 1766.

L'HONNEUR que vous avez fait à mes ouvrages, de les juger dignes de quelque attention, m'a engagé à vous en présenter un petit supplément que Mr. Monnet s'est chargé de vous faire parvenir. Je prens la liberté, Monsieur, de vous en envoyer encore quelques uns, qui manquent à la collection que je vous ai faite. Je me flatte, que vous me ferez la grâce d'accepter ce petit cadeau, ou plutôt, de consentir à un troc que j'ose vous proposer: c'est de vôtre portrait en estampe que je souhaiterois en échange. Il seroit si flatteur pour moi, de joindre au plaisir que me feroit le portrait d'un homme illustre, l'avantage de le tenir de lui-même, que je ne sçaurois résister au désir de vous le demander. J'espérois, Monsieur, de jouir ce printems du plaisir de vous voir à Londres, et de joindre mes applaudissemens à ceux de l'Angleterre; mais j'ai appris par Mr. Le Kain, que vous preniez les eaux de Bath, et que vous ne passeriez pas l'été à Londres: j'ai remis le voyage au mois de Septembre, ou d'Octobre: l'honneur de vous voir, et de vous approcher étant la seule chose qui puisse rendre le séjour de l'Angleterre intéressant pour moi. La personne qui vous remettra les petits tableaux est Mr. Kuff, négociant établi à Londres. C'est aussi à lui, que vous pourriez remettre vôtre estampe, si vous m'accordez la grâce que j'ose vous demander. Les portraits que je vous envoye, sont Mr. Préville, Mr. Brisard, Mr. Le Kain, Mr. Anger, Madame Préville, et Madame Favart en vieille, rôle qu'elle a joué avec le succès le plus brillant.

Je souhaite, Monsieur, que ces petits tableaux vous fassent autant de plaisir que j'en ai à vous les présenter. Daignez les agréer, aussi bien que les assurances de la considération distinguée avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

J. L. FAESCH.

Mr. Préville, à qui j'ai dit que j'aurois l'honneur de vous écrire, vous fait mille complimens

DE M GRAVELOT À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR ET CHER AMI, À Paris, ce 8 Mars, 1766.

Je suis extrêmement fâché de ne m'être pas trouvé au logis quand Mr. Grimaldi a eu la bonté d'y passer, et il y a annoncé son départ si prompt, que la crainte de ne le pas trouver chez-lui, m'a privé du plaisir de lui faire mille questions à vôtre sujet, et à celui de Madame, auxquels on ne peut pas s'intéresser plus que je fais. Je remercie sincèrement Madame de conserver quelque curiosité pour mes bagatelles : elles seroient d'un autre prix si mon talent répondoit au désir que j'aurois d'être digne de son approbation ; mais dans tout ce qui paroit de moi, il faut songer que la main du graveur y a passé, et c'est souvent passer par les baguettes.

Il est tems de vous remercier de vôtre aimable lettre, datée du 20 Juin dernier, et que j'ai reçue le 20 Décembre, par l'attention singulière de Mr. Bergeret. N'importe ; j'y ai appris avec une grande satisfaction que vous aviez retrouvé cette santé propre à vous rendre capable de jouer le fermier de campagne ; et encore plus, j'y ai vu avec quelque *pride* des témoignages du souvenir de Madame Garrick : enfin, j'ai en même tems reçu vôtre charmante fable, que ce boureau Delaplace ne m'a pas encore rendue.

J'ai à la hâte, pour répondre à l'impatience de Mr. de Grimaldi, joint au petit almanach de cette année, quelques échantillons de mes occupations. Il y a quelques épreuves des planches, pour une édition Italienne de la *Secchia rapita*, ainsi que quelques estampes pour la traduction en prose de Lucain par Mr. de Marmontel, laquelle j'en suis sûre vous fera un grand plaisir. Mais à propos de lui, comme je l'ai vu aujourd'hui, et que je lui ai dit que j'aurois l'honneur de vous écrire, je suis chargé de sa part de mille amitiés pour vous, et pour Madame vôtre épouse.

Ces deux ouvrages sont finis de ma part, et presque de celle des graveurs. Je me promets dans le tems de vous faire tenir les deux suites complettes. Je suis actuellement à traiter le Tasse, et enfin on va, je crois, graver le Voltaire, qui j'espère, si on me fait justice, me fera quelque honneur. J'ai joint aux échantillons en question les quatre estampes, bonnes épreuves de la comédie de La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV. par Mr. Collé, pièce qu'apparemment vous connoissez à présent, puisqu'il y a déjà quinze jours qu'elle paraît imprimée.

Que puis-je joindre encore à tout ce verbiage, si ce n'est le témoignage sincère de l'envie que j'aurois de vous revoir ici. Je partage, assurément, ce désir avec tous ceux qui ont eu le plaisir de vous y connoître, mais personne plus ardemment que moi. Revenez donc voir vôtre portrait en place, et que j'ai continuellement sous les yeux, comme j'ai chèrement l'original, et son amitié, dans mon souvenir.

Mille respects, et j'ose le dire mille sentimens d'affection, comme d'estime, à vôtre chère épouse. C'est avec de pareils sentimens que j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

Gravelot.

Si vous avez quelques momens à perdre ou à sacrifier à l'amitié, faites-moi le plaisir de me donner de vos nouvelles: ma demeure est Rue St. Honoré, la maison neuve au coin de l'Oratoire.

Faites attention, je vous en prie, que ce que je vous envoye n'est rien, et que je vous garderai de ces choses les mieux conditionnées: ce sont, comme je vous dis, de pures échantillons.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, Directeur de la Comédie Royale
de Drury Lane, London."

DE M. CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, De l'hôtel du Cornet d'Or, Paris, le 14 Mars, rue Ste Marguerite, F. S. G.

Il était bien flateur pour moi d'avoir un commerce épistolaire avec un homme de votre mérite, et j'ai ressenti le plus grand chagrin en le voyant cesser. D'abord, après l'impression de mon *Tuteur Dupé* je n'oubliai pas que je devais en partie son succès à vos judicieux conseils, et je me hâtai d'en remettre un exemplaire à Mr. Monet pour qu'il eût la bonté de vous le faire parvenir. Cependant vous n'avez pas eu la complaisance de répondre à la lettre que je vous écrivis en même tems. Je sens que vos momens vous sont précieux, qu'ils le sont au public dont vous faites les délices; mais il faut faire quelque chose pour ses amis. C'est à ce titre que vous m'avez permis de prendre, que je vais vous demander un service important.

J'ai entrepris un ouvrage où je tâche de reduire l'art de la comédie en préceptes, par des exemples pris dans les meilleurs auteurs comiques de tous les ages et de toutes les nations. Je possède bien mon ancien théâtre, j'éntends l'Espagnol et l'Italien; mais je ne puis connaître votre théâtre que par les pièces qui sont traduites. Voudrez-vous bien me marquer si ce sont les meilleures, en quoi votre théâtre l'emporte sur le nôtre, ou lui est inférieur? quelles sont les comédies où je pourrai trouver des exemples frappans de force dans les caractères, de vérité dans la peinture des mœurs, &c. &c.*

J'ai fait traduire vôtre *Valet Menteur*, et si la ressemblance qu'il a avec nôtre *Soupé mal aprêté* me prive du plaisir d'en enrichir nôtre scène, j'en ferai usage dans mon ouvrage. Je vous ai entendu dire que vous aviez traduit notre *Pupille*; j'ai été frappé des scènes de vos *Parieurs*. Je vous demande en grâce de m'indiquer le moyen de me procurer vos ouvrages afin que je puisse les citer, ou de m'en donner une analyse s'ils ne sont pas imprimès. Je vous prie encore de m'indiquer les pièces que vos auteurs ont imitées des nôtres; et surtout de Molière.

Comme j'aurai occasion de parler dans mon ouvrage des excellens acteurs, et que

* It is not a little singular, that so *busy* a man as Mr. Garrick should be solicited, by very slight acquaintance, to compose for them profound dissertations on our drama, and that of other countries; and that men, who were perfect stammerers in English, should presume even to *think* about our ancient language.— Ed.

(soit dit sans la moindre flaterie) les connoisseurs seraient piqués de n'y pas trouver vôtre nom, je vous prie de me faire parvenir la scène comique du *Marchand de Tabac*, et celle de *l'Ivrogne*, pour l'opposer à une scène tragique d'Hamlet, et prouver par là qu'un talent supérieur peut briller dans les genres les plus opposés. Ayez aussi la bonté de me marquer s'il est vrai, comme on le dit ici, que vous ayez été vous faire peindre sous trois figures différentes par le même peintre sans qu'il vous aît reconnu ; et si l'estampe où l'on vous représente riant d'un œil avec la Comédie, et pleurant de l'autre avec la Tragédie, a été dessiné d'après vous. Pardon, Monsieur, de la peine que je vous donnerai si vous exaucez ma prière ; mais je vous aurai une obligation infinie ; et mon cœur en sera toujours reconnoissant.

Notre théâtre est perdu sans ressource, la cabale fait renvoyer tous les acteurs qui débutent avec du talent, et recevoir le rebut de la province. Tous les comédiens se laissent gouverner par Molé, qui leur fait et leur dit mille impertinences impunément. Il dit l'autre jour en plein foyer à Venel, qu'il lui donnerait des coups de bâton ; et lui cracha dessus. Il en est quitte pour n'être pas chez-lui, quand on va lui demander raison, et tout est dit. La moitié des acteurs [solicitent] le parterre pour eux, et contre leurs camarades.

Chacun d'eux ne veut recevoir que les pièces où il a un beau rôle. Enfin, la comédie n'est plus qu'un brigandage. Le Kain est malade, et Mademoiselle Dubois est grosse, par conséquent plus de tragique. Anger a débuté dans les rôles de Le Kain, et a été bien plaisant.

Adieu, Monsieur ; conservez-moi vôtre amitié, et croyez que personne n'est plus que moi, et l'admirateur de vos talens, et vôtre affectionné serviteur,

CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX.

Pourriez-vous m'adresser ici à quelque Anglais de mérite, avec qui je puisse raisonner de vôtre théâtre ? ce serait un grand coup !

Gardez-moi, s'il vous plait, le secret, et sur mon ouvrage, et sur ce que je vous écris des comédiens.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, Directeur du Théâtre de
Drury-Lane, à Londres."

DE M. CAILHAVA À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR,

J'AI reçu les précieux présens que vous avez bien voulu me faire. Un de mes amis qui sait l'Anglois, me traduit tous les jours quelque scène de vos ouvrages, et je vais m'empresser d'apprendre vôtre langue, pour rédoubler mes plaisirs en les lisant moi-même.

J'ai donné de vôtre part à mon ami, les gravures des deux Shakspeares. J'ai fait, sans doute, un très-grand sacrifice ; mais j'en ai été récompensé par l'entousiasme avec

laquelle mon ami les a réçues. Il prend la liberté de vous écrire; son honnêteté le rend digne de cet honneur, sans cela je me serais bien gardé de le lui procurer.

Il n'y a aucune nouvelle intéressante au Français. On a donné un pièce en trois actes, de ma façon, qui a eu un grand succès le premier jour; mais comme elle est dans l'ancien genre, et que les comédiens m'ont forcé à prendre les jours de la semaine où il n'y a personne chez-eux, je suis martir de l'étiquette.

Il n'y a aucun nouvel acteur depuis ma dernière lettre. Venel est mourant; Molé fait venir un de ses frères, pour le remplacer. Belcour, qui voulait absolument partir, nous reste. On prétend qu'il va se séparer d'avec sa femme. Elle l'a trouvé en bonne fortune avec une sœur cadette qu'elle a; cela lui a déplu, elle a fait tapage. Belcour lui a dit pour le calmer, que lorsqu'il avait su autrefois qu'elle avait couché avec un frère à lui, il n'avait pas sonné le tocsin; tout cela ne l'a pas apaisée. Il est des choses sur lesquelles les femmes n'entendent pas raison.

Dès que ma pièce sera imprimée, et que je trouverai une occasion pour Londres, je vous l'enverrai avec mes *Etrennes de l'Amour*. Adieu, Monsieur; aimez-moi toujours un peu, je vous en prie, mon cœur en a besoin. Je suis avec tous les sentimens imaginables, Vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

CAILHAVA.

J'assure Madame de mes respects.

DE M. CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR,

MR. FECT que vous avez vu à Paris, que je vous avais déjà annoncé, veut faire connaître ses talens à Londres, et les y faire admirer comme ici. Je saisis avec empressement l'offre obligeante qu'il me fait de se charger d'une lettre pour vous.

Je suis très-flatté du conseil que vous me donnez au sujet de mon ouvrage; j'en profiterai, et les Français n'auront pas lieu de se plaindre. J'ai vu avec le plus grand plaisir le Monsieur qui m'a remis vôtre lettre. Il me parait très-instruit, il connait bien son théâtre, et m'a très-bien expliqué ce que vous ne fesiez que m'indiquer. Il a oublié à Londres le présent précieux que vous avez la bonté de me faire; je l'attends avec la plus grande impatience; et je brûle de connaître vos ouvrages. J'apprends l'Anglais exprès, d'ailleurs j'ai des amis qui me les traduiront.

On joue aux Italiens une pièce imitée d'une des vôtres, je n'ai pas pu la voir encore; je me procurerais ce plaisir au premier jour: afin de le mieux goûter, j'oublierai l'auteur Français pour songer à l'Anglais, et me souvenir qu'il me fait la grâce d'être de mes amis, et de me permettre de me dire le sien.

CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, Directeur du Théâtre de
Drury Lane, à Londres."

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 16 Mars, 1776.

NON, David Garrick n'est pas fait pour être oublié; malheur à moi si je l'oubliois jamais, je ne mériterois pas de l'avoir connu; j'aime sa personne autant que j'honore ses rares talens; son amitié me flatte, sa corréspondance m'intéresse, et cependant, voilà je n'ose dire combien de tems que je ne lui ai donné de mes nouvelles. Je lui en demande pardon, et à la sainte amitié à qui j'ai manqué. Je me mets sincèrement à vos genoux, O cher Garrick, pardonnez-moi, aimez-moi toujours, et imposez-moi telle pénitence que vous voudriez, j'y souscrit. À présent que j'ai confessé ma faute, souffrez que je cherche à en diminuer l'énormité. Si je vous disois que je suis marié depuis près de trois mois, à une jeune personne jolie, vertueuse et sensible, que j'aimois et qui m'aimoit depuis près de trois ans; si je vous disois encore que les préparatifs et les embarras de cette grande révolution dans mon état absorboient depuis long tems mon loisir et mes pensées; si je vous ajoutois que la personne que mon cœur a choisie est une Mademoiselle Panckoucke, sœur du libraire que vous avez vu et connu ici, je suis bien sûr que mes torts vous paroîtroient moins graves, et que vous seriez si content de me savoir heureux que vous oublieriez que je suis coupable.

Ma chère petite femme qui vous a vu, qui se souvient de vous comme tous ceux qui vous ont vu seulement une fois, a été témoin des angoisses qui m'ont saisi en ouvrant vôtre lettre; je n'osois pas achever le peu de lignes qu'elle contient, et je n'ai pris ce courage qu'en m'imposant la loi de vous écrire sur le champ, ce que je fais, et à chaque ligne que j'écris je sens ma conscience allégée. J'ai senti aux pincemens du remors que les grands criminels devoient avoir la poitrine bien robuste.

À propos de remors, il ne tient pas à vous, mon cher Roscius, que je n'en aye aussi pour avoir imprimé cet extrait de "l'Ambitious Stepmother," qui vous a si fort déplu. Quel grand mal y a-t'-il donc? Nous avons dit que Rowe est, après Shakspeare et Otway, le meilleur de vos poëtes tragiques, cela n'est-il pas vrai? Nous avons dit que "l'Ambitious Stepmother" avoit eu un grand succès, c'est à dire dans son origine, et je l'ai lu dans vôtre "Companion of the Playhouse." Nous avons dit que cette pièce fournissoit une nouvelle preuve de la différence qui se trouve entre vôtre théâtre et le nôtre, et cela est tout simple; car une pièce Française tissue, et écrite dans le goût de celle-là, n'auroit pas été suportée sur nôtre théâtre jusqu'au second acte. Vous me dites que Rowe n'a quelque réputation que pour avoir fait sa "Belle Pénitente" et "Jeanne Shore." La première de ces pièces est traduite dès long tems, et n'a jamais pu être jouée malgré toutes les modifications imaginables. "Jeanne Shore" paroîtroit à nos lecteurs encore plus absurde dans sa conduite que les deux autres; cette fille qui, condamnée à périr de faim, meurt à la lettre d'inanition au cinquième acte, auroit fait mourir de rire un parterre François.* D'ailleurs nous n'avons eu garde

* Fond as this *parterre* might be of laughing at what was unusual, I doubt extremely this assertion of M. Suard. For it is not simply dying of inanition, which they had to feel, (no laughing matter;) but a character which had previously won their hearts, by beauty, gratitude, devotion to the royal offspring, and

de comparer Rowe à Shakspeare. Les monstres de celui-ci ont bien un autre caractère. Pardon, si je parle ainsi de vôtre divinité; mais après tout, pourquoi dissimuler son opinion sur des poëtes qui ne sont plus? et qu'importe à la gloire d'un grand poëte Anglois, qu'un François, qui sait à peine bégayer vôtre langue, en dise et en pense du bien ou du mal? et qu'importe surtout à l'illustre Garrick, dont la gloire est bien indépendante de celle du théâtre Anglois, que nous préférions Corneille à Shakspeare, et Racine à Otway? Nous ne devons aux morts que la vérité; je suis un des hommes de ce pays-ci qui admire le plus Shakspeare, mais je l'admire comme un barbare plein de génie: vous m'aviez échaufé la tête sur les béautes de ce poëte; je voulus fair un morceau sur son caractère, et je me mis à le relire, mais je fus si épouvanté des extravagances et des puérilités qui défiguroient les plus belles choses, que la plume me tomba des mains. Encore une fois, il faut renonçer à tout principe de goût, de nature, et de convenance, et brûler les modèles de l'antiquité ou convenir que les drames de Shakspeare sont monstreux, et que son génie est comme l'or encroûté dans la mine. *Vitium non hominis sed temporis.*

Je n'ai qu'un mot à vous dire; c'est qu'il n'y a pas une seule scène dans cet homme extraordinaire dont la traduction littérale et entière puisse être avec succés donnée en aucune langue et jouée sur aucun théâtre. Shakspeare doit beaucoup aux hommes célèbres qui l'ont loué, mais celui à qui je crois qu'il doit le plus c'est vous; c'est vous qui avez été son plus heureux et plus adroit commentateur. Vous verrez dans une des premières feuilles de nôtre Gazette Littéraire, si vous la lisez, quelques réflexions en passant, sur ce poëte: je peux y placer un mot sur mon ami Garrick, comme je le sens et le pense, et il ne faut pas qu'il se scandalise de tout cela. C'est dans la république des lettres que la liberté d'écrire doit être sans limites; qu'on nous réponde aussi vivement qu'on voudra, et je traduira fidèlement la critique qu'on fera de nos bavarderies.

Le papier et le tems me manquent; je finis. Reçois, mon très-cher et obligeant Mr. Garrick, tous mes remercîmens pour les politesses dont vous avez comblé l'Abbé Bonnet. Ma femme veut que vous vous souveniez d'elle. Je prie Madame Garrick de vouloir bien se souvenir de moi, et agréer mes respects, et j'embrasse de tout mon cœur son cher et illustre mari. Mille complimens à Mr. Colman. Si j'étois digne de voir cette comédie qui réussit si bien, ce "Clandestine Mariage," fruit d'un mariage très-bien assorti, j'en demanderois un exemplaire par le premier courrier.

resistance to tyranny; such a woman, exposed to the public scorn, to the hatred of her bosom friend Alicia, perishing in the arms of her injured husband, who risks his own life to relieve her,—such a character, I repeat, could never be well acted, without affecting deeply even the *parterre* of Paris. This has been very recently proved upon the critical nation. An English actress of very humble talents has within the last two years, in this despised Jane Shore, moved them even to *agony*. This, it should be remembered too, did not at all interfere with the grand dispute about the "*barbarian*" Shakspeare—It was *nature*, that appealed to her children, and triumphed over prejudice.—Ed.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Londres, ce 1 Avril, 1766.

RIEN de plus aimable, et qui excite plus ma reconnoissance, mon cher et bon ami Garrick, que les deux lettres que vôtre amitié m'a dictées; j'aurais satisfait à vos désirs, et à mon inclination naturelle, si le tems m'eût permis d'entreprendre le voyage de Bath; mais nôtre ambassadeur ne veut pas permettre que je prolonge mon voyage sous aucun prétexte. On m'attend à Paris pour la rentrée du théâtre; tous mes momens sont comptés; jugez de ma douleur et de mon chagrin d'avoir traversé le Détroit sans vous voir, et sans vous assurer moi-même des sentiments du cœur le plus sensible et le plus reconnoissant. Vous m'offrez vos secours pécuniaires; je les accepterais avec bien du plaisir si j'en avais besoin, mais j'espère que j'aurai suffisamment de quoi retourner à Paris. Permettez donc qu'en bon François je vous remercie, vous charmant et digne Anglois, de vos bons offices; j'en suis reconnoissant à jamais; j'accepte avec tout le plaisir imaginable l'offre que m'a faite vôtre ami, d'aller voir vôtre maison d'Hampton Court. Nous irons Jeudi prochain: soyez sûr, mon cher ami, que je me prosternerai devant la statue du fameux Shakspeare, à la mémoire duquel vous avez fait élever un superbe monument; ce trait est digne du fameux Garrick. Vôtre conduite est une belle leçon pour les grands, mais les grands sont petits, et les petits voudraient en vain s'élever jusques aux grands.—Adieu, mon cher Garrick; soyez sûr qu'en quittant la Grande Bretagne, je pars le cœur navré de déplaisir, de ne pouvoir vous embrasser; je suis mille fois plus malheureux que Diogènes, qui passa sa vie sans trouver un homme; vous êtes le seul que je désirais voir, vous existez, et tout s'oppose à mes désirs; j'eusse sans doute été trop heureux, mais enfin, je le suis encore suffisament, si vous êtes bien convaincu que personne au monde ne vous estime et ne vous aime plus que vôtre bon ami,

LE KAIN.

"To Mr. David Garrick, Esq. Presently to Bath, in England."

DE M. DE LA PLACE À M. MONNET.

Le 3 Avril, 1766.

PARDON, mon cher ami! je suis presque aveugle: j'ai été bien malade depuis que je ne vous ai vû. Cela va mieux, et je vous souhaite un bon voyage. Embrassez bien l'ami Garrick pour moi. Dites-lui que je ne le boude presque plus, et que si je ne l'eusse pas aimé de tout mon cœur, je ne l'aurois pas boudé du tout. Quant à Madame; oh! dites-lui tout ce que vous savez que je suis et pense sur son compte: c'est à dire, tout ce qu'une femme aussi aimable et aussi estimable qu'elle a droit d'inspirer à quiconque a le bonheur de la connoître, et de savoir l'apprécier. En voilà

bien pour un aveugle; mais le sentiment ne l'est jamais: c'est aussi pourquoi je salue, embrasse, et aime mon cher frère Aquilon de tout mon cœur, &c. &c. &c.

DE LA PLACE.

P. S. Allez voir mon neveu.

Voyez mes commissions en l'autre part.

Note des livres que M. de la Place prie M. Monnet de vouloir bien lui acheter à Londres.

The Dramatic Censor. Sold by Richard Manby, jun. Ludgate Hill.

The Companion to the Stage. Sold by ————

The Dramatic Works of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery; 2 vols in 8vo. Sold by Dodsley, in Pall Mall.

England's Heroical Epistles, in imitation of Ovid's Epistles. By the same.

L'Euripide de Glascow, en Grec et en Latin: in 8vo.

Et les pièces de Théâtre depuis six mois: c'est à dire les nouvelles, ainsi que les historiettes, et jolies brochures nouvelles. Les Romans, idem, s'ils passent pour être jolis.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Ce Vendredi, 4 Avril, 1766, 4 heures du matin.

SELON toutes les apparences, mon cher et digne ami, je perdrai de vue, dans vingt-quatre heures, les côtes de l'Angleterre, mais en quittant la Grande Bretagne, je n'oublierai jamais les soins de l'amitié dont vous m'avez comblé. J'ai pris la liberté de charger Monsieur vôtre frère de vous porter toutes mes remercîmens; j'eusse été bien plus flatté de vous les faire moi-même, mais les circonstances les plus fâcheuses s'y sont opposées; peut-être une autre fois serai-je plus heureux. Vous présumez, sans doute, que je forme encore le projet d'un voyage, et vous n'avez pas tort, mais le tems précis ne m'en est pas connû; je laisse le tout à la fortune; Dieu veuille qu'elle me rappelle auprès de vous, et qu'elle me fournisse les moyens de vous assurer de ma vive reconnoissance, et de ma tendre amitié. J'aurais trop à vous dire, si j'entreprenais ici de vous peindre mon extase à la vue du monument que vous avez élevé à la mémoire de Shakspeare; je laisse à vos compatriotes le soin de vous donner les louanges que vous méritez. Les éloges d'un François seraient aussi sincères que les leurs, mais ils ne pouvaient être aussi éloquents; je me tais sur ce chapitre, pour vous parler d'un bien-aimable Russe que j'ai amené avec moi en Angleterre, et dont je vous ai déjà fait le portrait: il reste ici pour vous voir, vous parler, vous entendre, et vous admirer. C'est ainsi, mon cher ami, que vous attirez à vous tous les hommes des extrémités des deux poles, à qui il reste encore un peu de goût, dans le siècle de la plus grande frivolité. Je vous recommande, en partant, mon aimable Russe, et j'ose me flatter que quand vous le connoîtrois, vous serez convaincu que la fameuse Catherine sçait éclairer, instruire, et policer les peuples que le Czar Pierre a tirés de

la barbarie.—Adieu, mon cher ami: mille tendres compliments à Madame Garrick, cent mille assurances pour vous, et de la plus parfaite estime, et de la plus tendre amitié de celui qui vous est dévoué jusqu'à la vie éternelle,

LE KAIN.

DE M. GRIMM À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 13 Avril, 1766.

J'AI lu, illustre David Roscius, tout ce que vous m'avez adressé de gracieux dans la lettre de nôtre ami de la Rue Royale. Oui, Roscius, plus que jamais, après ce que le Docteur Gatti m'a dit de ce qu'il a vu sur vôtre théâtre. Il m'a fait comprendre, clair comme le jour, que quoique j'aie eu le plaisir de vous voir ici six mois de suite, je ne puis cependant me former une idée de vôtre talent; en sorte qu'il ne nous reste que le parti de nous embarquer au premier jour tant que nous sommes, faire un tour à Drury Lane, et nous écrier *veni, vidi.* Ce pauvre Docteur Gatti n'auroit jamais retrouvé David Garrick en Lusignan, s'il ne vous avoit reconnu à la main. Rendez grâce au ciel d'être venu dans un siècle où la mode des sorciers est passée, et où l'on traite les hommes de génie en inspirés plutôt qu'en possédés. Quel fagot seroit assez grand pour vous bruler, si l'on savoit une bonne fois que les miracles que vous faites ne s'opèrent pas par la puissance divine. Tout considéré, ce qui vous reste le plus à craindre, c'est qu'un bon matin vous ne voyiez débarquer toute la caravanne de la Rue Royale, et vous pouvez compter que Madame d'Epinay sera du voyage.

Mais nôtre ami Gatti ne m'a pas seulement parlé de vos talens, il m'a aussi parlé de vôtre crédit, et il m'a convaincu qu'il dépendra absolument de vous de faire la fortune de nôtre souscription pour l'estampe de cette malheureuse famille Calas. Il m'a assuré que nous aurons autant de guinées qu'il vous plaira de fois d'ouvrir la bouche en faveur de nôtre projet. Puissiez-vous l'ouvrir deux mille fois! M. le Docteur Maty me mande qu'il vous a envoyé le projet qui a été imprimé à Londres, et que vôtre absence est un grand malheur pour nous. Daignez le réparer, cher et charmant David. Il me sera bien doux de dire, que cette famille vous doit tout ce qu'une nation libre et généreuse aura fait pour elle. Réunir à des talens uniques une âme pleine de noblesse et de générosité; voilà le portrait de David Roscius, que j'aime à avoir sous les yeux. L'esprit de nôtre souscription est de donner l'argent qu'on veut pour peu d'estampes, de payer pour quatre, pour dix, pour cent, et de n'en prendre qu'une. Lorsque vous aurez recueilli quelque chose, vous aurez la bonté de me mander le nombre d'estampes qu'il vous faudra, et de me faire passer la liste des souscripteurs, alors j'aurai soin de vous faire passer les estampes par quelque ministre nouveau s'il est possible, ou du moins reliées, et puis vous ferez passer les fonds à la famille Calas.

Je n'ai pas été peu surpris d'apprendre que vous n'avez pas encore reçu l'Encyclopédie. J'espère que vous l'aurez reçu depuis. Ayez la bonté de me tranquilizer là-dessus: vous voyez par la lettre ci-jointe qu'il n'y a pas de ma faute.

Je présente mes respects à Madame Garrick, et je veux mourir si je vous nomme un seul de nos amis, pas même Diderot le philosophe. Ils voudroient tous que je vous parlasse d'eux : mais quand je vous aurai assez parlé pour mon compte, leur tour viendra peut-être. Cher et charmant David, je vous embrasse. Pour Dieu, aimez-moi un peu.

DE MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON À M. GARRICK.

Depuis le 15 d'Avril, je cours journellement risque de la vie, et du jour que Mr. l'Abbé Bontems m'a remis le paquet de gaze dont vôtre charmante femme a eu la bonté de le charger, j'ai été si mal que je n'ai pû songer même à la remercier. Je ne vois pas, j'entends à peine, je ne puis sans aide aller d'une chaise à l'autre ; la mort me seroit mille fois moins cruelle que mon état ; mais cependant le cœur est encore entier, il est reconnoissant, il vous aime tous deux à jamais, et ne désire rien tant que de vous le prouver. Le Sieur Carara, que je ne puis trop remercier de ses attentions, vous dira le reste ; je ne peux plus ! ahi !

—

DE M. L'ABBÉ BONNET À M. GARRICK.

SIR, De Paris, 19 Avril.

Mademoiselle Clairon is once more the principal cause of my silence : she desired me to wait for some days, that she could write a few lines in my answer. Having not been able this great while to see her, and finding an opportunity to write you, I will not let it scape. I send you an answer of Madame Riccoboni, wherein she gives you all the particulars concerning your Melpomene, as she told me ; and so I need but add, that she has been, and is still very ill. I suppose you'll be very glad to see some verses lately addressed to her by M. Dorat. I hope you'll let them be seen by Mr. Liston, a friend to Madame Riccoboni, whom she recommends to you ; 'tis a friend of mine too, and one of your admirers, but you have so many in the known world, that you must make a voyage to the Austral lands to get new ones, provided you would carry me along with you ; for I would not give you such an advice without that condition. I hope I shall have the pleasure of reading your new play within a few days, and I long for it.*

Auteur, acteur, tragédien, comédien, il n'y a que Shakspeare et vous qui puissent réunir tout cela ; et la postérité placera le ministre à côté de l'idole dans le même temple. Madame Garrick sera entre les deux, car dans l'autre monde, comme dans celui-ci, il faut des femmes charmantes ; et tous ceux qui l'auront connue, lui rendront les mêmes hommages dans un siècle aux Champs Elisées, bon gré mal gré la qualité des eaux de vôtre Lethe.

* "The Clandestine Marriage," which appeared in the month of February preceding.—Ed.

Madame Riccoboni est diablement en colère contre vous; je vis hier chez-elle Gouy, que vous lui envoyez pour venger vos griefs, et quand je fus instruit de la plaisante lettre dont il étoit porteur, je lui dis qu'il comptait bien sur le droit des gens pour s'en être chargé. Vous avez bien su que Molé a été sur le point d'épouser Mademoiselle d'Epinay. Madame Préville en a failli à mourir; elle voyoit sans doute que son âme allait passer dans un autre corps, ce qui n'est pourtant qu'une Métempsicose. Je dînai l'autre jour avec un conseiller de la Chambre des Comptes, chez Mr. Mead le cadet: ce conseiller compte aller bientôt à Londres avec un savant naturaliste, Mr. Bomard de Valmont, connu par un Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle, en cinq volumes in 8vo. Je serai obligé de lui donner une lettre pour vous, à la requête et au nom de Mr. Mead. J'ai été à "La Reine de Golconde," ballet héroique, donné depuis trois ou quatre jours au grand opéra par Sedaine, la musique est de Monsigny. C'est un genre nouveau, qui n'est pas fait pour réussir; il est écrit platement, quoique "Aline," petit conte charmant du Chevalier de Boufflers, en ait fourni le sujet. La musique n'a pas été applaudie non plus.

Il faut à présent que je vous parle un peu de vôtre santé; vous ne la ménagez pas assez. Je conviens qu'il vous faut de l'agitation et des affaires pour consumer vôtre vivacité, de peur qu'elle ne vous consume vous-même; mais il vous en faudrait un peu moins. Si vôtre indisposition pouvait vous engager à entreprendre un second voyage en France, on pourroit dire, "a wind must be very bad that blows no good thing." Vous savez combien tous vos amis le désirent; vôtre Abbé aurait le plaisir d'aller prendre du thé tous les jours avec vous. Si tout cela ne vous touche pas, je forme dans ce moment-ci le projet de vous aller voir dans un an au mois de . . . . avec un de mes amis. Je vous écrirai de tems en tems pendant cet intervalle, pour que vous ne m'oubliez pas tout à fait. Mes respects, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick, et soyez persuadé de l'attachement et de la reconnoissance avec laquelle je suis, et serai toujours, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

BONNET.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.*

15 Avril, 1766.

HELP, help! murder, murder! dear Theresa, make haste, give my some relief,—I am in a fit, I am distracted—Cut off Mr. Burke's throat—mercy on us! forbear,—O tyrant! Mais il n'est pas prudent d'irriter ce méchant diable—Honest Mr. Noise, I implore your pity: upon my knees I crave your pardon! Be good, be merciful, do not cut nothing to the lovely Dick—Faith, his eyes are fine eyes—his smiles are

* I will not correct this lively lady's English; but I must indulge a wish that she had expressed herself uniformly in that language of which she was a perfect mistress. Not that she mistakes the meaning of her English phrases; but that she is ignorant that the *natives*, of her own sex, cannot without *indelicacy* so plainly manifest their feelings; and this is the almost insurmountable difficulty in writing a foreign language. —ED.

sweet smiles—well, and what for this? Venez ici, répondez à ma question : tenez-vous là, soyez sage. Est-ce que depuis le voyage de Mr. Burke en France, je vous en aime moins, dites, my little irrational? est-ce que je mérite toutes ces dures épithètes? You are too hasty, Sir. En parlant de Mr. Burke, je dis *le bel Anglois*, ou mon *aimable écolier :* en parlant de Mr. Garrick, je dis the *dearling of my heart*,—the *charming David*,—my *dear, my sweet friend!*—I call you an ungrateful monster, are you not? Quel torrent d'injures! et les terminer par woman, woman! Zounds, Sir! a pretty piece of insolent vanity, indeed! Mais je m'honore du nom de *femme*, à la barbe de toute l'impertinente tribe de vôtre espèce; je ne voudrois pas changer de sexe, non, depend on it, man, lofty man!

The bearer of your —— je ne sçais comment nommer cette chienne de lettre, le porteur donc, m'a paru un homme très-poli, très-instruit, très-spirituel, très tout ce qu'il vous plaira : mais il adore l'Italie, a papist, a devilish papist. The creature, faire *oublier Mr. Burke*, être *aimé à son tour*, pugh! c'est comparer Rossinanté à Bucéphale; on peut estimer cela, voilà tout. À propos de cheval, je n'entends point parler de ma commission. J'ai écrit à Mr. Burke, il ne m'a pas encore répondu. Je ne me hâte point de m'impatienter; j'attends, je suis paisible moi, ce n'est pas comme vous; mais cela ne durera pas.

La divine Clairon ne rentre point. Melpomène s'en désespère. Le roi très-chrétien laisse cette grande princesse aux portes des enfers, il ne veut pas ordonner à Saint Pierre de lui ouvrir les deux battans. Thémis est sourde, et l'autorité se tait. Cette fille vouloit immortaliser son nom en donnant à son théâtre celui d'Académie Dramatique. Pour réussir dans ce projet, il eut fallu joindre aux talens des mœurs, et pour obtenir le droit d'être estimée, être estimable.

Le Roi de Prusse vient d'échouer aussi dans un de ses projets. Il vouloit attirer Helvétius à sa cour, et l'y fixer. Ses ambassadeurs ont harangué Madame Helvétius; elle a répondu qu'elle aimoit la campagne et son mari; qu'au reste, la chose du monde dont elle se soucioit le moins, c'étoit un roi. Madame Geoffrin n'est pas si peu vaine : elle va voir *her son the King*. Elle part pour la Pologne, et les médisans prétendent qu'elle ira en Russie. On se moque un peu de la bonne femme, et de son voyage; non pas chez le Baron nôtre ami, mais par tout Paris.

Á MADAME GARRICK.

Vous me laissez donc gronder, quereller, injurier, Madame; moi, qui vous aime tant, qui me souviens si tendrement de vous, qui conserve un désir si vif de vous revoir! je suis sûre que vous aimez ce méchant démon, qui me fait enrager. Eh bien! baisez-le à mon intention, je vous en prie. Voyez, je rends le bien pour le mal; en vous regardant, en vivant avec vous, peut-il dire, *woman, woman!* et cela pour dire une injure : je suis furieuse quand j'y songe—ne le baissez pas, non, donnez-lui plutôt un bon soufflet, je le rendrai au premier de ses amis qui m'apportera une lettre de sa part. Ma compagne vous prie de recevoir les assurances de son amitié, et de vous rappeller quelquefois combien nous vous sommes toutes deux attachées.

TO YOU, MR. TEMPEST.

Après tout vôtre tapage, il faut donc vous aimer: vous avez l'audace de vouloir qu'on vous aime? Hum! si je pouvois vous haïr? mais mon cœur ne peut y consentir. Il faut céder à son penchant; s'y laisser entrainer malgré soi-même et la raison. Ainsi ce n'est pas par complaisance que je vous aime, mais parceque je ne sçaurois m'empêcher de vous aimer.—Adieu, my dear friend, always remember me, and be assured, I can never forget you.

Dans vôtre première lettre, mettez, je vous prie, vôtre demeure, je l'ai oubliée.

DU BARON DE GRIMM À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 27 Avril, 1766.

Voici, charmant et illustre David Roscius, un papier qui vous procurera vôtre Encyclopédie, si vous ne l'avez pas. On dit qu'en envoyant ce papier à la Douane de Londres, vôtre enorme ballot vous sera incontinent délivré. Ainsi soit-il. Amen.

M. Suard nous assure que vous avez quitté le théâtre de vôtre gloire: je m'en consolerois si j'avois passé, comme le Docteur Gatti, deux mois à Londres cet hiver, mais je ne m'en consolerois jamais, à moins que le parti que vous avez pris ne vous mette en état de passer la moitié de vôtre vie à Paris.

Ajoutez, je vous supplie, à vôtre gloire immortelle un autre genre de gloire, et qu'il soit dit dans les fastes de l'humanité, que David Garrick a été dans les Isles Britanniques le plus ferme appui d'une famille illustre par ses malheurs, à laquelle les philosophes de toutes les nations se sont empressés de consacrer leur zèle et leur secours. Quand vous aurez fait vôtre opération, j'aurai soin de vous fournir toutes les estampes que vous me demanderez. Nous avons eu dans les différentes villes des receveurs fort zélés; il me sera bien doux de vous mettre dans la liste de ces receveurs, à la tête de la souscription et de son produit en Angleterre. Vous savez qu'il nous faut le nom et la qualité de chaque souscripteur avec la note de l'argent souscrit, et du nombre d'exemplaires qu'on demande. Et pour ce, et tout ce que vous ferez pour le succès de cette noble et généreuse entreprise, le Dieu de Shakspeare et de tous les hommes de génie, ce Dieu qui est aussi le vôtre, vous bénira, et vous comblera de santé et de joie, et vous conservera vos yeux, afin qu'il ne passe pas un seul original devant eux, sans vous divertir.

Je présente mes hommages à Madame Garrick. Madame d'Epinay veut que je vous dise mille choses, et puis toute la Rue Royale. Au diable les autres, je ne veux vous parler de personne. Nous fêtons de nôtre mieux le Prince de Brunswic, que vous nous avez envoyé. Avez-vous reçu "Le Philosophe sans le savoir?" Je compte que cette pièce aura eu vôtre suffrage. Il n'est pas donné à tout le monde de sentir ce qui y est. Vous savez qu'en ce pays-ci, les belles phrases et les beaux bras sont souvent tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau dans les pièces; mais "Le Philosophe sans le savoir," n'en sait pas faire.

Illustre David, je vous embrasse dans l'espérance de vous revoir bientôt, et d'avoir en temps et lieu des nouvelles du succès de vos soins pour cette souscription.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

25 Mai, 1766.

Comme j'ai l'avantage d'être aussi étourdie que vous, je ne sçais si vous avez reçu ma réponse à vôtre pert letter. Je l'ai donnée à un abbé, l'abbé à un écolier, l'écolier à son maître, le maître à un ami, l'ami à un voyageur, le voyageur au grand diable d'enfer, peut-être : en ce cas, elle pourra vous parvenir, vous avez là des connoissances, you devil, you !

Les beaux yeux de Mr. Burke sont devenus gris, verd ; j'ai envie d'aller à Londres pour les lui arracher ; ne vous donnez pas la peine de le tuer, c'est un malhonnête, un mauvais cœur, un ingrat, un . . . un . . . un homme.

À la vérité, quelqu'un a dit, un autre m'a redit, que Mr. Burke disoit . . . . voyez, quel caquet !—il disoit donc, ce méchant Mr. Burke, *qu'il ne trouvoit point le cheval demandé.* Belle raison, de ne pas écrire ! on dit, *je cherche, prenez patience, je ne vous oublie pas, je me souviens de la bête et de vous :* mais ne pas répondre à ma lettre.—Je suis d'une colère,—ôtez-vous de là, laissez-moi lui crever ses vilains yeux bleus. Si vous voyez the pretty monster, dites-lui que rien ne presse. Si le hasard lui présente le cheval souhaité, je serai charmée de l'avoir ; s'il ne peut l'envoyer, je ne lui en sçaurai pas mauvais gré ; je ne suis ni exigeante ni injuste ; mais il ne m'a pas écrit, j'en suis très-irritée ; je me déclare son ennemie, et il peut jurer la paix contre moi.

Mr. Changuion n'a pas mal rempli vos intentions, comme vous voyez : s'il doit être *aimé* et *oublié*, je vous conseille d'envoyer bien vîte l'ami que vous tenez en réserve pour vous venger de lui, dépêchez-vous, cela presse ; si vous ne vous hâtez, je pourrois bien dire à vôtre ambassadeur, tardi venisti il male e senza rimedio.

Comment se porte Madame Garrick ? pense-t'-elle quelquefois à nous, nous songeons bien souvent à elle ; ne reviendrez-vous point en France ? vous y avez tant d'amis ! ils sont légers, dit-on, les François, peut-être ; mais quand ils aiment, ils aiment beaucoup. Je ne dis rien des autres nations, Dieu me préserve de mal penser de mon prochain, but, this insufferable Mr. Burke . . . I hate him.

Un jeune Ecossois, homme de mérite, et fort mon ami, m'avoit demandé une lettre pour vous la rendre, et jouir du plaisir d'entretenir Mr. Garrick avant de retourner en Ecosse, et s'en repartir pour faire le tour de l'Europe ; mais vous étiez à Bath ; il ne vous aura pas vu.

Ah, ah ! mon bon ami, vous avez donc la goutte ! Libertin ! voilà où conduit a tinder heart ; moi, qui eut toujours a tender heart, j'ai pleuré quelquefois, mais je me porte très-bien.

À propos, une bonne querelle : vous faites une comédie, elle réussit, vous en

envoyez à Paris, et vous m'oubliez . . . . Je ne m'étonne pas si vous aimez Mr. Burke, vous vous ressemblez tous deux.

Mille tendres complimens à Madame Garrick; ma compagne me prie de vous dire bien des choses agréables de sa part, mais je n'en veux rien faire.—Adieu, mon aimable et cher ami, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. Quoique je vous gronde un peu, je ne vous en aime pas moins.

Le Prince Héréditaire de Brunswick est reçu à Paris comme l'ainé des Amours le seroit à Paphos. On lui donne des fêtes, les dames le courent, et veulent lui plaire. Si Mr. Hume étoit ici, il s'écrieroit, *oh, les inconstantes!* Vraiment, le Prince n'est pas philosophe, mais il est jeune, poli, agréable: nos dames voudroient bien tourner cette tête-là. Celle de Mr. de Lally m'a bien inquiétée, je disois en lisant ses mémoires, coupez-moi ça. Poor rascal! on l'a jugé comme je le jugeois.

DE M. WATELET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 26 Mai, 1766.

Il y a un siècle, mon cher Monsieur, que je ne me suis entretenue avec vous, et je craindrois à la fin que vous ne m'oublieriez tout à fait. Je comptois pouvoir aller vous rendre visite sur les bords de la Tamise cette année, avec Mr. le Comte, et l'Abbé, mais des occupations nous ont empêchés de satisfaire nôtre désir, et nous n'avons plus que l'espérance d'être plus heureux l'année prochaine; ou de vous voir à Paris cet hyver. En attendant, je profite du voyage que fait à Londres une personne de nos amis, pour vous rappeller le souvenir d'une société qui vous a voué des sentimens d'attachement et d'estime, que l'éloignement et le tems n'affoiblissent point.

Mr. Fleurière de la Tourelle, qui occupe à Lyon une place distinguée dans la magistrature, et qui avec les qualités personnelles les plus estimables, a des connoissances profondes dans la phisique et dans les arts, dont il s'occupe, vous remettra cette lettre: il avoit le plus grand désir de faire connoissance avec vous; et moi, dès que j'ai sçu qu'il alloit à Londres, j'ai pensé à le charger d'un renouvellement de ce traité d'amitié que nous avons fait sur les rives de la Seine, et qui doit certainement être confirmé sur celles de la Tamise. Recevez donc, mon cher Monsieur, les complimens et amitiés sincères de Mr. le Comte, de nôtre bon Abbé, et tous les sentimens que je vous ai voué. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles: quelles sont vos occupations? ne puis-je pas vous être ici de quelque utilité? avez-vous fait usage de la petite pièce qui vous avoit plû?

Vous sçavez que nôtre théâtre François est pour le moment dans un triste état. Mademoiselle Clairon est absolument retirée; il parût une nouvelle actrice que je n'ai point vu, parceque je suis à la campagne, où je m'occupe beaucoup, et où je suis si heureux par l'amitié et par nos goûts, que je ne suis pas souvent tenté de retourner à Paris. Je recommande à vôtre amitié Mr. de la Tourelle, qui vous rendra ma lettre, et je vous aurai une véritable reconnoissance des témoignages que vous voudrez

bien lui en donner. Faites-moi le plaisir de présenter mes civilités bien sincères à Madame Garrick. Comment va sa santé? se souvient-elle encore du petit moulin, et de ceux qui l'habitent. Vous m'aviez promis vôtre portrait, et si vous ne me l'envoyez pas, je l'irai prendre. Recevez, mon cher Monsieur, les assurances bien sincères et inviolables de l'amitié, et des sentimens avec lesquels

J'ai l'honneur d'être, vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

WATELET.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 23 Juin, 1766.

J'AI bien tardé, mon cher Garrick, à répondre à la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'amitié de me faire tenir par le Russe aimable que je vous avois adressé; mais vous m'excuserez sans doute, quand vous sçaurez que la nouvelle forme que l'on a mise à la comédie nous a donné beaucoup d'occupation, nous a occasionné beaucoup d'assemblées, nous a fait faire beaucoup de mémoires, et le tout pour parvenir à une forme de gouvernement, peut-être trop sage et trop réfléchi pour qu'il ait une longue durée. Voici en deux mots, ce dont il s'agit: nous sommes parvenus à établir un conseil de jurisprudence qui, par la connoissance entière qu'il a de toutes les affaires, forme une balance juste, entre l'autorité injuste de nos supérieurs, et les caprices continuels de tous les comédiens; vous voyez, mon cher ami, que nous pouvons maintenant en appeller de l'injustice la plus complette, à la justice la plus intègre. Dieu veuille que nos despotes ne sentent pas les entraves qu'ils se sont imposées, et que nous ayons dorénavant assez de fermeté pour soutenir des droits qui nous sont donnés sous le bon plaisir du Roi. Il y a toute apparence que nôtre petite république se ressentira bientôt de cette bonne administration, puisque les punitions seront toujours proportionnées aux récompenses.

Vous sçavez, sans doute, mon cher Garrick, que le Roi s'est expliqué très-clairement sur la solidité et sur l'honnêteté de nôtre état, et que sa Majesté s'est réservée de donner tous actes nécessaires contre quiconque voudroit nous disputer à l'avenir tous les droits de citoyens et de fidèles sujets. Quoique cette déclaration n'ait été faite que verbalement, elle a cependant le plus grand crédit auprès des grands, et de la magistrature. Il est bien malheureux que Mademoiselle Clairon ne se soit pas contentée d'une déclaration aussi satisfaisante pour nous tous, et qu'elle ait abandonnée sa société, comme un composé de gens infames, et sans le moindre soupçon d'honneur; je vous avouerai, mon cher ami, que cette conduite a prodigieusement révolté la cour et la ville contre elle, et que moi, tout le premier, j'ai été indigné qu'elle ait osé penser qu'une société entière d'honnêtes gens pût être méprisable à ses yeux.

Cet égoïsme est le comble de l'insulte, et a aliéné tout le monde contre elle: elle a conséquemment demandé son congé, et le Roi le lui a donné dans le même instant; tous ceux qui avaient une très-grande opinion de sa grandeur d'âme et de son désintéressement, ont été fort surpris qu'elle ait exigé sa part de l'année dans laquelle elle

n'a pas jouée ; je conviens que j'en ai moi-même été surpris, et que je ne l'ai nullement reconnu dans une pareille conduite.

Quoiqu'il en soit, cette perte est affreuse pour le théâtre, elle ne sera pas réparable de long tems. Il faut un nombre d'années considérable pour former un homme à talents, et le moindre évènement le détruit. Au moment où je vous écris, mon cher ami, je relis vôtre lettre, et je ne conçois pas ce que vous voulez me dire, *en me faisant entendre qu'il ne tenait qu'à moi de prévenir tout le désordre qui est arrivé.* Ou vous avez été fort mal instruit, ou vous ne sçavez pas que tout ce baccanal se préparait dans le tems que j'étais encore en Angleterre ; je n'ai sçu qu'à mon rétour que le Roi s'était expliqué, et que Mademoiselle Clairon, n'ayant pû obtenir complettement ce qu'elle avait exigé, avait pris le parti de la retraite. J'ignore, mon cher ami, quelles sont les personnes mal instruites qui vous ont porté ces instructions, mais il est très-certain que l'on ne vous a pas fait un rapport juste de ce qui s'était passé ; je vous dis la simple et pure vérité, et je ne vous instruis que de ce que tout le monde sçait comme moi.

Adieu, mon cher Garrick ; daignez recevoir tous mes remercîmens de l'accueil agréable que vous avez bien voulu faire à mon Russe policé ; vos leçons, vôtre conversation, et vos talents, l'ont très-instruit sur le genre de la déclamation Anglaise, dont il n'avait aucune idée : vous avez fondu dans son âme tous les glaçons du Nord qu'il avait apporté dans nôtre partie Septentrionale. Je crains bien qu'un jour à venir, ces diables d'habitans de l'ancienne Scythie, après s'être chauffés dans nos foyers, ne tombent un beau jour sur nos bourgades, et ne deviennent les maîtres du Septentrion avec la même rapidité que les Romains se sont rendus les despotes de l'Espagne, de l'Afrique, et de la Germanie. Je laisse à vos politiques à creuser mon raisonnement, c'est à vous autres Anglois à prévenir les évènemens futurs ; pour nous, doux et compâtissans Gaulois, nous nous en remettons à la providence : c'est l'instruction sacrée que nos moines et nos prêtres nous donnent dès nôtre tendre enfance.—Adieu encore une fois, mon cher et respectable ami : je vous demande, comme une grâce spéciale, d'assurer Madame Garrick de mes très-humbles civilités ; daignez recevoir les miennes, et les assurances du sincère attachement de vôtre bon ami, LE KAIN.

DE M. FAVART À M. GARRICK.

MON CHER GARRICK, Paris, ce 24 Juillet, 1766.

OUI, mon cher Garrick, car l'amitié que vous m'avez témoignée et celle que je vous ai voueé, me donnent des droits pour me servir de ce terme familier, qui est l'expression de mon cœur : donc, mon cher Garrick, j'ai vu l'ami Monnet, qui m'a rempli de joye, en m'apprenant que vous vous portiez bien, ainsi que vôtre tendre et respectable moitié.

Il s'étoit ici répandu un bruit que vôtre dernier voyage en France vous avoit attiré quelques disgraces en Angleterre ; nôtre ami Monnet m'a tranquillisé en

m'assurant que vous étiez plus heureux que jamais. Je n'ai pas de peine à le croire: avec de l'aisance, de la philosophie et de la gaîté, le moindre citoyen doit vivre plus content que tous les souverains de la terre. Vôtre sort est à désirer; mais personne ne vous l'envie, vous l'avez trop bien mérité par vos talens.

Nôtre ami m'a beaucoup flatté en me disant que vous vous étiez souvent entretenu de moi avec lui. Je ne sais s'il a eu dessein de caresser mon amour-propre; mais en tout cas il s'y est bien pris, car je n'ai jamais rien tant désiré que d'occuper une place dans vôtre souvenir.

Mr. Monnet m'a mené chez Mr. Colman, vôtre compatriote. Nous n'avons resté ensemble qu'un quart d'heure; mais dans ce peu d'espace il m'a été facile de connoître que c'est véritablement un homme de talent. Il m'a parlé de sa traduction de Terence en versi sciolti, ou vers blancs; il m'a communiqué quelques unes de ses recherches pour enrichir les notes de cet ouvrage; je ne doute point d'après son plan que sa traduction ne soit bien reçue à Londres. Je vous prie de m'en écrire *inter nos* vôtre sentiment, ainsi que d'une comédie de sa façon, intitulé "The Clandestine Marriage," dont il a eu la bonté de me faire présent, quoique je ne sache pas l'Anglois.

Il nous est venu ici une lettre de Mr. Hume, qui présente l'auteur "d'Emile" comme un monstre qui déshonore les lettres et l'humanité. Ces deux célèbres auteurs que j'ai vus la veille de leur départ, me paroissoient tendrement unis; quel sujet si grave a donc pû les diviser? Tout le monde littéraire se déchaine contre le philosophe de Génève.

Il paroît une critique anonyme de l'éloge funèbre du Dauphin, composé par Mr. Thomas; Mr. Rousseau y est attaqué personellement; les Encyclopédistes n'y sont pas plus ménagés. Nos dévots veulent rendre nos philosophes modernes responsables des écarts d'une imagination déréglée, que des principes mal conçus ont conduite au fanatisme de l'impiété, car tout a son fanatisme jusqu'à l'incrédulité même; c'est par cette raison que l'on défend à Paris l'entrée du Dictionnaire Encyclopédique; c'est pour le même sujet que l'on a jetté au feu avec le jeune homme d'Abbeville le Dictionnaire de Mr. de Voltaire.

Ce jeune homme, appellé Mr. le Febvre de la Marre, a été condamné à avoir la tête tranchée, et son corps jetté au feu, pour avoir insulté une image de Christ. Le jour de l'exécution, on lui lut sa sentence comme il est d'usage; il l'écouta tranquillement, et se mit à rire. Le confesseur s'empara de lui; mais le jeune homme ne l'entretint jusqu'à l'heure du dîner que de propos légers et plaisans. Ils se mirent à table; après avoir bien mangé, Mr. le Febvre demande au Docteur s'il ne lui seroit pas permis de prendre du caffé. "Je n'y vois pas d'inconvénient," répond celui-ci. "Vous avez raison," ajoute Mr. le Febvre toujours gaîment, "cela ne troublera pas ma digestion." On vient le prendre pour le conduire au supplice, il fait voir la même tranquillité d'âme; mais en mettant le pied sur l'échaffaut, il parut un peu d'altération sur son visage: "Ah! vous avez donc peur de la mort," s'écrie le Prêtre. "Point du tout; mais je remarque avec indignation plusieurs de mes ennemis qui

sont dans la foule, et qui viennent se repaître du spectacle de ma mort. Tenez: les voyez-vous, ici, là? jusqu'à quel point se portent la haine et l'animosité des hommes!" Le Docteur veut profiter de cette occasion pour lui parler du passage redoutable de la vie à la mort. "Eh! Mr. le Curé, dans un instant j'en saurai sur cette matière autant que vous. Quel est ce morçeau de papier qui danse au bout d'une corde?"—"C'est l'effigie de vôtre malheureux complice:" ce qui fit rire encore Mr. le Febvre. Ensuite il dit d'un ton plus réfléchi, "Cet homme-là devoit être réellement pendu pour son honneur, il s'est enfui comme un j: f:!" Il apperçoit à un coin de l'échaffaut sept Messieurs fort bien mis, il demande qui ils sont; on lui répond, que ce sont des bourreaux—"Comment, sept bourreaux pour moi, pour moi tout seul? voilà qui est fort plaisant." Il fait signe du doigt à l'un d'eux de s'approcher: "Mr. vous êtes donc Bourreau?"—"Oui, Monsieur, de Paris; j'ai cet honneur-là."—"Ah, ah! est-ce vous qui avez coupé la tête à Mr. De Lalli?"—"Oui, Monsieur, j'ai encore eu cet honneur-là."—"Ecoutez donc, mon ami; on dit que vous vous y êtes pris assez mal; vous l'avez manqué."—"Il est vrai, Monsieur, mais ce n'est pas ma faute, il ne vouloit pas avoir la complaisance de se tenir comme il faut."—"Eh bien; dites-moi comment il faut que je me tienne; je vous avouërai que je ne suis pas trop au fait; c'est la première fois que l'on me coupe la tête. Placez-moi vous même."—"Très-volontiers, mon cher Monsieur."—Le bourreau le met en situation, mais le patient s'étant dérangé un peu sans s'en appercevoir, il entend que l'exécuteur dit tout bas au prêtre: "Il se tient mal;" alors il se retourne en disant: "Eh que diable! placez-moi donc mieux; c'est vôtre affaire; si vous me manquez, vous direz encore que ce sera ma faute." Il est placé de nouveau.—"Suis-je bien?"—L'exécuteur lui répond par un coup de sabre, qui fait voler la tête. On lance ensuite le corps dans le bucher, et comme je l'ai dit, le Dictionnaire Philosophique, parceque Mr. le Febvre de la Marre s'étoit vanté de l'avoir lû.

Cette exécution me rappelle une anecdote au sujet de Mr. De Lalli, avant son départ pour le gouvernement de Pondicheri. Il étoit à dîner chez Madame Garrick, avec plusieurs dames et seigneurs de la cour; il y avoit là un vieux militaire à bon mots qui rioit et crioit par intervalle, parcequ'il avoit un rhumatisme gouteux qui contrarioit sa gaîté. Comme les accès de ses souffrances étoient violens, chacun s'empressoit à indiquer son remède. Une personne de la compagnie dit qu'il n'y en avoit point de plus efficace que la graisse de pendu, dont il falloit se frotter. "Où trouver de la graisse de pendu?"—"Chez Charlot, le Bourreau, qui demeure à la Villeneuve." Remarquez que l'on étoit au dessert, on avoit sablé du vin de Champagne, on fait la partie d'aller chez Charlot. Mr. De Lalli emboîte dans sa voiture le vieux militaire, qui jurant, criant, riant et souffrant, fut conduit à la maison de Mr. Charlot. Ce grand maître des hautes œuvres fut honoré de cette visite; il donna autant de graisse qu'on en volut. Après, Mr. De Lalli demanda à voir son cabinet d'histoire naturelle, qu'on lui avoit beaucoup vanté. Charlot commença par lui montrer des potences, des cordes, des roues, &c. ensuit il ouvre une petite armoire d'où il tire un Damas, et le faisant voir à nud à Mr. De Lalli, "Tout ce que je vous ai présenté jusqu'ici," dit-il,

" ne sont qu'au supplice de ces gueux, de ces pauvres diables qui sont fripons, parce-qu'ils n'ont pas le moyen d'être honnête gens; mais voici pour vous, Monseigneur, qui êtes un très-honnête gentilhomme." Mr. De Lalli et toute sa suite rirent beaucoup de la simplicité de Mr. Charlot; mais le Gouverneur de Pondicheri auroit pû regarder cela comme un présage.

Si l'on en croit le cri public, ce Mr. De Lalli étoit un monstre. On dit que, pendant le siège de Pondicheri, une pauvre femme accablée de misère vint se prosterner à ses pieds en lui demandant du pain pour trois enfans qu'elle avoit:—" Tu as trois enfans et tu te plains," dit ce barbare, " mange-les,—tu auras de quoi vivre pour plus de quinze jours."

Mademoiselle Durancy quitte l'opéra pour entrer au théâtre François. On prétend que c'est une digne rivale de Mademoiselle Clairon, et que l'on n'a point vû de talent plus décidé. Mademoiselle Laru quitte aussi l'opéra.

On doit donner aujourd'hui à la Comédie Italienne une petite pièce en vers et en ariettes, intitulée " La Clochette." Ce sujet est tiré de La Fontaine. Les paroles sont de Mr. Anseaume, et la musique de Mr. Duni.

Quand je saurai quelque chose d'intéressant, je vous en ferai part aussitôt, car je veux réparer mes torts avec vous, vous seul êtes capable de vaincre ma paresse.

Adieu, mon cher Garrick; soyez bien persuadé que je serai toujours

Vôtre serviteur et sincère ami,

FAVART.

Je vous prie de présenter mes respects à Madame Garrick.

Ma femme vous fait à l'un et à l'autre un million de complimens.

DE M. LE BARON DE GRIMM À MR. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 9 Août, 1766.

CETTE lettre, illustre David, vous sera remise par le Père Frisi, savant distingué d'Italie et d'ailleurs homme de très bonne compagnie, qui a passé quelques mois avec nous dans la société de M. le Baron D'Holbach que vous aimez. Il ne sera qu'un moment à Londres; mais, comme il est naturel, il veut pendant ce moment avoir eu l'avantage de vous connaître.

Permettez-moi que je profite de cette occasion pour vous demander si vous avez pû réaliser la généreuse résolution que vous aviez prise en faveur de nôtre projet de souscription pour la famille Calas. En ce cas, je vous demanderois en grâce de m'écrire sur le champ pour savoir le nombre d'exemplaires qu'il vous faudroit de nôtre estampe. Les autres receveurs de Londres ont fait leur demande, et nous voudrions bien ne pas envoyer à deux reprises différentes, vû la difficulté des entrées. Dès que vous aurez fixé le nombre des estampes dont vouz aurez besoin pour les personnes qui ont souscrit chez-vous, je ferai partir le paquet tout entier. Après quoi je vous demanderai la liste des souscripteurs avec leur nom et qualité, parceque le projet de la rendre publique subsiste toujours.

Madame D'Epinay, le Philosophe Diderot, toute la société vous dit mille choses ainsi qu'à Madame Garrick. Quand reviendrez-vous? Voilà la question éternelle que nous ferons jusqu'à vôtre réponse decisive. Vous abhorrez peut-être un pays où l'on brule les enfans quand ils n'ont pas mis chapeau bas devant la procession; mais du moins vous y vivrez avec des gens qui ont ces atrocités en horreur.

Savez-vous, illustre Roscius, que j'ai beaucoup vu ce Prince héréditaire de Brunswic que vous nous avez prêté, et que tout mon sang Germanique a tressailli en mes veines de voir un Prince Germain de ce mérite. Vôtre Roi n'aura jamais mieux marié ses sœurs: aussi avec connaissance de cause je lui ai voué, à ce Prince héréditaire, le plus tendre attachement.

C'est bien aussi avec connaissance de cause que je suis, très-cher et illustre David, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

GRIMM.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Ce Dimanche, 10 Août, 1766.

J'IMAGINOIS, qu'avant de quitter Paris, Monsieur vôtre bel esprit daigneroit me revoir, se charger d'une lettre pour vous, et recevoir mes complimens sur sa pièce. Comme il a trompé mon attente, Mr. Changuion voudra bien vous faire passer ma réponse. Je ne vous dis point ce que je pense de lui, vraiment je n'ai pas envie de vous rendre son ennemi juré.*

Vous n'avez point reçu la visite de mon jeune Ecossois; en retournant à Édinbourg il m'a écrit dans l'amertume de son cœur, *je n'ai point vu Mr. Garrick.* Vôtre maudit *not at home* a désobligé un de mes amis. Il vous admiroit trop pour se battre avec vous, mais croyez-moi, Mr. Bully, vous ne l'auriez pas tué. Il se seroit défendu pour l'honneur de son amie.

Vous plairoit-il de quitter cette humeur massacrante? le joli commerce! toujours aux couteaux tirés, nous finirons par nous étrangler. Je ne vous parlerai plus de mes amitiés Écossoises, car pour des Anglois je n'en vois pas un. Allons, remettez vôtre épée dans le foureau. Pierre fut repris du Seigneur pour une méchante oreille de Malchus; voyez ce qui vous arriveroit, si vous coupiez la tête à l'un, je ne sçai quoi à l'autre.—Mon ami, faisons une bonne paix, franche et solide. Je vous aime mieux que tout le monde. Cet aveu doit vous satisfaire.

J'ai lu avec beaucoup de plaisir "Le Clandestine Mariage:" la pièce est amusante, le dénoûment vif et singulier; les scènes du mari charmantes par sa situation, le *doigt* que vous avez mis au pâté l'a surement très bien assaisonné. Recevez mes complimens sur l'ouvrage, sur son succès; mes remerciemens du présent et mes excuses de vous avoir querellé mal à propos. Accoûtumez-vous à me pardonner souvent, car je suis incorrigible: vous vous en doutiez, n'est-ce pas?

* The *bel esprit* alluded to was Colman. Favart, it seems, did not know of Garrick's "*finger* in the pye," as this lady styles his share of "The Clandestine Marriage."—ED.

La rupture de Mr. Hume et de Jean-Jacques a fait un bruit terrible ici. Les gens de lettres sont pour Mr. Hume; et les personnes sensées ne le soupçonnent point d'avoir tort. Un naturel doux, sensible; un cœur honnête, un esprit juste, voilà les garands de l'historien. Rousseau cherche la célébrité, il la préfère à tout; il ne restera pas tranquille dans l'asile qu'il a désiré. N'est-il pas bien inconséquent? Sa conduite et ses principes ne se démentent-t-ils point? Quand on méprise les hommes peut on désirer de les occuper? On est trop heureux d'être oublié de ceux dont on dédaigne les mœurs, dont on croit le cœur incapable de bonté, de reconnoissance et d'amitié.

À la honte de la philosophie, de l'esprit, du sçavoir, nos académies sont remplies d'extravagans. Tous ces sublimes raisonneurs n'ont pas le sens commun. L'orgueil les guide et les égare. En voulant être admiré, on perd la douceur d'être aimé, le bonheur d'aimer soi-même. C'est la confiance, c'est l'amitié qui diminuent les peines de la vie, qui les entremêlent de plaisir et d'agrément. Se croire entouré de trompeurs, d'ennemis, de créatures toujours prêtes à nuire; c'est être bien à plaindre.

Mais pourquoi Rousseau ne croit-il pas à la bonté, à l'extrême bonté, lui qui admire Alexandre parceque ce prince *croyoit à la vertu, y croyoit au péril de sa vie?* Douter qu'il existe un homme capable d'obliger sans intérêt! Ah fi, je ne voudrois pas avoir l'esprit de Rousseau, sa réputation, celle de Pope, d'Isaac Newton, même de vôtre ami Sheaxpire! et trouver ce doute dans mon cœur.

En vérité, le monde n'est pas si corrompu que ces Messieurs le prétendent; la bonté n'est pas rare; chaque nation offre à celui qui les cherche une infinité d'hommes estimables, portés par leurs principes ou par leur naturel à aimer, à servir ceux qui leur ressemblent: par tout le mérite et l'honneur trouvent de l'appui, des secours, des amis. Une vanité mal entendue, une trop haute opinion de soi-même peut seule éloigner de la société. Quand on y porte un cœur droit et des intentions pures, quand on veut en faire partie et non pas la dominer, l'assujettir, on ne la trouve point un assemblage de monstres odieux: mais ne pouvant égaler le vainqueur de Darius, Diogène voulut au moins le braver du fond de son tonneau.*

Job et Rousseau se présentent toujours de compagnie à mon esprit, nos bons pères admirèrent la patience de Job. Jamais diable dans un bénitier ne cria de meilleur courage. Si on peut paroître noble par sa pauvreté, c'est en la supportant en silence, c'est en la cachant, c'est en n'insultant point le riche dont on refuse les dons, c'est par une conduite uniforme, que l'on mérite cette admiration qu'inspire à tous les hommes la véritable grandeur d'âme.—Eh bon Dieu, quel verbiage! baillez-

* This favourable and, I think, just view of life is extremely well written, and does honour to the lively lady. The passion she has at times for inserting *colloquial English* in her epistles dishonours her composition; because the terms she catches up are of the lowest order, such as no English lady ever uses, and consequently utterly unsuitable to a French gentlewoman, a wit, and a most agreeable novelist. But she intended to divert Mr. Garrick by ribaldry from a polished pen, and gave the sort of pleasure that we derive from children when they are taught a set of graceless words which they do not understand; but the children are subsequently beaten, if they do not leave off what it was no fault of theirs originally to have acquired.—Ed.

vous? dormez-vous? êtes vous mort d'ennui, dites, mon aimable ami; an accursed lecture, indeed!

Mille et mille tendres complimens à Madame Garrick. Je l'aime toujours de tout mon cœur. Ma compagne vous embrasse tout les deux; et moi donc! est-ce-que je ne baise pas vos deux yeux, et le front serein de vôtre chère compagne?

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 14 Août, 1766.

Mon ami, vous trouverez ci-joint l'engagement du danseur dont je vous ai parlé dans ma précédente. Pour des raisons qu'il est inutile de vous déduire, son début ici ne lui a pas été favorable. Mais je crois pouvoir vous avancer qu'il vaut beaucoup mieux que n'a jamais valu Régina, et que vous en tirerez un bien meilleur parti: il est bon pantomime, il a l'exécution brillante, il fait bien les ballets, il dessine un peu, il a du goût pour les habits qui le concernent, et il a une prodigieuse quantité de musique pour la danse et pour le chant, dont il a fait collection en Italie. Les gens qui le connoissent m'ont assuré qu'il joignoit à cela de la douceur, de l'honnêteté et de la sagesse. Par le tableau que je lui ai fait de vôtre équité et des bons conseils que vous pouviez lui donner, il a la plus grande envie de vous plaire. Si tout cela se réalise, je lui ai promis que vous seriez favorable à son bénéfice, et quoique restant avec vous une seconde année, vous ne manqueriez pas de lui donner pour gratification les douze louis et demi dont il est question dans son engagement pour revenir en France. Ce danseur partira d'ici au 1^{r} de Septembre: je l'addresserai à un homme qui enseigne la langue Françoise chez Mr. Angelo, qui le logera et qui en aura soin. Je l'aurois bien addressé à Grimaldi, mais je craindrois qu'ils ne s'accordent point. À propos de Mr. Angelo, il m'a écrit qu'il viendroit à Paris dans le mois prochain: vous m'obligerez de le charger de la redingotte que je vous ai demandé; vous y joindrez les Mémoires de Mad. de Pompadour, écrits par elle-même, que vous trouverez chez Mr. Becket. Je voudrois bien avoir aussi six cendom de gaze; on m'a assuré qu'il y en avoit à Londres. Mon voyage de Hollande a été remis à l'année prochaine par une colique d'estomac arrivé à mon camarade de voyage; celui de Mr. Colman a été bon sans doute. Faites-lui, je vous prie, mes compliments, et dites-lui que je l'aime bien, et qu'il ne doit pas oublier que je suis ici à son service.

Cette maudite caisse où j'ai mis vos portraits n'est pas encor arrivée de Dunkerque: ell'arrivera sous huit jours au plus tard; n'aie nulle inquiétude à ce sujet, il n'y a pas de ma faute.

Nous allons demain avec Mr. Gouet passer six jours à la campagne du Comte du Luc: ce dernier me charge de vous dire qu'il vous reverra ici avec bien du plaisir.

Je reviens au Sieur Guidetti; je n'ai point trouvé de femme ici pour danser avec

lui qui en valût la peine. J'en ai vu une à vôtre théâtre qui pourra lui convenir et qu'il formera à sa manière. Je n'ai rien à vous dire pour Madame Garrick; vous sçavez tous deux ce que je pense pour vous et combien je vous aime: je vous prie seulement de vous ressouvenir que j'ai une place au chevet de mon lit qui attend un tableau que vous m'avez promis.

MONNET.

DE M. PREVILLE À M. GARRICK.

À Compeigne, ce 24 Août, 1766.

AH Dame! voilà ce que c'est d'être un homme aimable, d'être un homme de mérite, on est persécuté; c'est vôtre faute, comme vous savez, et point de tout la mienne; on croit que vous avez de l'amitié pour moi, et l'on me prie quand on va en Angleterre de vous écrire, pour avoir un honnête prétexte de s'approcher de vous, pour pouvoir se vanter à son retour d'avoir vu un homme rare; et moi je vous écris parceque je suis flatté qu'on me croye au nombre des gens que vous aimez, et que cela me met au moins dans le cas de vous assurer de tous les sentimens d'amitié que je vous ai voué.

Mr. Bursay qui vous remettra cette lettre, est un homme honnête et instruit; si vous voulez lui donner quelque marque d'attention, vous le connaîtrez, et me sçaurez gré de vous l'avoir recommandé. Envoyez-moi quelqu'un qui vous intéresse, et vous verrez comme je serai reconnoissant. Il n'y a pas grandes nouvelles théâtrales. On a donné Artaxerce, qui a eu un demi succès au moins. Je deviens raisonnable et crois pouvoir vous promettre une corréspondance comique réglée et qui pourra vous amuser. J'ai quelques faits déjà ramassés. Mandez-moi si cela peut vous faire quelque plaisir. Adieu, bon et aimable ami, c'est avec transport que je me dis le vôtre,

PRÉVILLE.

DE MM. LE TENDRE ET DORNAY À MR. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Londres, ce 4 Septembre, 1766.

DEUX étrangers, attirés en Angleterre par le désir de voir les raretés qu'elle possède et de connaître les grands hommes qui la rendent célèbre, désireroient d'avoir l'honneur de faire visite à celui qui a sçu embellir Shakspeare, et qui partage avec lui les hommages des gens du goût. Mr. le Docteur Maty, auquel nous étions recommandés, et qui a eu pour nous toutes les politesses imaginables, nous a assurés d'une réception agréable de vôtre part, Monsieur; il a même eu la bonté de nous donner une lettre pour vous; permettez, Monsieur, de vous demander le jour et l'heure que nous pourrions vous la présenter. Nous avons sçu que vous étiez hier en ville, et nous aurions desiré de nous rendre chez-vous aujourd'hui, mais un voyage projetté dans les environs de Londre pour en connaître les beautés, nous en empêche. Nous nous

étions proposés d'aller admirer vôtre beau séjour de Hampton Court Samedi prochain, faites-nous la grâce de nous marquer par le porteur si nous pourons espérer d'avoir l'avantage de vous y trouver.

Nous avons l'honneur d'être, avec les sentiments qui sont dus aux talents sublimes, Monsieur, vos très-humbles et très-obéissants serviteurs,

LE TENDRE. DORNAY.

"Logés au Cigne chez Mr. Morgan,
à la descente du pont de Westminster."

DE M. DE VIGNY À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Au King's Bench, in State House number 7, ce 5 Septembre, 1766.

VOUS trouverez sans doute bien extraordinaire que quelqu'un qui n'est nullement connu de vous, vous prie de lui rendre un service. Mais si je vous suis inconnu, vous ne me l'êtes point. J'ai si souvent entendu faire l'éloge de vôtre âme, que je vous ai trouvé aussi célèbre par vos sentimens, que par vos talens. D'après cette persuasion j'ai cru pouvoir vous confier ma peine: peut-être vous touchera-t'-elle, et je craindrois de vous offenser en en doutant.

Je suis ici depuis dix mois pour 300 pièces: j'ai éprouvé tout ce qui peut affliger un cœur tendre et sensible: si vous joignez à cela de manquer du nécessaire depuis deux mois, vous jugerez de quel prix seroit le service que vous me rendriez. J'ai caché à ma famille et à mes amis en France ma détention, j'ai cru devoir le faire: je n'en reçois point de secours, un domestique m'a emporté mes plus pretieux effets, j'ai été forcé d'engager les autres; je m'efforce de cacher ici mon état, je souffre en silence, craignant le mépris qui suit le besoin, mais je ne puis plus le tenir secret, on commence à s'en appercevoir, et sans respect pour mon malheur, on me tourmente pour quelques avances contractées par l'affreuse nécessité.

Je vous prie donc d'adoucir mes douleurs en me prêtant dix ou douze guinées dont j'ai besoin tant pour acquitter des dettes humiliantes, que pour vivre en attendant que je prenne des arrangemens. Je vous les rendrai dès que je pourrai: elles ne seront pas perdues, et je vous devrai beaucoup. J'ai jugé que n'étant pas créé pour les choses communes et ordinaires, vous coureriez des risques, que personne peut-être ne voudroit courir, pour honorer l'humanité. Vouz avez tant de fois fait sentir la nature, qu'il faut qu'elle soit chez-vous divine, pour la communiquer ainsi à tout un monde entier.

Étranger dans ces lieux, personne ne me tend une main secourable; victime d'un cruel préjugé contre ma nation du peuple dans ce pays, qui confond tous les François, je suis obligé de le combattre par les preuves de mon éducation; j'ai beau faire, je suis souvent vaincu. Je crois en vous seul, et j'y fonde mon espoir.

Si cette occasion pouvoit me procurer l'honneur de vous connoître, j'en serois bien flatté, je l'ai désiré bien des fois quand j'étois heureux. L'infortune n'a changé que

mon état. Si vous n'avez point de répugnance pour venir ici, faites-moi cette faveur. J'ai souvent vécu, et partout, avec les hommes célèbres. Je m'instruirai à penser comme vous, si je ne puis agir aussi grandement. Sinon, envoyez-moi quelqu'un de vos amis ou de confiance, qui prenne connoissance de la triste vérité que je vous accuse.

Je vous envoie, Monsieur, une lettre de recommandation que m'avoit donné un conseiller au Parlement de Bretagne de mes amis pour un gentilhomme des siens, qui vous fera connoître qui je suis : je n'ai pu remettre la lettre, cette personne étant allé à l'Amerique. Elle est peut-être trop à mon avantage, mais n'en croyez que ce qu'il faut pour me donner un caractère auprès de vous. Je vous prie de la garder comme un titre de vérité jusqu'à ce que j'aye rempli mon devoir envers vous, si vous me faites la grâce de m'obliger.

Un de mes plaintifs, touché de mon état, m'a fait la proposition du monde la plus honnête ; si je puis en profiter, mon premier soin sera consacré à la reconnoissance, en allant aussitôt vous assurer de la considération tout particulière avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

JEAN RÉNÉ DE VIGNY,
Ancien Mousquetaire et officier dans une des compagnies de la garde du Roi de France.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

11 Septembre, 1766.

AVEZ-VOUS un démon familier? un génie dirige-t'-il vos mouvemens? une fée expose-t'-elle à vos yeux les désirs de vos amis? — Le Vicaire de Wakefield! quoi, lui-même! en personne? vrai, en honneur, il est là! rien de plus étonnant, je vous le jure.

Jamais entêté Protestant n'eut plus d'horreur pour la terre papiste, et sans enchantement il étoit impossible de l'engager à passer la mer. Un chien d'Écossois m'écrit au commencement de Mai, m'annonce un Mr. Jenkinson venant à Paris, m'apportant le Vicaire de Wakefield. Moi de me répandre en remerciemens! *Mon Dieu, Monsieur, vôtre souvenir, vôtre attention, vous êtes charmant,* et mille autres bêtises. Je fais des vœux pour l'heureux passage de Mr. Jenkinson. Je m'occupe de lui, je guette l'instant de son arrivée ; je tourmente Mr. Changuion, Mr. Smith ; point de nouvelle. Le gracieux Calédonien passe un mois à faire ses adieux à sa chère patrie, se donne les airs de prendre le plus long ; se repose d'un côté, s'amuse de l'autre, se promène, s'instruit ; je le maudis du fond du cœur. Enfin quand il plait au ciel l'indolent Mr. Jenkinson arrive. On m'avertit, me voilà bien contente. Un fort aimable philosophe va lui demander *le Vicaire ;* un joli colonnel l'assiège pour avoir *le Vicaire.* Mr. Changuion a la bonté d'envoyer, d'écrire, d'aller lui-même : — O rage! o fureur! le tranquille Écossois n'a ni curé, ni sacristain, ni vicaire ; ne sçait ce que c'est, n'y

comprend rien ; ne connoit ni moi, ni le vicaire, ni l'église, ni ses prêtres,—c'est un grand hasard s'il connoit Dieu : Et moi de jurer comme un payen : sang et furies !— Patience, disoit Mr. Changuion, eh, mon Dieu, patience ! Le vicaire viendra, je vous assure qu'il viendra.

Peu de jours après, voilà une lettre de Mr. Burke. Un style charmant, des excuses de sa longue négligence, mille politesses, un badinage léger, de l'esprit, de l'agrément, de la finesse ; rien de plus joli. *Il prend la liberté de m'envoyer*, il a *l'honneur de me présenter*,—qui, quoi ? devinez,—Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Un Irlandois doit me le remettre, avec le livre de Mr. Burke l'ainé.

Je connois cet Irlandois, il est attaché à un de nos princes. On va chez-lui : il est malade. On y retourne, il est absent, puis marié, puis cocu, je crois. Je perds patience, je crie, je peste, je m'arrache les cheveux. *Là ! doucement*, disoit Mr. Changuion, d'un air posé, paisible à le faire assommer : *il viendra, ce diable de Vicaire, croyez-m'en, il viendra.*

Un soir on me demande de la part de Mr. Wilkes : moi, qui ne suis point du parti de l'opposition, moi, l'amie des Écossois, je frémis à ce nom. Un valet de chambre me remet un paquet adressé à Mr. Colman, puis à moi : j'ouvre, c'est un billet de Mr. Garrick, une lettre de Mr. Becket, et ce Vicaire si désiré, si long-tems attendu ! je pousse un cri de joie, charmée de le voir, plus charmée de le tenir de vous, de vôtre amitié. À présent il en arrivera une douzaine, celui de Mr. Changuion est venu, les autres le suivront, j'en leverai magazin.

Vous avez raison de dire qu'il ne m'apprendra rien. C'est un homme qui va de malheurs en malheurs assez rapidement, et de bonheurs en bonheurs tout aussi vîte. Cela ne ressemble guère à la vie du monde. On devroit s'appliquer à peindre les situations les plus ordinaires, celles où beaucoup de personnes peuvent se trouver. Alors les leçons de conduite seroient utiles. Je ne suis pas un juge compétent du style, mais le plan de l'ouvrage ne m'a pas intéressée ; le pathétique annoncé par Mr. Burke ne m'a point frappée : le plaidoyer en faveur des vouleurs, des petits larrons, des gens de mauvaises mœurs, est fort éloigné de me plaire. Il faut dire aux hommes : *soyez toujours honnêtes, l'honneur perdu ne se recouvre jamais.* C'est les désespérer, dira-t'-on, c'est leur ôter le désir de rentrer dans leur devoir. Mon ami, l'expérience prouve, que celui dont la misère, dont le besoin a tourné les idées vers la bassesse, vers le crime, qui a pu envisager la honte et s'exposer à la mériter, est un homme dont le cœur est corrompu. Le Vicaire prèche des coquins, les convertit ; je ne voudrois pas rencontrer sa congrégation dans un bois, si j'avois mille louis dans ma poche.

Eh bien, Messieurs les Anglois, comment supportez-vous l'absence de Mr. de Lauraguais. Il est à la Bastille, et son beau cheval de course se promène comme si de rien n'étoit. C'est pourtant l'animal au pied léger qui tient son maître prisonnier.

On dit Mr. Hume et Jean-Jaques raccommodés. Est-il vrai ? Comment fait-on pour se raccommoder ? de ma vie je n'ai compris cela. La mort de Mademoiselle de Malboissière a été imprévue, comme vous l'aurez sçu : le Colonnel Wedderburne en

est désolé, confondu, désespéré, anéanti, et damné par-dessus le marché. Car il croit la défunte sainte, il l'invoque, il l'atteste, il la prie. Poor soul! c'est dommage qu'il perde l'esprit, car il a une jolie mine, une taille noble, et la conversation vive et très-séduisante. Ma foi, s'il n'avoit pas été s'enterrer chez Madame de Malboissière, il auroit fort réussi auprès de nos dames.

Recevez mes tendres remerciemens. Faites bien mes complimens à Madame Garrick; embrassez-la pour moi et pour ma compagne; nous l'aimons toujours. On m'imprime. Je vous enverrai le premier exemplaire qui sera sec. *Cela ne presse pas*, m'allez-vous dire, *je ne vous attends pas comme vous faisiez le Vicaire.* N'importe, vous aurez le premier exemplaire. Adieu, mon aimable ami.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 13 Septembre, 1766.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu ce que vous m'avez envoyé par Antonio, à l'exception de la petite note que Madame Garrick lui a donnée pour des choses qui la regardent: il devoit m'apporter cette note, mais cet homme, qui n'aime pas vraisemblablement à se lever matin, ne peut pas se déterminer à quitter le lit pour me trouver chez moi avant huit heures, tems qu'on peut me rencontrer.

Ce n'est pas de ma faute si vos dessins colorés sont restés à la Douanne de Douvre; croyant nécessaire de laisser toute l'étendue de ceux qui sont sur du grand papier, je n'ai pas pu trouver des feuillets de cette grandeur. Leviés a voulu s'en charger en me promettant de vous les faire tenir par une de ses amis. Mr. Colman les a pris, il vous sera facile, je pense, de les retirer à peu de frais.

Le caisse où j'ai fait mettre tous vos portraits et que j'ai envoyé par Dunkerque ne m'est pas encore parvenue, des circonstances en sont la cause, mais ne craignez rien, ce retard ne vous portera aucun dommage: dans peu tout cela arrivera à bon port.

Antonio m'a dit que vous aviez absolument besoin d'une danseuse: j'en ai trouvé une jeune, jolie, qui n'a pas un talent bien supérieur, mais qui pourroit réussir à Londres par la figure et la gentillesse qu'elle a. Elle a débuté aux Italiens avec un peu de succès. Elle s'appelle Mademoiselle Desforges; elle veut cent cinquante livres d'appointemens et un bénéfice, elle veut en outre vingt-cinq louis d'avance. Je lui ai offert cent vingt-cinq louis. Marquez-moi, à lettre vue, vos intentions à ce sujet.

Je joins ici un paquet de lettre pour Mr. Guidetti, pour lequel j'ai payé quatorze livres, que vous lui retiendrez sur ses appointemens: vous me direz, s'il vous plait, ce que vous avez payé pour la redingotte et les Mémoires de Madame de Pompadour, pour que je puisse me faire payer par ceux qui m'ont chargé de cette commission.

Je finis, pour profiter d'une occasion qui se présente pour vous faire passer ce paquet à Londres. Bien des amitiés, mon ami, pour vous et pour Madame Garrick.

MONNET.

Comme j'allois fermer ma lettre, la caisse de Dunkerque où sont vos portraits est arrivé chez-moi en très-bon ordre. Le plutôt que je le pourrai, je donnerai mes soins à cet objet, et je ferai tout ce qui dépendra de moi pour vous contenter. Antonio est entré dans le même tems dans ma chambre, il m'a remis une note des commissions de Madame Garrick, et celle de faire monter un ordre de St. George: sitôt que cela sera fait je vous l'enverrai par la première occasion.

J'ai chargé mon ami Collot, de payer pour moi à Guillaume Webb, marchand dans Cheapside, la somme de douze livres sterling, douze cheling; s'il ne l'a point fait, et qu'on vienne vous présenter mon billet, je vous prie de l'acquitter: je vous en tiendrai compte. Je me rappelle que je devois quinze guinées à Mr. Webb. Mr. Changuion que je vois dans ce moment, me dit que vous avez payé cet homme, je vous en remercie. N'ayez nulle inquiétude sur Guidetti; vous en serez content. Répondez-moi sur Mademoiselle Desforges; je vous dis qu'elle est jeune, jolie, bien-faite, et que je lui crois autant de talent qu'à celles que j'ai vues à vôtre théâtre. Mr. Changuion embrasse Mr. et Madame Garrick.

DE M. BURSAY À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Douvres, 30 Septembre, 1766.

AU moment où je partais de Londres, j'ai reçu une lettre que j'aurais dû avoir le plaisir de vous remettre moi-même, pour me procurer celui de vous revoir: vous me fîtes un accueil si honnête, que je regrette de n'avoir pû me procurer plusieurs fois le même avantage: c'étoit pour en jouir, Monsieur, que j'avais engagé vôtre jadis-ami Préville, à m'envoyer un espèce de passeport pour parvenir jusqu'à vous: je l'ai reçu, et je vous prie de m'excuser, si je vous le communique. C'est enfin une lettre de Préville: puisse-t'-elle commencer à vous ramener à lui, si vous l'avez vraiment aimé. Je voudrois de tout mon cœur, que vous lui donnassiez au moins un demi-pardon de sa négligence: il promet de se corriger, il tiendra parole: je suis certain, Monsieur, qu'il aprendra avec une vraie douleur vôtre juste refroidissement à son égard. Donnez-moi, Monsieur, donnez-moi, je vous prie, la satisfaction de voir se raprocher deux hommes à qui les deux premiers théâtres de l'Europe doivent infiniment. Voilà les raisons qui me déterminent à vous adresser ce billet, et à saisir l'occasion de me dire,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble, très-obéissant serviteur,

BURSAY.

" Bursay, chez M. Armand,
à la Comédie Française, à Paris."

DE M. GRAVELOT A M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, ET CHER AMI, À Paris, ce 14 Decembre, 1766.

Vôtre lettre m'a rempli de satisfaction, parcequ'elle m'est une preuve du bon état de vôtre santé et de celle de Madame, que je salue de tout mon cœur.

Que ne puis-je me charger de ce que souhaite vôtre ami Doctor Hawkesworth, que je remercie mille fois pour la bonne opinion qu'il a de moi. Mais la même raison qui m'a empêché de satisfaire aux désirs de Mr. Colman, et aux miens, au sujet de son excellente traduction de Terence, me retient de nouveau : c'est l'embarras de répondre de la diligence et de l'exactitude de nos graveurs, qui sont si occupés, la manie des estampes étant actuellement celle de la typographie, que je n'ose me mettre entr'eux et la personne qui voudroit me charger de pareilles entreprises. Je crois avoir prévenu Mr. Colman qu'il n'auroit pû avoir ses six planches que vers la fin de May au plus tôt, ce qui m'a empêché de continuer mes dessins, puisqu'il souhaitoit avoir dessins et gravures avant le mois passé.

Or le Télémaque a, si je ne me trompe, vingt-quatre livres, ce qui feroit vingt-quatre vignettes, et peut-être presque autant de cul de lampes, c'est quarante planches et tant. Est-ce que Mr. Grignon et d'autres où vous êtes, ne pourroient pas exécuter mes dessins ? C'est ce que j'avois proposé à Mr. Colman, prévoyant les difficultés que je sentois ici pour l'exécution de son ouvrage. Grignon, qui a été mon élève, s'il n'a pas dégénéré, a du goût et du mérite ; et je ne doute pas qu'il n'y en aît d'autres capables de satisfaire le Docteur vôtre ami, qui ne me paroit désirer que du goût. Une autre observation par rapport aux cul de lampes est, qu'il faut qu'ils soient de grandeur relative à l'espace que laissera l'impression, ce que je ne puis deviner. Enfin je serois charmé assurément d'être bon à quelque chose à vous et à vos amis, mais encore une fois il faut le tems, c'est à dire la possibilité de l'exécution : d'ailleurs je prévois que quarante et tant de dessins et leur gravure feront une dépense assez considérable. On grave actuellement mes dessins du Voltaire, qui sont payés cent écus pièce aux graveurs : ceux du Corneille étoient payés sept louis chacun.

A présent, laissons l'essor aux mouvemens de l'amitié. Vos lettres me seront toujours une bonne fortune, et le souvenir de vôtre chère épouse *a true blessing*. J'espère lui faire tenir incessament un nouvel almanach, où elle pourra se reconnoître, puisque c'est une suite des vertus. C'est avec les sentimens de la plus sincère estime et de ce que l'amitié a de plus sensible, que je suis,

Monsieur et ami, vôtre très-humble et obéissant serviteur,

H. GRAVELOT.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 20 Octobre, 1766.

MON ami, je profite de l'occasion pour vous faire tenir les nouvelles productions de Mr. D'Arnaud, que je vous ai promis par ma précédente lettre ; je souhaite qu'elles puissent vous plaire. Vous avez dû recevoir dernièrement des brochures avec le Calendrier des Théâtres, que je vous ai envoyés par un musicien ; et sitôt que l'année 1766 de l'Almanach des Muses sera réimprimé, vous l'aurez. Il y a plus de dix jours que vôtre buste, de Mr. le Moine, est parti par Calais, et j'en ai payé le port jusqu'à Londres. Accusez-moi la réception de ces différentes choses dans la première lettre que vous m'écrirez, pour que je sache si vous les avez reçues.

Madame Sayde, qui est de retour ici depuis quelques jours, m'a dit que vous ne lui aviez rien fait remettre pour moi. Je crois cependant que vous m'avez marqué par vôtre dernière lettre, (que j'ai malheureusement perdu) que vous aviez envoyé à son adresse, la dernière redingotte que vous m'avez fait faire ; au nom de Dieu, mon ami, envoyez-la moi par la première personne que vous trouverez : Mr. Panckoucke, qui doit être à Londres, voudra bien s'en charger, ou Madame de l'Ormel, dont vous sçaurez la demeure chez Mr. Angelo. C'est elle qui a bien voulu mettre dans son coffre les dessins colorés en petit papier de Mr. de Buffon, et son mari m'a fait le plaisir de faire mettre les grands dans un ballot d'estampes qu'il a envoyé à Londres ; il y a quelques tems que vous devez avoir reçu l'un et l'autre.

Par une lettre que vous avez écrite à Mr. Panchaud, vôtre banquier, vous assurez que j'aurai bientôt ce que vous avez remis pour moi à Mr. Mant. Vous avez trop d'affaires pour vous en occuper, mais je vous ai déjà dit de prier Mr. de Villier de ma part, de vouloir bien se charger de persécuter ce fripon-là dont je ne veux pas absolument être la dupe. S'il a vendu la redingotte, le cottillon, et mangé le fromage, en remboursant la valeur je serai très-content. À propos de redingotte, vous ne serez plus embarrassé de pareilles commissions ; j'ai fait la découverte ici d'un drap beaucoup meilleur, et aussi léger que le vôtre, que j'ai fait couper sur le patron de la redingotte Angloise : depuis un mois j'en ai fait faire dix pour mes amis. On les a de telle couleur que l'on veut, et de huit francs de meilleur marché qu'à Londres.

Depuis un mois il paroit trois petits ouvrages de Mr. de Voltaire : " L'Ingénu," " La Défense de mon Oncle," et " Charlot, ou la Comtesse de Givri," pièce dramatique. Il y a d'assez jolies choses dans les deux premiers, mais on a à présent de la peine à les avoir, surtout le sécond : et ils sont chers pour ce qu'ils valent. Je vous envoie la pièce dramatique qui a été représenté à Ferney, sur le théâtre de l'auteur. Vous la trouverez mauvaise, mais elle ne coûte que trente sols ; si vous voulez " L'Ingénu," et " La Défense de mon Oncle," je vous les enverrai, c'est-à-dire je tâcherai de les avoir.

Il paroîtra dans le mois de Décembre prochain, plusieurs pièces de Mr. Collé, qui

ont été joué sur le théâtre de Société de Mr. le Duc d'Orléans, " La Vérité dans le Vin," et autres; sitôt qu'elles seront imprimées je vous les enverrai.

Noverre ne m'a pas encore répondu à vôtre sujet, et Mr. Favart, qui est actuellement chez-moi, me charge de bien des compliments pour vous. Il demande si vous viendrez à Paris l'été prochain. Nous avons tous deux une furieuse envie de vous voir, et si vôtre nation magnifique et opulente vouloit faire un pont de Douvres à Calais, nous serions souvent chez-vous. Nos amitiés et respects à Madame Garrick que nous aimons autant que vous.

MONNET.

Mr. Garrick aura la bonté de faire remettre cette lettre à Mr. de Villier. A-t'-on envoyé à Mr. Garrick un drame en cinq actes, intitulé " Eugénie," qui a été joué aux comédiens François l'été dernier, et qui a été imprimé depuis peu? Cette pièce a eu un médiocre succès, et les situations qui ont fait de l'effet sont connues et prises dans différents romans.

DE M. HELVÉTIUS À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Paris, ce 30 Décembre, 1766.

LES amitiés que vous m'avez témoignés pendant vôtre séjour à Paris, m'enhardissent à vous demander une grâce: voici le fait.

Mr. O'Conor, auteur de la tragédie que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoier, est fort amy; il désireroit que sa pièce fût jouée à Londres. Ce n'est que vous qui pouvez lui rendre ce service; c'est donc vôtre protection que j'implore. Je ne vous parle point de cette tragédie, vous en jugerez mieux que moy, j'y ai trouvé de la force, du spectacle, et de la chaleur. Mr. Wilkes m'assure qu'elle est bien écrite. Mais convient-elle au théâtre de Londres, je ne connois certainement pas assez le goût de la nation, pour porter aucun jugement. J'entrevois bien qu'il y auroit encore quelques petits changements à faire à cette pièce: si vous le croyez de même, vous êtes le maître de faire tous ceux que vous jugerez à propos.

Au cas que cette pièce fût jouée et qu'elle eût du succès, l'auteur vous recommande ses intérêts, et s'en rapporte avec grande raison à ce que vous voudriez faire pour lui. Mr. Wilkes appuira ma recommandation auprès de vous, et j'espère beaucoup en son crédit. Je puis cependant vous assurer, que si la profonde estime pour vos talents et vôtre génie, étoit un titre pour obtenir vôtre amitié et protection, personne ne la mériteroit mieux que moy.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec le plus sincère et le plus inviolable attachement,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

HELVÉTIUS.

Oserois-je vous prier de présenter mes respects à Madame?

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 9 Décembre, 1766.

Mon ami, Mr. Foley m'a remis l'argent que vous avez touché pour Mr. de Crébillon, et il m'a communiqué vôtre lettre par laquelle vous demandez un modèle et un éclaircissement sur les flambeaux dont les diables se servoient dans l'opéra de "Castor et Pollux." Mr. Boquet, qui est dépositaire de toutes ces diableries, fait faire ce modèle, et je vous l'enverrai par la première occasion. Grimaldi vôtre danseur a écrit à ce sujet à Mr. le Jeune, de la comédie Italienne. Ce dernier m'a dit qu'on lui avoit refusé: pourquoi, mon ami, ne vous êtes-vous pas adressé d'abord à moi? vous ai-je refusé quelque chose? J'en use différemment avec vous; et quoique j'aie des amis très-serviables à Londres, cependant je vous donne toujours la préférence; en voici une nouvelle preuve.

Un très-grand Prince auquel je suis fort attaché, grand politique et fort instruit, désireroit sçavoir des premiers les choses importantes qui sont agitées pendant la tenue de vôtre Parlement, et les changemens qui se font dans vôtre ministère. Je ne vous demande pas le secret de l'état, car je suis convaincu que vous ne l'avez pas, mais des choses que vos papiers publics apprennent à toute la terre, et qu'on souhaiteroit d'apprendre avant. On voudroit aussi une note des livres François qui s'impriment à Londres, et de certaines singularités plus fréquentes chez-vous que partout ailleurs. Vous avez trop d'affaire pour que vous puissiez vous occuper de tout cela, mais vous avez des amis dans le Parlement, et au fait de tout ce que je vous demande. Vous n'aurez que la peine de les écrire ou de les faire écrire: ne craignez pas ce qui m'en coûte des ports de lettres.

Je vous demande aussi un bon fromage *instanter*, pezant environ vingt-cinq à trente livres, avec une redingotte semblable de taille et de qualité à la dernière que vous m'avez envoyée par vôtre valet-de-chambre Italien, Antonio. Vôtre tailleur a cette mesure. Je voudrois aussi un jupon de l'étoffe de cette redingotte pour une vieille femme qui n'est ni grande ni petite: elle prétend que cela est chaud et léger: il faut que ce jupon soit tout fait et peu ample: c'est pour mettre sur la chemise. Madame Garrick, à qui je présente mon respect, aura la bonté de me faire cette commission, et vous aurez celle de faire remettre le tout à la bourse au Capitaine Clairebock ou autre, qui le remettra à Mr. Audibert le fils, à Calais, qui me le fera tenir. Je ne crois pas ces effets prohibés.

Je me suis donné tous les mouvements possibles, pour faire graver le dessin de vôtre portrait que vous m'avez confié à mon départ de Londres: mais tous nos bons graveurs pour le portrait sont occupés. Il faut que vous attendiez, si vous voulez avoir quelque chose de bien. Mais croyez que je ne négligerez rien pour cela.— Adieu, mon ami, je vous embrasse mille fois; des compliments à Monsieur vôtre frère, et à Mr. Colman. Monnet.

Dites bien des choses pour moi à l'ami Changuion: s'il vient bientôt, il pourra bien se charger de ma redingotte.

DE M. MONNET À MR. GARRICK.

Ce 17 Décembre, 1766.

MON ami, j'ai remis à Mr. Angelo le modèle du flambeau que vous m'avez demandé : il vous expliquera la façon dont il faut s'en servir. Je n'ai pas eu le tems de le faire peindre en rouge comme il faut qu'il soit. J'ai joint à ce flambeau un petit paquet de la poudre dont il est déjà rempli, qu'on nomme ici *licopodium*, que vous trouverez aisément à Londres. Il faut, pour humecter la mèche, le plus fort et le meilleur esprit de vin que vous pourrez trouver. Vous observerez, pour le bien du service de ce flambeau, de ne le remplir qu'à moitié, c'est à dire, jusqu'à la croix que j'ai fait sur le fer blanc. Je vous prie de répondre à ma précédente lettre, de présenter mon respect à Madame, et d'être bien convaincu que je vous suis dévoué pour la vie. MONNET.

J'ai dîné il y a deux jours avec nôtre ami Favart ; il est enchanté d'avoir vôtre portrait, sur lequel il a fait des vers charmants qu'il vous enverra avec une lettre.— Êtes-vous toujours content de Guidetti ?

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 3 Janvier, 1767.

VRAIMENT nôtre ami Mr. Changuion disoit bien, parloit très-juste. Quand il partit, je vous faisois une moue terrible, et je ne sçais si nous sommes parfaitement raccommodés. Vôtre lettre est charmante, elle est flateuse, elle est plus encore, elle est tendre ; je l'ai traduite pour la montrer à mes amis ; on étoit curieux de la voir, on l'a fort applaudie, mais les admirateurs de vôtre style ne sçavent pas combien cette plume *légère* et *brillante* est paresseuse. Allons, je veux oublier vôtre longue négligence : en amour elle est un crime irrémissible ; en amitié c'est une faute, on la sent, mais on la pardonne. L'indulgence et l'amitié doivent être deux compagnes inséparables.

Vos doutes sur le plaisir sensible que vos lettres me donnent, seroient le fond d'une querelle bien vive, si en m'asseyant pour écrire je ne m'étois promis d'être douce et paisible. Cependant, mon très-aimable ami, je ne puis me dispenser de vous le dire ; ce doute n'est pas dans vôtre cœur, c'est une excuse, et même une méchante excuse,—n'en parlons plus : un rien peut allumer ce tinder ;—vite, je pardonne et me tais.

Est-il là Mr. Burke ? je le croyois à la Grénade. Je ne dis rien de ses beaux yeux, de peur de vous fâcher, mais ma foi, ils siègent bien à son joli visage. J'ai dans mon secrétaire une lettre que Mr. Smith m'avoit prié d'écrire, il devoit la porter à Mr. Burke, ma bête de philosophe est partie sans songer à la prendre. Vous ne l'avez pas encore vu, Mr. Smith ? c'est la plus distraite créature ! mais c'est une des

plus aimables. Je l'aime beaucoup, et je l'estime encore d'avantage. Je n'ai point reçu les livres que Mr. Burke a envoyés pour moi. Cependant il faut, s'il vous plait, le remercier de l'intention. Voulez-vous bien prendre ce soin? Si je lui écris, je l'impatienterai; je veux lui épargner l'embarras de me répondre, ou le reproche de ne me répondre pas. Voyez si j'ai de la complaisance pour les paresseux! je prierai volontiers Madame Garrick de lui faire une petite caresse de ma part, si ce n'étoit pas vous offenser doublement.

Je ne sçais si Mr. Becket ne sera point la dupe de sa traduction. Les mœurs de nôtre noblesse, c'est à dire de nôtre *noblesse honnête*, le ton de nôtre cour facile à outrer, rarement saisi juste, voilà tout le mérite des "Lettres de Madame de Sancerre." Le fond du roman n'est rien, un léger intérêt de curiosité conduit à le suivre sans ennui. Est-ce assez pour se soutenir dans une langue étrangère? les faits perdent naturellement par la différence des usages; mais les détails tombent absolument par celle du style. J'ai bien peur de ruiner mon ami Becket, et qu'à la longue il ne donne au diable la plume dont vous lui faites dire qu'il veut se parer. Je lui ai proposé un petit commerce d'intérêt entre nous, et je vous prie de l'engager à me répondre *oui* ou *non* sans complaisance. Cette proposition tend à me faire un petit, bien petit fond à Londres, pour l'employer à ma fantaisie. En me parlant d'y passer un peu de tems, vous touchez le ressort le plus propre à émouvoir mon cœur; c'est mon projet le plus flateur, c'est mon château en Espagne; mais, mon ami, si le désir l'élève, la raison le détruit à chaque instant. J'ai une mère qui se croiroit morte si elle me perdoit de vue; elle n'est pas comme celle de Pope, douce et caressante, mais je ne lui dois pas moins des égards;—et puis, mon ami, je suis fière, cent fois plus fière que Jean-Jaques Rousseau. Que serois-je dans un pays où l'on prise la fortune, où elle est plus nécessaire qu'à Paris, où il n'est pas honnête de loger au second? Je paroitrois *a dirty author in a garret*,—il n'y faut pas songer. Si mon état changeoit,—mais comment changeroit-il? On ne donne point de pension en France, on en accorde, c'est assez vous dire que je n'en aurai de ma vie: toutes mes espérances se réduisent à penser que le tems me débarrassera de pourvoir pour les autres; si je reste seule, ma modération me tiendra lieu d'un accroissement de fortune, et peut-être alors irai-je voir mes amis en Angleterre. Je suis bien éloignée de traiter de barbare un peuple libre et généreux, dont l'estime est le sceau du mérite; je me trouverois bien heureux de l'obtenir, plus heureuse encore si j'osois me flater d'en être digne.

J'ai reçu hier une lettre de Mr. Changuion, très-gaye, très-agréable; je l'aime de tout mon cœur. A présent qu'il ne voit pas mes lettres je vous le dis, s'il restoit à Paris, il remplaceroit l'ami que je perdis pendant que vous y étiez; sa douceur et sa bonté, son amitié, ses attentions me rappellent sans cesse ce tendre, cet ancien, ce sage et prudent ami. Voulez-vous bien faire mettre à la poste la lettre incluse dans la vôtre? Voulez-vous bien embrasser pour moi vôtre charmante compagne? voulez-vous bien recevoir l'un et l'autre mes complimens sur la nouvelle année? voulez-vous bien que mon amie vous embrasse tous deux?—Et vous, Madame, allez-vous dire, voulez-vous bien me laisser en répos!—Taccio.

DE M. FAVART À M. GARRICK.

MON CHER GARRICK, 9 Janvier, 1767.

Nous sommes dans l'usage d'écrire périodiquement au renouvellement de chaque année à nos supérieurs et à nos prétendus amis. Ces espèces exigeantes se formaliseroient si l'on manquoit à ce devoir ridicule. Il faut donc leur payer tous les ans un tribut de fadeurs dont ils pourroient bien se passer. L'amitié véritable ne connoit point de termes. Tous les jours, tous les momens lui sont égaux; elle est toujours la même, et n'a pas besoin de protestations; et chaque nouveau serment seroit pour elle une nouvelle injure. Vous m'avez dit que vous m'aimez, je le crois; si vous êtes également sûr de mon amitié, tout est dit pour la vie. Vous m'écrirez quand la fantaisie vous en prendra, et je vous répondrai de même. À propos, si je ne vous savois pas indulgent, je croirois que vous êtes fâché contre moi, pour ne vous avoir pas encore remercié du présent que vous m'avez fait; c'est un des plus agréables que j'aye jamais reçus. Voici l'épigraphe que j'ai mise au bas de portrait de nôtre cher Garrick.

PLURES IN UNO.

Les vers suivans expriment ma pensée.
En lui seul on voit plusieurs hommes.
Lui seul nous offre les tableaux
De mille et mille originaux,
Tant des siècles passés que du siècle où nous sommes.
Les ridicules, les erreurs
Sont tracés d'après eux par ce Peintre fidèle;
Mais pour représenter l'honnête homme et ses mœurs,
Il n'a pas besoin de modèle.

En recevant ce charmant portrait, je vous avouerai qu'il m'a fallu quelques momens pour en démêler la ressemblance, et mon incertitude a donné lieu à ces autres vers.

Est-ce toi, cher Garrick? et l'art de la peinture
Offre-t'-il à mes yeux le Roscius Anglois?
Tu changes à ton gré de forme et de figure;
Mais ton cœur ne change jamais.
Si l'artiste eût pû rendre avec des traits de flamme
L'amitié, la franchise, et l'amour du bienfait,
Esprit, goût, sentimens, genie . . . enfin ton âme,
J'aurois reconnu ton portrait.

Nous avons eû depuis quelque tems plusieurs débuts à nos différens théâtres. Je me crois dispensé de vous en parler.

Mr. Le Miere a donné au théâtre François une nouvelle tragédie, intitulée

" Guillaume Tell." Vous savez que Guillaume Tell fut le libérateur de la nation Helvétique. On sait gré à l'auteur d'avoir suivi exactement l'histoire, et de l'avoir embellie par des traits heureux. Ce sujet si intéressant pour les Suisses, n'a pas fait à Paris la même sensation qu'il auroit pû faire dans les Treize Cantons.

On a donné à la Comédie Italienne, " Ésope à Cythère." Les paroles sont de Dancourt, surnommé l'Arlequin du Roi de Prusse; la musique est du Sieur Trial. Cette pièce est composée de scènes épisodiques assez ordinaires; mais la dernière scène, qui est une critique de la Comédie Françoise et de l'Opéra, a fait aller cette bagatelle jusqu'à neuf représentations bien suivies.

Cette pièce, toute médiocre qu'elle est, a causé une fermentation générale en attaquant le vieux goût de musique de nos anciens Opéras. On prétend que ce badinage n'a pas peu contribué à dégoûter Messrs. Rebel et Francœur de la direction du grand spectacle lyrique; ils remettent leur sceptre entre les mains de Messrs. Le Breton et Trial. Le nouveau règne commencera à Pâques prochain.

Je sens que tout cela ne vous intéresse guère; mais pour vous dédommager de l'ennui que je vous cause, je vais vous conter une petite avanture, dont je crois que l'on pourroit faire une pièce pour le Théâtre Anglois: l'acteur principal est très-connu; mais il n'est pas nécessaire que je vous le désigne autrement que par lettre initiale.

Mr. B. étoit à sa petite maison de campagne avec une nombreuse compagnie: au dessert une laquais lui vient annoncer une vieille dame, qui vouloit absolument lui parler. " Dis-lui que je n'y suis pas:"—" Mais, Monsieur."—" Va donc, veux-tu que j'aille moi-même le dire?"—" Mais, Monsieur . . . ."—" Quoi?"—" Elle a avec elle une fille charmante."—" Oui! fais entrer." Aussitôt le valet introduit une femme en deuil, suivie d'une jeune demoiselle modestement vêtue. Sa gorge étoit couverte d'un fichu de batiste assez mal joint, elle avoit les yeux baissés, mais pour peu qu'elle les ouvrit, il en sortoit des éclairs qui frappoient Mr. B. La vieille dit: " Pardon, pardon, Messieurs, Mesdames; mais c'est que c'est une affaire qui m'intéresse beaucoup, et j'ai besoin de la protection de Monsieur:" elle enfile le détail d'un procès où personne ne comprenoit rien, quoique l'on fît semblant de l'entendre, parceque tous les regards étoient fixés sur la jeune personne, et par la même raison Mr. B. trouva la cause très-juste. La vieille le pria de passer dans son cabinet pour lui parler en particulier. Quand ils y furent, la bonne lui dit: " Monsieur, mon procès n'est qu'une fable; mais la jeune personne que j'ai avec moi est une réalité; j'ai remarqué l'impression qu'elle a faite sur vous: Si vous voulez nous faire un sort, vous pouvez disposer de mon élève. Mr. B. lui dit, " Serez-vous satisfaite de quatre mille livres de rente?"—" C'en est assez," réplique la vieille; " demain, vous nous donnerez vôtre signature, après demain nous vous demandrons à souper, et vous serez le Sultan favori." Elle rentre dans la chambre où elle avoit laissé sa fille, et la ramène à Paris. Elle lui déclara l'arrangement qu'elle a fait avec Mr. B. La fille étoit sage; elle est fort surprise du discours que lui tient sa mère, car elle la croyoit telle; elle lui fait même des reproches très-vifs sur une pareille démarche. " Ma

mère," lui dit-elle, " vous m'avez toujours donné des principes honnêtes, eh ! pourquoi avez-vous tout d'un coup changé de caractère ? Le respect que j'avois pour vous étoit pour mon âme une sensation délicieuse. Ce que vous me dites est assurément une feinte pour m'éprouver, vous ne voudriez pas me priver du bonheur que je sens à vous estimer." La bonne ne savoit que répondre, elle tranche net : " Apprenez que je ne suis pas vôtre mère. Je vous ai acheté de celle qui vous a donné le jour. Vous savez que je n'ai rien épargné pour vôtre éducation, il est tems que je recueille le fruit de mes dépenses et des soins que j'ai pris de vous. Allez, Mademoiselle, allez-vous coucher, et disposez-vous à remplir dès demain mes volontés." La pauvre enfant ne put fermer l'œil de toute la nuit. " Quel affreux passage ! quels sont donc mes parens ?" Elle prend une résolution ; elle se lève avant le jour, trompe ses surveillans, et va se jetter aux pieds du lieutenant de police en lui déclarant sa situation, Ce juge équitable la rassure : " Ma pauvre petite, ne faites semblant de rien ; suivez vôtre prétendue mère chez Mr. B., et soyez sûre qu'il ne vous arrivera rien de fâcheux, je vous en donne ma parole." Dans cette confiance elle retourne chez la matrone, qui n'étoit pas encore levée, et qui ne se doutoit de rien. Elles vont ensemble au rendez-vous.

Mr. B. avoit rassemblé quelques amis particuliers pour être témoins de sa bonne fortune, car dans ces sortes de liaisons, il entre moins de plaisir que de vanité. On se met à table, la conversation s'anime, la petite rougit : l'innocence rougiroit à moins. Dans ces instans de vivacité, on voit entrer un Exempt : " Monsieur," dit-il, en s'adressant à Mr. B., " je sais que vous êtes le maître de recevoir chez-vous qui bon vous semble ; mais vous ne connoissez point cette dame et cette jeune fille que vous avez à vôtre table ; j'ai ordre de les arrêter. Je vais conduire Madame à l'hôpital, et Mademoiselle dans le couvent qu'elle choisira ; mais avant que je sorte d'ici, il faut que cette gueuse" (montrant la vieille) " déclare à l'instant quelle est la véritable mère de la jeune personne qu'elle a voulu vous prostituer." La vieille étonnée, dit en balbutiant, que la véritable mère étoit Mademoiselle Frédéric :—" Frédéric ! la Frédéric," s'écrie Mr. B., " je l'avois, elle n'eut qu'un enfant, c'étoit une fille. Ah ! c'est toi, c'est toi, je te reconnois !" Il se précipite dans les bras de la jeune personne. L'Exempt attendri par cette reconnoissance où l'on voyoit tous les sentimens de la nature, laissa la jeune demoiselle à son père, et conduisit la fausse mère à la maison de force.—Mr. B. a gagné au change ; au lieu d'une maîtresse, il trouve une fille tendre, sage et vertueuse, qui servira d'exemple à la famille.

Je vous envoye une épître de Mr. de Voltaire, qui n'est point encore imprimée. Il est aisé de voir qu'il n'a eu pour objet que d'accabler nôtre celèbre Jean-Jacques. En vous faisant part de cette satyre, j'espère que vous ne la rendrez pas publique. Il est affreux pour des hommes qui pensent d'aggraver le malheur d'un homme de lettres à qui l'on ne peut rien reprocher qu'une philosophie mal entendue dont il est la victime.

L'HYPOCRITE.

Mes chers amis, il me prend fantaisie
De vous parler ce soir d'hypocrisie.
Grave Vernet, soutiens ma foible voix.
Plus on est lourd, plus on parle avec poids.
Si quelque belle à la démarche fière,
Aux gros tetons, à l'énorme derrière,
Étale aux yeux ses augustes appas,
Les rimailleurs la nommeront Pallas :
Une beauté jeune, fraîche, ingénue,
Se nomme Hebé : Vénus est reconnue
À son sourire, à l'art de volupté,
Qui de son charme embellit la beauté.
Mais si jadis un visage sinistre
Au teint jauni, l'œil empesé d'un cuistre,
Un front hideux sur un moignon penché,
Un œil de porc à la terre attaché,
(Miroir d'une âme à ses remords en proye,
Toujours terni de peur qu'on ne le voye,)
Sans hésiter, je vous déclare net,
Que ce magot est Tartuffe ou Vernet.
C'est donc à toi, Vernet, que je dédie
Ma très-honnête et courte rapsodie
Sur le sujet de nôtre ami Guignard,
Fesse-mathieu, dévot et grand paillard.
Avant-hier advint que de fortune
Je rencontrai ce Guignard sur la brune,
Qui chez Fanchon s'alloit glisser sans bruit,
Comme un hibou qui ne va que de nuit.
Je l'arrêtai d'un air assez fantasque
Par sa jaquette, et je lui criai : Masque !
Je te connois ; l'argent et les catins
Sont à tes yeux les seuls objets divins.
Tu n'eus jamais un autre catéchisme :
Pourquoi venir de ton plat rigorisme
Nous étaler le dehors imposteur ?
Tromper le monde et mentir à ton cœur,
Et tout pétri d'une douce luxure,
Parler en Paul et vivre en épicure ?
Le sicophante alors me répondit,
Qu'il faut tromper pour se mettre en crédit ;
Que la franchise est toujours dangereuse,
L'art bien reçu, la vertu malheureuse,
La fourbe utile, et que la vérité
Est un jargon bien reçu, très-vanté,
D'un fort grand prix, mais qui n'est pas d'usage.
Je répliquai : Ton discours paroit sage.

L'hypocrisie a du bon quelquefois;
Pour son profit on trompe tous les rois.
On dupe aussi le stupide vulgaire
Pour le gagner bien plus que pour lui plaire.
Lorsqu'il s'agit d'un trône épiscopal,
Ou du chapeau qui coëffe un Cardinal,
Ou qu'on en veut à la triple couronne
Que quelquefois l'ami Belzebut donne ;
En pareil cas peut-être il seroit bon,
Qu'on employât quelque tour de fripon.
L'objet est beau ; le prix en vaut la peine ;
Mais se gêner pour nous mettre à la gêne ;
Mais s'imposer le fardeau détesté
D'une pénible et triste fausseté,
Du monde entier méprisée et maudite,
C'est être dupe encore plus qu'hypocrite.
Que Peretti se déguise en Chrétien,
Pour être Pape, il se conduit fort bien.
Mais toi, pauvre homme, excrément de Collège,
Dis-moi quel bien, quel rang, quel privilège,
Il te revient de ton maintien dévot ?
Tricher au jeu sans gagner, est d'un sot.
Le monde enfin aisément devine,
On reconnoît un Castard à sa mine,
Chacun le hue. On aime à décrier
Un charlatan qui fait mal son métier.
Mais convenez du moins que mes confrères
M'applaudiront . . . Tu ne les connois guères.
Dans leur tripot on les a vû souvent
Se comporter comme on fait au courant.
Tout pénaillon y vante sa besace,
Son institut, ses miracles, sa crasse,
Mais en secret l'un de l'autre jaloux,
Modestement ils se détestent tous.
Tes ennemis sont parmi tes semblables.
Les gens du monde au moins, sont plus traitables ;
Ils sont railleurs ; les autres sont méchans.
Crains les sifflets, mais crains les malfaisans.
Crois-moi, renonce à la bigoterie,
Mène uniment une plus noble vie.
Rougissant moins, sois moins embarrassé.
Que ton col tors, désormais redressé
Sur son pivot, garde un juste équilibre,
Lève les yeux, parle en citoyen libre,
Sois franc, sois simple, et sans affecter rien,
Essaye un peu d'être un homme de bien.
Le Mécréant alors n'ose en répondre ;
J'étois sincère. Il se sentit confondre,
Il soupira d'un air sanctifié,
Puis détournant un œil humilié,

Courbant en voûte une moitié d'échine,
Et du menton se battant la poitrine,
D'un pied cagneux, il alla chez Fanchon
Pour lui parler de la religion.

Mr. De Marigni, frère de feue Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, vient d'épouser Mademoiselle Filleul, qui est une chef-d'œuvre de beauté. On a dit de ce mariage que Madame Marigni étoit une syrène. Comment cela? C'est une belle femme depuis la tête jusqu'à la ceinture, et que le reste est une queue de poisson.

Nota que Mr. Marigni se nomme Poisson, et que l'on fait allusion à sa queue.

Vous m'avez promis, mon cher Garrick, de m'envoyer la traduction d'une comédie Angloise d'Otway, ou de Dryden: je ne me souviens pas du titre, mais le sujet est un mari qui oblige sa femme de céder aux instances de son rival.* Comme j'ai un sujet à peu près semblable, je ne ferai point scrupule de profiter des beautés de la comédie Angloise. Je suis avec le plus inviolable attachement,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur et ami,

FAVART.

Mes respects à la plus heureuse des femmes, et à la plus digne de l'être.

Ma femme vous embrasse de tout son cœur ainsi que Madame.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 26 Janvier, 1767.

MON ami, j'ai remis à Mr. Samuel, marchand de la cité†, les cinq livres de *lico-podium* que vous m'avez demandés, que vous auriez eu plutôt si j'avois trouvé l'occasion de vous les faire parvenir.

Je suis bien fâché de vôtre incommodité, et je voudrois bien que vous fussiez plus occupé du soin de vôtre santé que des affaires de vôtre théâtre: vous sçavez tout ce que je vous ai dit à ce sujet, tant pis pour vous si vous ne le faites pas. Je ne voudrois pas pour tout le bien de vos trois royaumes reprendre une direction de spectacle: si je m'en étoit soucié, j'aurois demandé celle de l'Opéra de Paris qui vient d'être vacante, et certainement je l'aurois eu; mais je connois trop l'esprit de la liberté et de la tranquillité pour me remettre dans l'esclavage.

J'ai été voir Préville et sa femme; tous deux ont été bien sensible à vôtre souvenir, et l'un et l'autre m'ont chargé de mille compliments pour vous. Préville a été, comme vous, malade d'une maladie de nerfs. Ce mariage me paroit bien réuni, et

* I imagine Mr. Garrick really spoke of the "Fox" by B. Jonson. In the seventh scene of the third act of that astonishing play, Corvino carries his wife Celia to Volpone's house, and under the most horrible menaces, leaves her to his pleasure. What follows between the revived impostor and the abused wife seems to have strongly impressed Milton, when composing the scene of temptation in his "Comus."—ED.

† "Mr. Samuel, Négociant, d'Idol Lane, Lombard Street."

selon les apparences cela durera, et je suis toujours convaincu que Préville a donné lieu un peu à la déroutte de sa femme, qui, malheureusement pour elle, a rencontré ce brigand de Molé. À propos de Molé, il a fait une souscription pour une bénéfice, par laquelle il a déjà amassé mille louis, sans ce qu'il aura à la porte: il a si bien fait son compte pendant le courant de sa maladie, qu'en demandant du vin à tout le monde, on lui en a envoyé plus qu'il ne pourra boire pendant six ans.

J'ai reçu une lettre de Mr. de Villiers, qui est pénétré de vos bontés et de vos politesses pour lui. Mr. Boquet vous en remercie, et moi aussi: nous vous prions de continuer; cet homme mérite vôtre amitié à tous égards.

Je vous prie d'envoyer le plutôt possible la redingotte, et le fromage que je vous ai demandés.

J'oubliois de vous dire que les comédiens François alloit donner une comédie de cinq actes, tiré d'un sujet Anglois. Préville m'en a dit beaucoup de bien. Comme il y a une fille grosse dans cette pièce, et que nos mœurs ne sont pas accoûtumé à cette indécence, je ne sçais pas comment le spectateur prendra cela.

Si vous avez encore besoin de *licopodium*, je vous conseillerois de le faire venir en droiture de Francfort. Vous l'aurez plus aisément et à meilleur marché. J'ai fait part à nôtre ami Favart du succès de vôtre nouvelle pièce; vous savez combien il vous aime, et vous devez avoir reçu une lettre de lui avec les vers qu'il vous a fait en remerciement de vôtre portrait. À propos de portrait, j'ai parlé à Mr. Vattelet de celui que vous m'avez chargé de faire graver: je dois le voir au premier jour pour faire le choix du graveur, et nous tâcherons de faire en sorte que vous soyez content.

Vous n'avez pas oublié que j'ai un coffre où il y a des habits qui vous appartiennent. Si vous n'êtes pas assuré de venir ici le printems prochain, je vous conseillerois de les vendre. On change de mode, et d'ailleurs cela peut devenir étroit ou trop large. Marquez-moi vôtre volonté, et croyez qu'il n'existe pas un homme qui vous aime plus que moi. Vous ne me parlez pas de Madame Garrick: je ne l'aime pas moins que vous.

MONNET.

Comme j'allois fermer ma lettre, Barthelemon est entré dans ma chambre. Je l'ai fort disposé à s'arranger avec vous: en le prenant je crois que vous feriez une bonne acquisition pour vôtre théâtre: il doit vous écrire sur cela. Suivez vôtre volonté, et croyez que je ne prends d'autre intérêt que le vôtre. Un ami me tourmente pour vous faire prendre un figurant pour vôtre danse qui ne vous convient pas; dans la première lettre que vous m'écrirez, n'oubliez pas de me marquer que vous n'en avez pas besoin.

Ci-joint, je vous donne l'adresse du Major. " — Mant Esq., at Charles Gould's, Esq. Horse Guards, Whitehall."

Dans " Le Mercure" du mois dernier, on a parlé très-avantageusement des talens de Barthelemon. Vous lui ferez plaisir et lui rendriez service si vous voulez traduire son article, et le faire mettre dans un de vos papiers publics le plus connus: il vous en prie.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Ce Jeudi, 29 Janvier, 1767.

Vous attachez trop de prix à une bagatelle, mon très-aimable ami. Le dessein de vous dédier Les Lettres de Madame de Sancerre, m'a fait entreprendre et continuer l'ouvrage ; ainsi je vous dois la petite gloire passagère que le succès d'un roman peut donner. Je n'en croirai certainement pas Mr. Becket sur *l'excellence* de sa traduction, mais je l'en croirai toujours sur le bien qu'il dira de vous. Sa dernière lettre est un éloge de " Cymon" et de son charming author. Je suis de son avis. La pièce est bien faite, bien écrite : la variété des caractères, la bonne plaisanterie, se mêlent avec justesse à l'intérêt du drame ; le juge et Linco sont deux personnages très-comiques ; la première scène des amans est ingénue et touchante, celle de Fatime, quand elle les observe, est très-neuve. Tout est vrai, tout est agréable : c'est un ouvrage fait pour réussir dans tous les tems et dans tous les pays. Vous avez ce qui manque à la plûpart de vos auteurs, du naturel et du goût ; ce que vous appellez *humour* n'est pas rendu par le mot goût ; Fielding, Swift, ont ce *humour*, mais rarement du goût. Mettre tout à sa place, dire ce qu'il faut, ne jamais s'écarter de la vérité, suivre la nature et ne pas l'outrer, voilà le goût, et vôtre pièce en est remplie. Recevez mon très-sincère compliment. Vous n'aurez jamais un sujet de joie qui n'en soit un de plaisir pour moi.

Je suis fâchée que le porteur de cette jolie comédie soit prêt à quitter Paris. Il a de l'esprit, un heureux naturel, et je le crois capable d'aimer tendrement ses amis. Ce qu'il a trouvé de plus séduisant en Angleterre c'est Mr. Garrick, Bath, et le menuet dansé par Madame Garrick. Il répète avec attendrissement les conseils qu'elle a bien voulu lui donner, il pense au pays de Galles, ses regrets, ses desseins, tout cela l'occupe sans que sa conversation en soit moins vive et moins gaye. Je suis mortifiée de ne le voir qu'en passant.

Je vis hier le Baron d'Holbach. Il est un peu jaune, il paroit chagrin. Je lui montrai vôtre lettre ; il vous assure de sa plus tendre amitié. Clairon n'est point du tout philosophe. Elle se repent de ce jour glorieux où elle éleva la rage du public en pensant attirer son admiration : pâle et verte le matin, le rouge de l'après diner ne cache point la lividité de ses lis empruntés. Le parterre l'a tout-à-fait oubliée : elle s'efforce en vain de rappeller son attention. Elle paroit dans une loge, modestement d'abord, à demi cachée sous son éventail, puis elle se baisse un peu, puis entièrement. Les vilains yeux de ce parterre s'ouvrent sur elle, on la voit, on la connoit, on dit, voilà Clairon. Mais on le dit simplement, on ne le crie pas, on ne fait éclater ni regret, ni désir ; on applaudit à son nez, à sa barbe, toutes les laides guenons qui osent aspirer à remplir son trône. L'empire de Melpomène est en proie à deux maussades divinités. La meilleure et la plus laide est Mademoiselle Saintval ; son visage est une grimace ; quand elle s'anime, c'est une furie. Elle a un amant,—oui, Monsieur. Il lui fait des enfants, et lui donne des coups de couteaux, *par jalousie*,—

ne vous déplaise. Le Duc de Duras et le lieutenant de police ont voulu en imposer à ce terrible amant, mais l'actrice tragique en est contente, elle le veut, on le lui laisse. L'autre laidron est la petite Duranci, aidée de la cabale du Prince de Conti; en copiant froidement et gauchement Clairon, elle se fait des partisans. O tems! O mœurs! O divine Clairon! mais il reste un ressource pour rappeller ce public égaré, léger, inconstant. Il faut montrer la déesse: la taciturne Madame de Villeroi en a imaginé le moyen. Molé a été si malade qu'on l'a cru mort. On va faire jouer Clairon au profit du convalescent. À la Comédie Françoise on ne le peut: on loue un théâtre bourgeois, on fait deux mille billets à un louis pièce, on tourmente tout l'univers pour en prendre, chacun se révolte contre l'impôt, mais l'agréable Molé va lui-même de porte en porte en offrir; la Marquise de Villeroi et Clairon les présentent, il faut céder à leurs instances. Les fermiers généraux, taxés à en prendre cent, en ont renvoyé quatre-vingt-et-huit: fy des François, m'allez-vous dire! ce sont des crasseux. Oui et non. Cette espèce de contribution n'étant pas consacrée ici par l'usage, comme elle l'est à Londres, nous la regardons très-différemment, et dans le cas où est Molé, elle nous paroit très-indécemment exigée. C'est un homme sans besoin, qui se met bassement dans la classe des mendians, devient le protégé de sa camarade, et s'enrichit par une queste.

Cette désolée Clairon fit dire au Roi qu'elle joueroit à Versailles quand Sa Majesté l'ordonneroit. C'étoit au commencement de l'hyver. Sa Majesté a répondu qu'elle trouvoit les autres actrices fort bonnes. O rage! O désespoir! Je vous rendrai compte de cette représentation, dont on espère le retour de Clairon sur la scène Françoise.

Oui, Préville a repris sa femme. Il eût peut-être aussi bien fait de la laisser. L'estime est fort nécessaire en ménage, et je la crois plus propre à maintenir la paix que l'amour même. Comment se parler quand le reproche est toujours prêt à échapper?

Je viens de recevoir deux paquets de Londres. L'un vient de Mr. Becket: l'autre de mon ami Changuion. La pièce dont vous me parlez est une des quatre dont mon chevalier errant me fait présent. Je l'en remercierai. Les livres sont pour moi plus que l'or et les pierreries. J'espère revoir cet obligeant Mr. Changuion au mois de Mars, ce sera un grand plaisir: mais il durera peu. Est-ce que vous n'êtes pas las à mourir de lire? Quelle sotte lettre!—mais mon ami, je suis malade, oui, aussi malade que bête. Depuis trois mois je tousse, je mange peu, et je ne dors guère. Cela me rend imbécile. Je ne vous répète pas mes raisons sur le voyage dont vous me parlez avec tant d'amitié, ce sont de chiennes de raisons qu'il n'est pas doux de se rappeller. O ce voyage! . . . . La jeune Madame de Stinville en vient de faire un contre son gré. La petite folle adoroit Clerval de la Comédie Italienne. Ce serait miracle si la belle sœur d'un ministre puissant trouvoit de la résistance. Par prières, par menaces, elle a séduit Clerval. Le Duc de Choiseul, informé par le public de ce commerce peu caché, a parlé doucement à sa belle sœur. Elle a promis de rompre avec Clerval, mais elle a toujours été son train. Mr. de Stinville instruit à

son tour, a obtenu une lettre de cachet. On le blame de l'avoir présentée lui-même à sa femme. Au milieu de la nuit il l'éveilla, la fit lever, habiller, la conduisit à son carrosse attelé de six chevaux, y monta avec elle, et la mena au couvent à Nanci. Bien des gens sont en peine de sçavoir ce qu'ils se dirent en route. Voilà une femme perdue à jamais. Clerval fut éveillé aussi ; le lieutenant de police retiroit les lettres de la dame, pendant qu'elle voyageoit. On a redemandé jusqu'aux bijoux : cela n'est pas fort généreux.

Voulez-vous bien vous charger de dire à Mr. Becket que j'envoye à son adresse le balot de mes ouvrages, dont il a la complaisance de vouloir bien embarrasser un petit coin de son magazin. J'ai fait suivre les frais. Il les retirera sur les fonds qu'il a entre ses mains. À l'égard du prix de la vente en France, il le trouvera à la tête des Lettres de Madame de Sancerre. Je lui passerai chaque volume à un livre de France. Ce qu'il en retirera au-dessus les frais rabatus, sera pour payer le loyer de la planche qu'ils occuperont. S'il croit convenable de me donner du surplus, je le recevrai en comédies, ou en romans, et m'en rapporterai entièrement à lui et à sa bonne foi. Vous avez bien assez d'affaire upon your hands sans les miennes, n'est-ce pas ? Mr. Becket trouvera dans le balot trois exemplaires des lettres nouvelles. Il les gardera s'il lui plait jusqu'au retour de Mr. Changuion, et les lui remettra ensuite. Mr. Changuion en sçait l'emploi.—Adieu, mon aimable, mon tendre, mon cher ami. Ma *douce* compagne vous embrasse, vous, et la dame qui danse le menuet avec tant de grâce et de noblesse. Je la remercie de sa prévention en nôtre faveur. Je reçois ses souhaits avec reconnoissance, mais je n'ose former des vœux pour elle : que désirer à vôtre femme ! elle ne vous changeroit pas pour Cymon, j'en suis sûre, et pourtant Cymon is a charming fellow.—Adieu, je vais lire " The Country Girl ;" ce sera encore être avec vous. J'ai lu cette pièce autrefois, mais je me la rappelle très-peu.

Vous ai-je prié de remercier Mr. Becket de ses quatres comédies ? Je ne sçais : ah, la maudite tête que j'ai !

Vous avez vu Mr. Smith, est-ce chez-vous ? vous a-t'-il porté ma lettre ? c'est un homme charmant, n'est-ce pas ?

Vendredi, 30.

Hier tomba une pièce au François. L'auteur, Mr. de Beaumarchais ; Préville y joua comme un ange. Ce sont des personnages Anglois, mais ni connoissance des usages du pays, ni connoissance du monde poli, ni connoissance du cœur. Je ne sçais plus rien. Oh vraiment si. Clairon a été applaudie Mercredi au débût de La Pinel en tragique.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 28 Février, 1767.

Mon ami, par la lettre que vous avez écrit à Mr. Favart, vous dites que vous n'en avez pas reçu de moi depuis long-tems, et vous craignez que je ne sois fâché contre

vous du refus que vous m'avez fait concernant les nouvelles politiques : 1°. Vous avez dû recevoir une lettre il n'y a pas longtems que je vous ai fait remettre par un négociant de la cité, où il étoit question de Préville, et du modèle de flambeau que je vous ai envoyé : je ne vous ai pas écrit depuis, n'ayant eu rien d'intéressant à vous dire, ni commission de vôtre part qui m'en aît fourni l'occasion. Quand aux nouvelles politiques, j'ai senti et approuvé les raisons de vôtre refus, et je connois trop bien vôtre cœur, et vôtre amitié pour moi, pour me fâcher et pour exiger de vous des choses que vous ne devez ni ne pouvez faire.

Gardez la redingotte, le cottillon et le fromage. Si nôtre ami Changuion, qui doit venir ici dans le mois prochain, ne peut pas s'en charger, le Major Mant, qui part d'ici dans quelques jours et qui reviendra dans deux mois, s'en chargera. J'aimerois beaucoup mieux que ce fût le premier. J'en jouirois plutôt.

Mon ami, je me plains à mon tour de ce que vous ne me répondez pas sur différents articles de ma précédente lettre. Avez-vous fait usage du flambeau ? êtes-vous toujours content du danseur que je vous ai donné ? vôtre santé, qui m'est beaucoup plus chère que tout cela, comment va-t'-elle ? Nôtre ami Favart est enchanté de vôtre lettre, de vôs vers, et de vous. " Eugénie," cette mauvaise pièce dont je vous ai parlé, qu'on a donnée depuis peu aux François, qui a tombé à plat le premier jour, et qui s'est relevé au second, vient d'être interrompue par la maladie de nerf qu'avoit Préville, et qui l'a repris plus fort que jamais : on craint beaucoup pour lui.

On a donné ces jours passés sur un théâtre particulier une représentation pour Molé, qui s'est fait par souscription, où Mademoiselle Clairon a joué. Cette représentation a valu 12,000l. à Molé, tout frais fait.

Mr. Cochin m'a remis trente épreuves de vôtre portrait pour vous, qu'il a fait dessiner et graver ; il m'a chargé de vous les faire tenir avec des compliments : vous lui devez pour cela des remerciemens, que vous pourrez lui faire dans la première lettre que vous m'écrirez. Vous devriez aussi dire quelques choses pour Mr. le Moine, qui vous a fait un buste très-estimé ici par tous ceux qui l'ont vu, et cet artiste vous l'auroit déjà envoyé sans l'espérance que je lui ai donnée, que vous seriez ici au printemps prochain. Je vous enverrai les épreuves de Mr. Cochin dans un livre que je dois faire passer à Mr. Angelo.

Je suis enfin dans mon nouvel appartement ; quand Madame Garrick le verra, toute difficile qu'elle est, je suis assuré d'avance qu'elle dira qu'il n'y a pas dans les trois royaumes un logement aussi joli que celui-là, et plus propre pour mettre le comble à mon bonheur : je voudrois vous y tenir tous deux. Assurez-la bien de mon respect et de mon attachement.

Vous rappellez-vous une robe de vos toiles peintes que j'ai choisi, et que vous m'avez donnée pour une jeune personne à laquelle je m'intéresse ? Si j'en avois deux mille, je les vendrois, tant on la trouve jolie.

Des compliments, je vous prie, à vôtre bon frère, à Mr. Colman, et à tous nos amis ; et croyez que personne ne vous aime plus que moi, MONNET.

Pour éviter les frais de la Douanne de Douvre, j'ai fait brocher ce que Mr. Cochin m'a remis pour vous, avec l'escrime de Mr. Angelo : vous détacherez vos portraits le plus doucement que vous pourrez, pour ne rien déchirer de ce qui regarde Mr. Angelo, et vous lui enverrez le reste avec sa lettre : vous me ferez le plaisir d'envoyer les trois autres à leur adresse.

DU CHEVALIER DE CHÂTELUX À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 4 Mars, 1767.

C'EST maintenant mon tour de me plaindre, et je vais bien prendre ma revanche. Comment, mon cher David, je vous envoye deux ou trois couriers tout exprès, et quels couriers ! la fleur de nos seigneurs François. Je les charge de mes dépêches pour vous, je leur recommande de plus de vous parler de moi sans cesse, même jusqu'à vous en ennuyer, et depuis ce tems-là, vous ne m'avez pas donné signe de vie. Voilà ce que c'est que de jouer des rôles d'amoureux ; cela vous fait oublier vos amis. Pour moi, rien dans le monde ne me fait oublier mon cher Garrick, ni son aimable compagne : rien ne pourra m'empêcher de regretter leur charmante société, et de dire que mon bonheur seroit de vivre avec eux ; soit que je vinsse partager leur gloire au sortir d'un beau spectacle à Drury-lane ; soit que je fusse assis près de ce beau saule pleureur, dont les branches semblent se baisser vers la Tamise pour se refraichir dans ses belles eaux.

J'ai fait toutes vos commissions. J'ai lu vôtre charmante lettre à tous nos amis de la rue Royale, de la rue St. Jacques ; tous vous aiment tendrement, tendrement ; tous sont enchantés de l'espérance que vous leur donnez de venir à Paris. Songez, mon cher ami, que je suis porteur de cette promesse, et n'allez pas me faire passer pour un faux prophète. J'ai imaginé que vous seriez bien aise d'avoir le poëme des Saisons, ouvrage de Mr. de St. Lambert, que vous avez surement connu à Paris : cet ouvrage a un grand succès parmi nos gens de lettres. Je n'ai donc pas voulu perdre un moment à vous l'envoyer ; lisez-le, et faites le lire aux amateurs de poësie françoise. Toute la récompense que je vous demande, c'est de m'en dire vôtre avis. Je me hate d'envoyer chez Madame du Châtelet avant que son courier ne parte, et je vous griffonne bien vîte ce petit mot, ayez un peu d'indulgence pour mon écriture, et figurez-vous que tout le monde ne peut pas écrire une si belle main que vous.— Adieu, adieu, dear, ever dear Garrick : aimez-moi toujours, et écrivez-moi quelquefois.

DE M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, 22 Mars, 1767.

J'AI l'honneur de vous présenter mon mémoire pour la famille Sirven, non moins innocente, non moins infortunée que celle des Calas, victime du même fanatique, des

mêmes fureurs, dans le même pays et dans le même tems. Quels évènemens! quels traits! Non: la plûpart des sujets que vôtre sublime talent rend vivans en vous, n'ont rien de si terrible et de si théâtral que cette cruelle aventure, à laquelle il ne manque qu'un Garrick pour émouvoir tout l'univers. J'ai tâché d'intéresser pour eux, peut-être y ai-je réussi, mais quels grands effets vous auriez produits!

J'irai, Monsieur, n'en doutez point, les admirer à Londres avec Madame de Beaumont, qui me charge de mille complimens pour vous et pour Madame, à laquelle j'ai l'honneur de présenter mon respect. Ici les talens sont cachés et ne se montrent presque que dans les ténèbres. Mademoiselle Clairon a quelquefois la complaisance de jouer chez ses amis, et ce divin talent s'est concentré dans une chambre. Demain je dois souper avec elle, et la voir jouer chez Madame de Florian, nièce de Mr. Voltaire, dont on donne Jeudi pour la première fois, "Les Scythes." Du reste, rien de nouveau ici: tout y est dans une stagnation profonde. Il ne nous appartient pas d'avoir, comme vous, une scène agitée, et des tableaux nouveaux. Je vous réitère bien vraiment et pour la vie les assurances de l'estime et de l'attachement avec lesquels J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

ELIE DE BEAUMONT.

DE M. FENOÜILLOT À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 29 Mars, 1767.

JE profite, Monsieur, de l'occasion d'un de mes amis qui est allé passer quinze jours à Londres, et pour avoir surement de vos nouvelles, et savoir si vous avez reçu les deux lettres que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire, ainsi que la comédie qui étoit jointe à la première, je l'ai prié de vous envoyer celle-ci, et de m'en rapporter lui-même la réponse. J'espère que vous voudrez bien la lui remettre; et je vous prie aussi, dans le cas où vous ne pourriez pas me rendre le service que Mr. Diderot et moi avions osé vous demander, de joindre mon manuscrit à vôtre réponse, et de faire du tout un paquet, que Mr. D'Orsy me rapporteroit. Je ne puis rien ajouter à ce que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous mander dans mes lettres précédentes, sinon que mes sentimens à vôtre égard sont très-indépendans de la grâce que j'en attends, et que, quand vous ne me l'accorderiez pas, je ne serois pas moins obligé à mon ami Mr. Diderot, de m'avoir engagé à vous la demander, et de m'avoir mis par là dans le cas de vous assurer de l'estime particulière, et de toute la considération avec lesquelles j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

FENOÜILLOT.

Si par vôtre absence de Londres ou quelque autre évènement, Mr. D'Orsi ne pouvoit me rapporter lui-même vôtre réponse, je vous prie, Monsieur, de l'adresser chez Mr. Diderot, grande rue Taranne, Fauxbourg St. Germain; parceque je vais changer de logement.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 30 Mars, 1767.

Mon ami, je vous écris un mot par Mr. Loisel, qui est ici depuis huit jours et qui repart pour Londres; le même qui a fait remettre des dentelles à Madame Garrick et des maraboux il y a quelques tems. Vous avez dû recevoir aussi par Mr. le Major Mant une brochure où il y a plusieurs épreuves de vôtre portrait, gravé par Mr. Cochin, et un article concernant Mr. Angelo. Si la redingotte, le petit cotillon, et le fromage que vous avez acheté pour moi n'ont pas été remis à Mr. Changuion, qui doit arriver ici dans peu, Mr. Mant m'a promis de s'en charger: je lui écris par le même ordinaire à ce sujet, et dans le cas qu'il ne passât pas chez-vous, vous me ferez le plaisir d'envoyer le tout à son adresse, chez Mr. Charles Goulds, Esq. Horse Guards, Whitehall. Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous prie de me répondre sur tout ce que je vous ai marqué dans mes précédentes lettres, et donnez-moi au nom de Dieu des nouvelles de vôtre santé.

Monnet.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 19 Avril, 1767.

Mon ami, je n'ai que le tems de vous écrire un mot pour répondre à la lettre que vous m'avez fait écrire par Mr. de Villiers. Je me suis acquitté des choses dont vous m'avez chargés auprès de Messieurs Cochin, Le Moine, et Favart: le second est très-sensible aux offres que vous lui faites, de lui faire parvenir les bustes d'albâtre qu'il vous avoit demandés; mais il me parût, par ce qu'il m'a dit, que vous lui feriez plus de plaisir de lui envoyer un livre d'anatomie pour les chevaux qui se trouve à Londres. Mr. Riland, graveur du Roi, marchand d'estampes, vis-à-vis la Bourse, vous l'indiquera, et vous le fera avoir à bon compte en lui disant que c'est pour Mr. le Moine, ami intime de Mr. Boucher. Vous direz à Mr. Riland que c'est le même livre qu'il avoit envoyé à Mr. Bergeret; que par parentheze il lui a renvoyé. Ce livre n'est pas bon marché; mais je crois que vous ferez bien de faire cette galanterie à Mr. le Moine, qui vous enverra vôtre buste en terre cuite, qu'on regarde ici comme un des meilleurs morceaux qu'il ait fait, et je le crois.

Madame Garrick, à laquelle je présente respect et civilités, aura son cotillon et son entoillage par la première occasion; il y a à peu près un an que j'étois à Bath avec vous; que ne suis-je petit oiseau, j'y volerois, et je reverrois le superbe tombeau de Montmorency et le grand Dupré.

On me dit hier que Caillot étoit allé à Londres passer quatre jours: c'est bien prendre son tems pour vous voir. Vous avez sans doute sçu que Mademoiselle Clairon devoit passer chez le Roi de Pologne pour y jouer, mais elle vient d'être contremandée: cela a un peu humilié sa dignité.

Si vôtre santé se rétabli, vous ferez bien de venir me surprendre, et de passer un mois à Paris. Vous aurez chez un de vos amis et des miens, dans le quartier du Palais Royal, un appartement qui vous conviendra bien.

Mon ami, je vous prie de faire donner des ordres chez-vous, pour qu'on n'oublie pas de remettre à Mr. Changuion ou à Mr Mant ce que vous devez m'envoyer; et dites au Roi de Bath, qu'il s'aille faire ——. Ce jeune Blondin, maître de vos cérémonies, m'a toujours resté dans la cervelle.

J'oubliois de vous demander combien vous avez reçu d'épreuves du portrait que Mr. Cochin vous a envoyé: j'en ai remis vingt-cinq à Mr. Mant, dites-moi ce qu'il en est.

Marquez-moi aussi, s'il est vrai que vous ayez écrit et fait des propositions à Mr. Noverre, qui est ici depuis un mois: le Prince de Wirtemberg a renvoyé toute sa danse.

Je vous embrasse, et je vous recommande bien vôtre santé.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 30 Avril, 1767.

MON ami, cette lettre est uniquement pour vous recommander un bon cuisinier François, qui est à Londres depuis quelques jours, et qui n'est sorti de Paris que pour avoir fait un enfant à une fille: si vous ou vos amis en avez besoin, je puis vous assurer, qu'il sçait bien son metier, et qu'il a de bonnes mœurs.* Vous sçaurez sa direction, chez le Suisse de Mr. le Comte de Guerchy, Ambassadeur de France, Soho Square. Sous peu de jours, Mr. Thornhill vous fera remettre du drap, et de la doublure; je vous prie de les recevoir, jusqu'à ce que j'aie trouvé une occasion de faire venir cela à Paris.

Madame Garrick a demandé un jupon de quinze francs; elle a oublié le prix en satin gris piqué, je les ai toujours payé trente francs; je la prie de s'expliquer à ce sujet, et de bien lui faire mes compliments. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, surtout de vôtre santé. Je vous écris de la main droite, de la gauche je tire l'oreille de mon chien, qui me charge de vous dire bien des choses de sa part.

MONNET.

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 19 Mai, 1767.

J'AI reçu, mon cher Monsieur, vos deux lettres et vôtre fable, et je vous remercie de tout cela; c'est de la pâture pour mon cœur et pour mon esprit: vôtre souvenir me sera toujours cher, et vos écrits toujours agréables. J'aime à vous voir si sensible

* *Bonnes mœurs!* Yes, he has just given proof of that possession.—ED.

à l'amitié que vous avez inspirée à tous les honnêtes gens qui vous ont vu de près ici ; c'est une justice, car vous n'avez pas de meilleurs amis dans vôtre patrie. Vous nous avez laissé de sincères regrets, et l'espérance de vous revoir, mais quand ? Vous voilà rengagé de nouveau dans le tourbillon des affaires, caressé de la cour, adoré de la ville, nécessaire à la direction de vôtre théâtre ; vous allez ranimer la scène par vôtre présence, car vous ne pourrez pas vous refuser au cri public ; tous ces liens vont vous rattacher à vôtre good England. Ajoutons à cela, l'aise et le repos qu'on ne trouve que chez-soi, l'empire des amitiés et habitudes anciennes, et puis une maison charmante, et ce temple de Shakspeare où vous allez dire chaque jour une prière, où je voudrois bien aller bruler un grain d'encens à vôtre Dieu, qui n'est pas encore le mien, mais qui le deviendroit, s'il me parloit toujours par vôtre bouche. On nous dit que Phidias augmenta le culte de Jupiter par la belle statue qu'il fit de ce Dieu ; vous êtes le Phidias de Shakspeare : si vôtre belle maison de campagne étoit à moi, j'y mettrois vôtre statue à côté de la sienne. Ne la verrai-je donc pas un jour cette maison ?—

" O rus, quando te aspiciam ?"

Je n'ose m'occuper de ces idées ; je suis attaché ici avec une chaine de fer, et je ne vois encore aucun moyen de la rompre.

J'ai parlé de vous à tous nos amis communs, mon cher Garrick, et tous n'ont eu qu'un cri pour vous ; ils se recommandent à vôtre amitié, et vous répondent de la leur. Madame d'Holbach et Madame d'Epinay m'ont chargé de mille complimens pour vous et pour Madame Garrick, à qui je vous prie de faire agréer mes respects. J'ai fait tenir vos lettres à Mademoiselle Clairon et au Chevalier de Châtelux. J'ai même vû Mademoiselle Clairon ; elle m'a chargé de vous dire que sa santé est toujours très-foible, (et cela est vrai) et qu'elle vous écriroit au premier jour. Elle m'a très-bien parlé de vous, et j'ai taché de bien répondre. Vous savez, sans doute, le dénoûment de la grande querelle. Nos *dramatic heroes* ont lassé la persécution ; le public, qui d'abord avoit cru sa Majesté offensée, a bientôt senti que son humeur se tournoit contre ses plaisirs, et comme par-dessus tout il veut être amusé, il a redemandé les prisonnières, et malgré le petit despotisme de Cour, il a bien fallu les rendre : ils sont sortis de prison glorieux, et ont fait le même jour une aparition triomphante à l'Opéra. Le surlendemain ils ont paru dans " Semiramis," et ont été accueillis avec transport. Dubois se retire avec une pension de quinze cent livres, et quatre mille en argent comptant. Mademoiselle Dubois nous reste, plus insolente et aussi médiocre que jamais. Voilà l'état des choses. Vous m'aviez promis de faire mettre le récit de la querelle dans quelqu'un de vos papiers : cela auroit fait un bon effet ici ; mais vous m'avez promis bien des choses ; ce portrait de Préville ? je l'attens toujours ; vous m'avez promis de conserver de l'amitié pour moi, voilà surtout ce dont je ne vous tiendrai jamais quitte.

J'ai lu le *Sick Monkey* avec bien du plaisir ; la fable me paroit ingénieuse et adroite pour l'idée, et conté avec beaucoup de grâce et de naturel, peut-être un peu de surabondance dans le stile, et trop de digressions dans les détails, mais cette sorte

de *luxuriancy* va bien au ton facil du récit. Je l'annoncerai dans La Gazette Littéraire, et je serai très-discret sur le nom de l'auteur: j'imagine aisément qu'on doit y être embarrassé.

Bon jour, mon cher Monsieur, ménagez vôtre santé, conservez-moi de l'amitié; que la distance et le tems n'affoiblissent pas le souvenir de vos amis de Paris, et songez que de tous ceux que vous y laissez, il n'y en a pas un qui vous soit plus sincèrement attaché que moi. Mettez mon amitié à l'épreuve; vous m'obligerez en me procurant l'occasion de vous servir. Vale et me ama.

SUARD.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 20 Mai, 1767.

MON ami, Mr. de Villetanneuse, qui a bien voulu se charger de vous remettre ma lettre et un portrait de Préville, a le plus grande envie de vous connoître, par tout le bien qu'il a oui dire de vous; et je crois vous faire un plaisir en vous procurant sa connoissance. C'est un homme de mérite, ami des arts et des talens, et de plus proche voisin de nôtre bon Roi Henri IV. qui en valoit bien un autre. Le sujet de son voyage en Angleterre a été uniquement de revoir Londres, et d'y accompagner Madame Sayde, femme aimable et estimable, qui tient ici le plus gros commerce dans tout ce que vous avez de plus beaux et de plus recherchés en Angleterre. Si pendant le séjour qu'ils y feront l'un et l'autre, vous pouvez leur être de quelqu'utilité, je joindrai cette obligation à toutes celles que je vous ai déjà. Madame Sayde a eu la bonté de me promettre qu'elle se chargeroit du drap bleu, et de la doublure qu'on a dû remettre chez-vous pour moi. Si Mr. Mant et M. Changuion ne venoient pas bientôt à Paris, elle me fera encore le plaisir de prendre la redingotte, le cotillon, et le fromage.

Par vôtre dernière lettre vous me marquez que vous pourrez bien venir à Paris cet été: pourquoi ne pas vous décider la-dessus? vous ferez plaisir à bien des gens, surtout à moi et à Favart, qui vous fait mille remerciements et compliments. Comme je suis logé agréablement et un peu grandement, je vous offre de bon cœur mon bel appartement, que vous devez prendre sans façon, comme j'ai pris le vôtre.

Mr. le Comte du Luc me demande souvent de vos nouvelles, et il seroit fort aise de vous revoir à Paris.

Mr. Cazeau auteur, d'Olivier, Messrs. Wils et Goy dineront chez-moi demain, et sûrement nous boirons à vôtre santé.

Bien des amitiés et des respects, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick. Dieu vous maintienne l'un et l'autre en joie et en santé!

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 29 Mai, 1767.

Mon ami, je vous écris un mot bien vîte, pour vous prier de dire à Madame Garrick qu'elle m'a fait demander par la lettre que Mr. de Villier a écrit, dix à douze aulnes d'entoillage de blonde, semblable à celle qu'on lui a déjà envoyé: Madame Tocquefol, rue du Spulcre, lui a bien fourni quarante-cinq aulnes de petite dentelle pour garnir une robe, mais non pas de l'entoillage; il faut donc que Madame Garrick me fasse tenir par la première occasion, un échantillon de ce qu'elle veut, et qu'elle me marque en même tems si c'est un jupon de satin gris piqué dont elle a besoin, ceux-là valent trente francs.

Le petit Barthelemon sort de chez-moi, il m'a raconté son aventure à Londres, qui est malheureuse pour lui: il compte passer d'ici à Nantes, à Bordeaux, et de-là en Italie. Il m'a chargé de vous demander si vous êtes dans le dessein de continuer la pièce qu'il a commencé avec vous: il dit qu'il y a un acte de fait, que si vous voulez lui envoyer le second, qu'il le fera dans sa route, et que vous l'aurez de très-bonne heure pour la saison prochaine.

Ménagez vôtre santé, et donnez-moi de vos nouvelles.

Monnet.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 6 Juillet, 1767.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu il y a quelques jours vôtre dernière lettre, et je vous envoie par une très-jolie demoiselle Angloise, le jupon que vous m'avez demandé pour Madame Garrick: elle n'a pas pû se charger des livres, mais je vous les ferai tenir par la première occasion qui se présentera: je vous ai déjà fait des offres de services à cet égard, c'est à dire, de vous envoyer tout ce qui paroîtroit de bon et de nouveau dans nôtre littérature; quoique je ne soie pas homme de lettres, je suis en état de vous satisfaire dans cette partie. Favart vous aime bien, et il a assurément la meilleure volonté; mais il est trop négligent sur ses propres affaires pour pouvoir penser aux vôtres, néanmoins le mari, la femme, et Mr. l'Abbé de Voisenon avec lesquels je dînai hier, m'ont chargé de bien des amitiés et des compliments pour vous et Madame Garrick. Nôtre ami Favart a trois pièces sur le métier, une presque finie, et les autres bien avancées.

J'ai fait part à Barthelemon de l'article qui le concernoit dans vôtre lettre: il a été sensible à vôtre amitié, et aux offres que vous lui avez fait, et il m'a bien recommandé de vous dire que lorsqu'il sera de retour à Londres, il travaillera à finir la pièce qu'il a commencé avec vous. Ce jeune homme a eu beaucoup de succès ici, il a joué au concert spirituel avec les plus grands applaudissements du public, et des gens de

l'art; il a fort réussi à Versailles, où il est depuis huit jours: en mon particulier, je pense qu'il a du génie et du goût, et que vous feriez bien de lui donner la place de compositeur de vôtre théâtre. Il est, dit-on, marié à une femme qui a une jolie voix dont vous pourriez tirer partie.

J'ai dîné aujourd'hui avec Mr. Changuion, qui est à Paris depuis trois jours: il n'a point apporté le livre pour Mr. le Moine, et le drap bleu que vous m'avez annoncés; il pense que vous aurez fait porter l'un et l'autre chez Mr. le Chevalier Gray, qui doit passer ici pour aller en Espagne. À propos d'envois, la redingotte, le cotillon, et le fromage que je vous avois demandés, sont encore chez le Major Mant à Londres, qui ne viendra pas à Paris cette année selon toutes les apparences; je vais lui écrire pour qu'il vous fasse remettre le tout, et vous me ferez le plaisir d'en charger Madame Sayde, que je vous ai recommandée. Ce même Mr. Mant a dû vous remettre des exemplaires de vôtre portrait que Mr. Cochin a fait graver, et je voudrois sçavoir pour raison combien il vous en a remis; ce Monsieur-là a bien peu répondu aux politesses que je lui ai fait à Paris. Dorénavant, j'en ferai à ceux qui les mériteront.

N'ayez point d'inquiétude, mon ami, sur le portrait dont vous m'avez chargé en partant de Londres, pour faire graver. Je vous ai fait part il y a long tems, de la difficulté qu'il y avoit d'avoir un bon graveur: je suis toujours dans le même embarras; nous devons cependant nous rassembler au premier jour avec Mr. Vattelet, pour conférer sur cet objet, il a des connoissances sur la gravure; peut-être déterminerons-nous quelque chose.

Il y a bien de l'apparence que vous ne viendrez point à Paris cette année: j'en suis fâché, car je m'ennuie à ne pas vous voir. Ce sera donc pour la prochaine année, j'y compte, et je fais les vœux les plus sincères pour que vous soyez débarrassé de toute affaire de théâtre, joyeux et bien portant. J'ai des compliments sans nombres à vous faire, de tous vos amis et de ma cousine; je ne vous en fais point, je me contente de vous aimer de tout mon cœur.

MONNET.

Vôtre ami, mon coquin de chien, me donne plus de chagrin qu'il ne vaut; il a violé la petite chienne favorite de Mr. le Duc de Choiseul, pour ce on veut le faire mettre à la Bastille. Je ne sçai pas si je pourrai obtenir sa grâce.

Je reviens à ce Major Mant, qui a peut-être mangé mon fromage, et perdu la redingotte, et le cotillon que vous lui avez fait remettre il y a bien deux mois; comme il y a bien de l'apparence qu'il ne reviendra pas à Paris, je vous prie d'envoyer chez-lui pour sçavoir ce que tout cela est devenu: je lui écris par la même voie. Faites-moi encore le plaisir de faire dire à vôtre tailleur, qu'il me fasse une redingotte pour moi, semblable de grandeur et de même étoffe à la première qu'il m'a fait; il a ma mésure. Vous ferez remettre le tout à Madame Sayde. Voilà, mon ami, bien de l'embarras et de l'argent que je vous dois. Marquez bien exactement les avances que vous me faites, comme je les fais de mon côté. Envoyez-moi le petit compte que

nous avons ensemble, que je puisse vous payer, sans quoi vous me chagrinerez : nous avons un proverbe qui dit que les bons comptes font les bons amis.

J'assure Madame Garrick de mon respect, et je la prie de ne pas oublier que je suis à ses ordres, et que rien ne me flatte tant que de pouvoir lui être de quelque utilité.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

A Paris, ce 27 Août, 1767.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu mon drap bleu et le livre que vous avez envoyés à Mr. le Moine : il vous fait des compliments, et beaucoup de remerciemens du présent que vous lui avez fait ; il n'a pas mis de retard à sa reconnoissance ; il a sur le champ fait encaisser vôtre buste pour vous l'envoyer, et je me suis chargé de cette commission. Je pense que la meilleure façon de vous le faire parvenir, sera de l'envoyer par eau à Rouen, et de-là à Londres ; mais avant de l'embarquer, faites-moi sçavoir à qui vous voulez que je l'adresse. Vous avez, sans doute, des amis à vôtre Douanne ; ne pourriez-vous pas les prévenir pour éviter l'embarras, et encore plus les droits qu'il faut payer ? Dites-moi ce que vous voulez que je fasse à ce sujet.

Vous avez dû recevoir les livres que je vous ai envoyé par Mylord Rochefort. C'est à Mr. Changuion à qui vous en avez l'obligation ; il a bien voulu se charger de lui faire prendre ce paquet pour vous.

Je suis fâché, mon ami, des tourmens que je vous donne pour la redingotte, le petit cotillon, et le fromage que vous avez fait remettre il y a plusieurs mois à Mr. Mant. Je lui ai écrit à ce sujet il y a plus d'un mois ; il m'a fait réponse qu'il avoit envoyé le tout à Dunkerque il y a plus de quatre mois, et qu'il alloit écrire une seconde fois. Mais comme je ne compte pas beaucoup sur les paroles de cet homme, faites-moi le plaisir de prier de ma part Mr. de Villier de vouloir bien passer chez-lui, et de ne lui pas donner de quartier qu'il ne lui aît rendu compte de ce dont il est question. Si cela est perdu, Mr. Mant ne peut pas se dispenser de rembourser à Mr. de Villier ce que ces trois objets ont coûtés.

Je vous ai encore demandé par ma précédente lettre une seconde redingotte de ma taille. Vôtre tailleur a ma mésure : je vous prie de la faire faire et remettre à Madame Sayde, qui doit revenir à Paris bientôt ; et je vous proteste que je ne vous donnerai pas davantage de commissions de cette nature ; elles sont trop désagréables pour vous et pour moi.

Nôtre ami Favart vous fait bien des compliments : il vient de finir une pièce en trois actes, pour la Comédie Italienne, intitulée " Les Moissonneurs." Je crois qu'elle aura le plus grand succès.

Des compliments, s'il vous plait, à Mr. Barthelemon ; dites-lui que j'ai reçu la lettre qu'il m'a écrit de Calais, que je ne l'oublie pas auprès de Clairval, pour la pièce qu'il lui a promis, et qu'il auroit déjà si cela dépendoit de moi : nous sommes dans un siècle où l'on promet plus qu'on ne tient.

Mon ami, sur toutes choses, mille mille tendres amitiés à Madame Garrick; dites-lui qu'elle n'oublie pas que je suis ici à ses ordres, et que je vous aime bien tous deux.

MONNET.

Dites quelques choses pour moi à vôtre bon frère. Mr. Vattelet, que je vis hier à l'Opéra, vous fait ainsi qu'à Madame Garrick bien des compliments. Nous devons nous voir après demain matin, pour conférer encore sur la gravure de vôtre portrait que vous m'avez remis en partant de Londres.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 31 Août, 1767.

MON ami, je n'ai sçu qu'hier que vous aviez écrit a Mr. Panchaud; j'ai passé chez lui ce matin; il m'a communiqué les articles de vôtre lettre, et il m'a remis à peu près trois cent et douze dessins colorés de Mr. de Buffon, cent soixant-huit en grand papier, et cent quarante-quatre en petit. Madame de l'Ormel, qui part la nuit prochaine pour Londres, a bien voulue se charger des derniers. Je vous enverrai les autres par la première occasion.

Noverre est à Vienne depuis deux mois, je vais lui écrire, et je vous ferai part de sa réponse sitôt que je l'aurai.

Vous demandez un danseur et une danseuse, pour la saison prochaine sans doute, mais vous vous y prenez trop tard; il vous faudroit un homme comique qui eût de la vigueur et du brillant dans la jambe; il n'y en a pas ici; il auroit fallu pour ce avoir écrit il y a quatre mois en Italie et ailleurs. Il y a trois femmes à Paris qui pourroient vous convenir, Mademoiselles Allard, Pelem, et Frédéric l'ainée: les deux premières à l'Opéra, et l'autre à la Comédie Italienne. Mademoiselle Allard, danseuse étonnante et unique, n'ira pas en Angleterre à moins de quatre à cinq cent louis pour une saison; la seconde trois cent, et la dernière deux cent louis, et encore beaucoup de difficultés pour avoir l'une ou l'autre.

En pièces sur nôtre théâtre, nous n'avons rien de bon ni de comique qui puissent vous convenir. Les comédiens François ont donné ces jours derniers la première représentation d'une tragédie intitulée "Cosroës II.;" c'est le début de Mr. Le Fevre, auteur d'un ode sur la mort de Mr. le Dauphin, dont on ne dit pas grand bien.

J'ai reçu, comme je vous l'ai marqué, mon drap bleu, et le livre que vous avez envoyés à Mr. le Moine; mais je crois au diable le fromage, la redingotte, et le cotillon, si vous ne faites, pas bombarder le —— qui s'en est chargé.

Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous prie de ne pas oublier que je vous aime bien.

MONNET.

DE M. VILLIÈRES À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Dantzig, le 11 Novembre, 1767.

QUELQUE précipité qu'ait été mon départ de vôtre ville, (puisque je n'ai eu que trois jours pour faire mes préparatifs, la lettre qui m'appelloit ici, et le vaisseau qui devoit m'y porter ne m'ayant laissé que ce court intervalle,) j'ai cependant eu l'honneur de me présenter trois fois à vôtre maison, pour prendre congé de vous, et vous témoigner toute ma reconnoissance des politesses et des façons obligeantes que j'ai éprouvées de vôtre part. Si vôtre absence m'a privé de vous rendre ce devoir en personne, les sentimens de la vraie et sincère reconnoissance dont mon cœur est pénétré pour toutes vos traitemens honnêtes ne me permettent pas de demeurer sans vous les exprimer au moins de cette manière. Oui, Monsieur, soit que la fortune qui m'a appelé ici m'y retienne, soit qu'elle me promène ailleurs, les sentimens de ma gratitude seront toujours indépendants des lieux que j'habiterai. Je me ressouviendrai par tout avec une secrète vanité, que j'ai eu le plaisir de connoître à Londres un homme aussi estimable par les qualités sociales qui constituent le galant homme, qu'admirable par les talens supérieurs qui constituent l'homme extraordinaire; que dans les intervalles que ses grandes occupations lui laissent, il n'a pas dédaigné de m'admettre à sa conversation familière, et que cette faveur m'a mis à portée de pouvoir rendre autant de justice à son cœur qu'à ses talents. Si vôtre modestie d'un côté, Monsieur; si de l'autre, quelque reste de préjugé contre la sincérité de ma nation, vous faisoient soupçonner la sincérité de mes expressions, je vous prie de réfléchir que je suis éloigné de vous, que je n'ai pas d'espérance de vous revoir, et que, par conséquent, nul autre motif que celui de payer une dette légitime ne m'engage à vous écrire. Oserois-je, Monsieur, en considération de mon admiration et de mon attachement pour vous, vous faire une prière? Vous sçavez que nous autres Catholiques Romains tenons beaucoup au culte des images. Quelqu'exempt que je puisse me flatter d'être d'ailleurs des superstitions de mon église, je tiens néanmoins beaucoup à celle-ci, non pas à la vérité pour les images des Saints, mais pour celles des grands hommes. Quelle dévotion ne porterois-je donc pas à vôtre portrait, si vous vouliez m'en honorer! Je vous puis assurer qu'une jeune fille qui languit après un mari, ne s'extasie pas plus dévoteusement devant l'image du saint qui envoie des maris, ou un moine vigoureux devant l'image d'une belle Vierge qu'il convoite, que je le ferois devant un portrait qui dans lui seul me représenteroit tous les caractères que les Muses Tragique et Comique ont jusqu'à présent produit sur la scène. Mais je m'apperçois que mon enthusiasme m'emporte trop loin, et la raison m'avertit que l'admiration qu'on porte à quelqu'un n'est pas un titre à ses faveurs. Vous pourrez donc, Monsieur, rejetter ma prière comme indiscrète, sans que ce jugement sévère influe en rien sur les sentimens d'admiration, d'attachement, et de reconnoissance avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur, DE VILLIÈRES.

Chez Mr. le Staroste Nowowieyskys.

Messrs. Henckell et Mason se chargeroient du portrait s'il étoit à l'addresse de Mr. Gill, W. Roberts et Co. à Dantzig.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 14 Novembre, 1767.

Après un long sommeil, Monsieur s'éveille et me conte son rêve. *My poor Garrick!* O le méchant! croyez ce qu'il dit: tant d'affaires, la crainte *de troubler, d'importuner*—vieilles excuses des paresseux; ensuite des injures pour se raccommoder. Moi *l'amie* de Saint Foix? c'est une abominable calomnie, et j'en porterai mes plaintes à la Maison des Lords. Vous avez un poëte en tête; moi, j'aime les héros; j'ai jetté le livre à l'endroit où ce Breton hargneux et maussade attaque le Prince Noir; guerrier aussi révéré des François, que chéri de sa propre nation. Je n'ai pas voulu lire une ligne de plus, j'ai dit, autre Smollet, va au diable. Mais pensez-vous, Monsieur, que l'on admire cet ennuieux procès contre Rapin? Détrompez-vous, ce suplément a fait tomber les essais sur Paris. L'aigreur et la partialité déplaisent aux François, ils ne se pâment point sur des bêtises où l'on prétend les flater; un mensonge grossier les révoltent, ils ne riroient point de ce qui attire les éclats du peuple de Londres, et si on vouloit leur persuader que les Anglois vivent de grenouilles, meurent de faim, que leurs femmes sont barbouillées, et jurent par toutes les lettres de l'alphabet, ils leveroient les épaules, et s'écriroient, *quel sot ose écrire ces misères là?* mais à Londres, diantre cela prend! Smollet est un *charming author!* vil gredin, qui ne connoit pas mieux les mœurs de son pays que ceux de la France, et dont tous les ouvrages sont détestables: oui, détestables.

Vous me dites une ancienne et une triste vérité. Oh, sans doute, *il est des préjugés nationnaux:* l'orgueil les enfante, l'ignorance les nourrit, et la mauvaise foi les soutient. Chaque peuple ose se donner la préférence, et croit enfin la mériter. Cette prétention est la source d'une éternelle division entre les enfans d'Adam: mais plus on étend ses connoissances, plus on aprofondit, plus on trouve d'uniformité entre tous ces foibles humains répandus sur ce globe immense; des nations se vantent en vain *d'une marque distinctive,* elle est dans leurs habitudes, elle n'est point dans leurs sentimens. Si en arrivant au milieu d'une terre étrangère un voyageur est frappé par des usages singuliers, s'il croit voir des hommes nouveaux, l'examen fait bientôt disparoître ces nuances légeres, il retrouvera chez l'homme le plus sauvage une partie de ses désirs, de ses affections, de ses vices, et de ses vertus. Orgueilleux insulaires! vos passions sont les nôtres, elles sont le sceau de l'humanité; elles raprochent tous les êtres, elles les rendent tous ressemblans les uns aux autres: nous sommes fous? vous l'êtes aussi: nous devrions nous chercher, nous aider; nous aimons mieux nous agacer, nous égratigner, nous mordre, nous déchirer. C'est vôtre sexe maudit, qui

détruit la paix, les femmes s'arrangeroient; oui, Monsieur. Disputez cela, et je vous étranglerai.*

Il est en Angleterre une dame plus sensée, plus admirable que tous vos philosophes. C'est Lady Betty Germain: ennemie de la politique, de l'esprit de parti; franche, aimable, solide, généreuse; défendant avec chaleur son amie contre cet enragé de Swift, elle joint à la plus belle âme la délicatesse de l'esprit et les grâces d'un style noble et léger. Voilà la femme de tous les tems, de tous les pays; respectable pour toutes les nations; cent fois au-dessus de vôtre Lady Mary Montague; l'une a l'avantage de bien écrire, Lady Betty y ajoute celui de bien penser. Mais je vous querelle, je crois? est-ce que l'esprit des Smollet et des Saint Foix m'anime? suis-je une furie? j'ai bien raison d'aimer ma solitude, de m'y renfermer; l'injustice me désole, et quand je vois des menteurs, des méchants, des perfides, par douceur, par humanité, je les étoufferois. Mon premier mouvement passé, je suis bonne et indulgente. Allons, faisons la paix; je vous tends la main, je fais un pas vers vous; avancez aussi, nous nous embrasserons. Soyez moins *négligent* à l'avenir, ne me laissez pas ignorer pendant six mois que vous conservez un peu d'amitié pour une femme incapable de vous oublier; vôtre charmante compagne et vous, vous serez toujours présent à mon cœur.

Ce Monsieur Becket qui me considère tant, me traite moins comme un auteur que comme un libraire. Il m'a demandé cinquante exemplaires de Madame De Sancerre pour son compte, et cinquante pour le *mien*. Du retour point de nouvelles: excepté ces cent exemplaires dont je souhaite d'être payée, je veux employer en livres Anglois le produit de mes autres ouvrages, envoyés à Mr. Becket, et reçus par lui à ma prière. Je voudrois par la première occasion les pièces de théâtre suivantes:

Anna Boleyne, by Banks.
Amorous Widow, by Betterton.
Artful Husband, by Taverner.
All in the Wrong, by Mr. Murphy.
Minor, by Je ne sçai qui. [Foote]
Orators, by Mr. Foote.
School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead.
Englishman at Paris, by Mr. Foote.
———— Returned, by the same.
Knights, by Mr. Foote.
Intriguing Chambermaid.
High Life Below Stairs.
Old Maid, by Mr. Murphy.
Taste, by Mr. Foote.
Upholsterer, by Mr. Murphy.
Whim or Miser's Retreat.
The Apprentice, by Mr. Murphy.
Suspicious Husband, by Dr. Hoadly.

le tout en brochure: on peut addresser ce petit paquet à mon libraire à Paris, si on ne trouve pas la facilité d'en charger quelqu'un. Ça, vous entendez bien. Il faut engager Mr. Becket à me payer d'ici au mois de Janvier, les lettres de Madame De

* The ironical *persiflage* of this lively writer is extremely diverting. Nor is there a want of sound philosophy in her criticism. Smollet and Goldsmith are secure in their brilliant reputations; yet I cannot say that her censures are without foundation, and her very objections are not national. They apply to *manners* and to *morals*, which she discovers to be faulty.—Ed.

Sancerre. Le reste de mes ouvrages est destiné à augmenter ma bibliothèque Angloise. Vraiment je fais à Mr. Becket un roman mêlé d'Anglois, de François, de lettres, d'avantures ; il sera charmant, ou abominable, je n'en sçai rien ; mais malgré tous les Smollet du monde, les Anglois ne s'appercevront point de ma colère contre eux. Je suis actuellement à leur égard comme une maîtresse offensée, qu'un rien peut appaiser, parcequ'elle aime encore.

Adieu, mon très-aimable ami ; ma plume est mauvaise, ma toilette m'attend, je suis bête, et malade. Embrassez trois fois Madame Garrick à mon intention, autant à celle de ma compagne, et croyez-moi toujours la plus sincère, la plus tendre, et la plus constante de vos amies,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. FENOÜILLOT DE FALBAIRE À M. GARRICK.

Rue et vis-à-vis l'Hôtel du Buloy, à Paris, le 18 Nov. 1767.

J'AI l'honneur de vous envoyer, Monsieur, un exemplaire d'une petite pièce que vous connoissez déjà, et dont il m'a paru que vous faisiez quelque cas, quoique vous ne l'ayiez pas jugée propre à vôtre théâtre. Je travaille actuellement à une tragédie qui, j'espère, sera plus heureuse. C'est, au jugement de Mr. Diderot, le sujet le plus théâtral et le plus terrible qui aît été mis sur la scène : il intéresse particulièrement vôtre nation, et je pourrai vous envoyer la pièce pour Pâques, en vous demandant le plus grand sécret jusqu'à ce qu'elle paroisse. Si vous voulez, Monsieur, me rendre le service de la traduire, vous aurez tout l'été pour le faire, et vous serez en état de la jouer sur vôtre théâtre au commencement de l'hiver prochain : tems pour lequel elle paroîtra imprimée ici de la même façon que celle que je vous envoie. Les dessins en sont même déjà tous faits par Mr. Gravelot, vôtre ami et le mien, qui pense, ainsi que Mr. Diderot, que si vous voulez bien lui donner vos soins, cette pièce ne peut manquer de réussir sur vôtre scène. Je compte donc, Monsieur, sur les offres obligeantes de service que vous m'avez faites dans vôtre réponse, mais je n'en avois pas besoin pour être toujours avec l'estime et la considération la plus vraie,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

FENOÜILLOT DE FALBAIRE.

Messrs. Diderot et Gravelot me chargent de mille amitiés pour vous.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 20 Novembre, 1767.

MON ami, j'ai reçu il y a quelques jours une lettre de Maître Antonio Carara, par laquelle il me demande ma protection pour le faire entrer au service de Mr. Du Châtelet, nommé depuis peu pour l'Ambassade de France à Londres. Dites-lui, je vous prie,

que Mr. Du Châtelet n'est pas actuellement à Paris, il est à son régiment; mais que je l'ai bien recommandé à Mr. François, secrétaire d'Ambassade, et l'ami de l'Ambassadeur, et que je lui ai bien dit tout ce que Antonio Carara valoit. Antonio Carara aura donc l'attention vers la fin de ce mois, de s'informer de l'arrivée de Mr. François en Angleterre, et d'y aller de ma part; il sera bien reçu, et il fera certainement tout ce qui sera en son pouvoir pour lui rendre service dans le cas qu'Antonio Carara puisse convenir à cet Ambassadeur. Prévenez-le que la protection de Mylord et de Mylady Spencer sera d'un grand poids auprès de son Excellence.

Antonio m'a aussi demandé pour Madame Garrick un dessin coloré de la façon dont les dames Françoises du bon ton s'habillent, et se coëffent actuellement: je vous en envoie trois (que vous lui remettrez de ma part), que j'ai fait faire par Mr. Boquet, beaucoup plus capable et plus au fait que le petit peintre qu'Antonio m'avoit indiqué, et qui ont été dessiné d'après les deux femmes de Paris les plus coquettes et les mieux mises conformément aux modes actuelles: bien des respects et amitiés à Madame Garrick, et dites-lui que je serai toujours bien content quand je pourrai lui être de quelqu'utilité.

Mr. Barthelemon m'a écrit, et il m'a fait part de son état présent en Angleterre, et de la bonne volonté que vous aviez de lui être utile. Je voudrois bien sçavoir le succès de la pièce que vous avez fait ensemble. Ce jeune homme a de l'esprit, des talens, et je lui veux beaucoup de bien: s'il vous remet trois louis que je lui ai prêtés à Paris, vous les prendrez; ce sera autant de diminué sur ce que je vous dois à cet égard; je m'acquitterai envers vous quand vous le jugerez à propos.

J'ai reçu il y a quatre jours de vôtre part une redingotte, c'est sans doute celle que vous aviez fait mettre chez Mr. Duval; je l'ai trouvée beaucoup plus commune que celle que vôtre tailleur a fait pour moi dans mon voyage d'Angleterre. On a même oublié d'y mettre une ceinture. Ayez la bonté dans la première lettre que vous m'écrivez, de me marquer ce qu'elle a coutée; mon dessein n'étant pas d'en faire présent à la personne qui m'a chargé de la faire venir, il est nécessaire que je sache ce qu'elle vaut pour pouvoir m'en faire payer.

Quand à celle que vous avez fait remettre à Mr. Mant avec le cotillon et le fromage, je ne l'ai pas reçu, et vraisemblablement je ne recevrai rien. Mais Antonio Carara, homme ferme et intelligent, peut finir cet objet en allant lui-même chez cet homme, lui dire tout naturellement que ne pouvant pas avoir les effets, j'en demande la valeur en argent: trois guinées à peu près l'acquitteront vis-à-vis de moi. Cette somme n'est pas assez considérable pour qu'il puisse résister à cette proposition. Si Antonio reçoit cet argent, il seroit inutile de faire faire une autre redingotte: je dirai à la personne qui me l'avoit demandé qu'elle est perdue. Vous m'enverriez seulement un fromage par la première occasion.

Vous avez dû recevoir par Mr. Panchaud les propositions de Noverre, que je vous ai envoyé; je ne sçai pas ce que vous ferez à cet égard, mais je vois dans tout cela beaucoup de prétentions de sa part, et beaucoup d'embarras pour vous. Dieu veuille que cela tourne à bien.

Je vous envoie l'Almanach des Muses, et le reçu de l'Avant-Coureur. Vous me ferez le plaisir d'envoyer à leurs adresses les trois lettres ci-joint: je voudrois que celle de Mr. Thornhill fût remise à lui-même.

Si vous voyez Mr. Panchaud, banquier, qui doit être à Londres, dites-lui, je vous prie, que Mr. le Comte du Luc compte sur ses soins pour le drap bleu qu'il lui a promis. Il me charge aussi de vous faire ses compliments.

Vous direz à Madame Garrick que nous avons ici un livre fait par un perruquier, nommé Le Gros, qui indique quarante-cinq façons de se coëffer. Mr. De la Place a fait l'éloge de cet ouvrage dans son Mercure du mois dernier. Ce livre est cher, et bien mauvais à mon gré.

On sçaura la demeure de Mr. Mant, at Charles Gould, Esq. Horse Guards, Whitehall.

Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous recommande toujours d'avoir grand soin de vôtre santé.

MONNET.

N'oubliez pas que je loge présentement rue de Clery, près la rue St. Philippe.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 3 Décembre, 1767.

MON ami, je profite à la hâte de l'occasion qui se présente pour vous dire que Mr. Panckoucke m'a remis hier matin une note de Madame Garrick, par laquelle elle me demande des dessins de la nouvelle parure des dames Françoises, de la dentelle, des jupes, des manchettes brodées, et une espèce de cotton qui sert de doubleure. 1°. Les dessins sont partis il y a cinq jours; Madame Garrick doit les avoir reçus à présent, ou les recevra demain ou après.

La dentelle; il n'a pas été possible d'en avoir du même dessin, on la fera faire, et je l'enverrai par la première personne que je trouverai.

Les jupes, je ne puis lui faire parvenir que par des femmes; cela se trouve rarement; cependant je ne négligerai rien pour la satisfaire à ce sujet.

Je lui envoie trois paires de manchettes brodées, de bas prix; si elle en veut de plus chères, il y en a à deux rangs jusqu'à cinquante francs la paire, et à trois rangs jusqu'à cent francs.

Pour le cotton, soit que Mr. Panckoucke en aît perdu l'échantillon, ou que Madame Garrick aît oublié de lui donner, je ne puis pas lui en envoyer.

Mr. Cauter, porteur de ma lettre, décorateur, bon peintre dans différents genres, élève du fameux Golli, que vous avez sûrement connu, arrive d'Espagne, où il a eu beaucoup de succès: il passe en Angleterre pour sa famille. Il sera fort aise de vous connoître, et je pense que vous pourrez tirer partie de ses talens; je vous le recommande comme un bon et honnête garçon.

Au nom de Dieu, mon ami, accusez-moi donc tout ce que je vous ai envoyé; j'ai des inquiétudes à ce sujet.

Mr. Panckoucke m'a dit que vous aviez vu Mant à la Cour, et qu'il puoit le fromage comme un —— qu'il est. Si Antonio Carara ne me fait pas payer le mien, la redingotte, et le petit cotillon, dites-lui que je le ferai châtré.

Préville, Vernet le peintre, et Goy ont soupé hier chez-moi, avec trois princesses les plus élégantes de l'Opéra. Goy a fait le Mylord: nous avons diablement ri et bien bû à vôtre santé. Bien des amitiés et des respects à Madame, et dites-lui que les trois paires de manchettes coûtent cinquante-trois francs prix marchand.

Je vous embrasse, mon ami; donnez-moi de vos nouvelles souvent, ne craignez pas de me ruiner par les frais de la poste.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. B. RAYMOND GILBERT.

À Paris, ce 30 Décembre, 1767.

J'AI reçu vôtre lettre, Monsieur, et par le dernier ordinaire j'ai écrit et marqué à Mr. Garrick tout le bien que je pensois sur vôtre compte, en le priant de vous procurer des écoliers, et certainement il le fera si l'occasion s'en présente: mais prodigieusement occupé des affaires de son théâtre, et peu dans le courrant du monde, je crains bien qu'il ne puisse pas faire grande chose pour vous. Par l'évènement, vous voyez que vous avez mal fait d'établir une école; il falloit vous en tenir à vôtre petit casuel; vous auriez proportionné vôtre dépense à vôtre gain, et vous ne seriez pas aujourd'hui dans l'embarras pour le loyer de vôtre maison, et peut-être encore pour celui de vos meubles.

J'ai vû, Mr. vôtre oncle, qui est tout aussi bien que moi touché de vôtre situation, mais il ne peut rien; il m'a promis seulement d'écrire en vôtre faveur à Madame vôtre mère. S'il en obtient quelques secours, nous vous les ferons tenir: il me charge de bien des complimens pour vous.

Vôtre Abbé Whittingham du séminaire Anglois, pour la souscription de Corneille est inaccessible. J'y ai envoyé deux fois, on ne peut pas le joindre; j'y enverrai encore, et avant qu'il soit peu, je vous rendrai compte de cette commission.

Je serois fort aise de voir la traduction que vous avez fait de Milton, mais je ne crois pas vous avoir dit que Mr. Crébillon sçut l'Anglois: c'est Mr. De la Place, encore entend-t'-il très-mal cette langue.

Je vous prie de voir Mr. et Madame Angelo, et de leur dire bien des choses de ma part, que je les aime bien; au mari, qu'il me fera plaisir de ne pas m'oublier pour le volume que je lui ai demandé de l'Espion Chinois.

Je voudrois bien, mon cher, pouvoir vous rendre quelques services, mais dans ce

monde, sans influence, ni crédit d'aucune espèce, je ne puis que vous plaindre, et désirer que Dieu vous aît en sa sainte garde.

MONNET.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur B. Raymond Gilbert, at No. 9,
in Furnival's Inn Court, Holborn, London."

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 8 Janvier, 1768.

MON ami, je vous envoie les deux paquets de blonde et entoillage que Madame Garrick a fait demander à Mr. Panckoucke, en attendant que je trouve l'occasion de lui faire passer les jupons.

J'ai écrit au Sieur Gilbert que je vous l'avois recommandé pour des écoliers, mais que vos grandes affaires et le courrant du monde où vous étiez, vous empêcheroient de lui rendre tous les services que vous voudriez bien : vous en voilà débarrassé. Comme je vous l'ai dit, c'est un bon et honnête garçon, mais c'est une manière de fou et d'imbécile, qui n'est propre qu'à enseigner la langue Françoise, et tout aussi bien que beaucoup de gens que vous avez à Londres.

On a donné hier pour la première fois, à la Comédie Italienne " L'Isle Sonnante," intermède en trois actes, paroles de Mr. Collé, et musique de Mr. Monsigny : il y a des choses très-plaisantes de la part des deux auteurs. Sitôt que cette pièce sera imprimé, je vous l'enverrai avec les œuvres de Mr. Collé, dont on vient de faire une édition.

On donnera celle de Mr. Favart vers la fin de ce mois, intitulée " Les Moissonneurs," je vous l'enverrai aussi ; il vous fait des compliments.

Vous croyez que ce —— de Mant payera le fromage, j'en doute, et je le souhaite. Je vous ai marqué par ma précédente l'usage que vous feriez de ce remboursement. Ménagez vôtre santé : dites quelque chose pour moi à Madame Garrick. Il fait si froid où je vous écris, que la plume me tombe des mains.

MONNET.

DE MADEMOISELLE AUGUSTE À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Versailles, ce 12 Février, 1768.

LE nombre des années qui se sont écoulées depuis que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous appartenir en qualité de danseuse, me fait croire avec juste raison que je dois être bien éloigné de vôtre souvenir ; mais encouragée par la connoissance que j'ai de vôtre divin caractère, et autorisée par la certitude que toutes créatures infortunées sont des êtres qui ne s'effacent jamais dans des cœurs tels que le vôtre, ma plume se met

comme d'elle-même à ma main, pour exciter vôtre bonté à me rendre service dans une malheureuse affaire qui a du parvenir à vôtre connoissance en 1755 par Mr. Berenger, à qui j'avois pris la liberté d'écrire en conséquence.

Cet honnête Monsieur, n'ayant pu par sa réponse me donner les éclaircissements que j'aurois souhaités pour agir, et de mon côté, ayant été obligée de vacquer à plusieurs engagements que j'avois contractées pour différentes cours d'Italie, il m'a fallu de toute nécessité négliger cette affaire, qui n'est pas de peu de conséquence pour moi, puisqu'elle fait la plus grande partie de ce que je possédois. En voici, Monsieur, un détail le mieux concis et le plus laconique qu'il me sera possible de vous le faire.

En partant de Londres au mois de Mai 1754, et comptant de retourner la saison d'ensuite pour vôtre service, je laissai à Mr. Kent, employé et demeurant à l'office du Roy for taxes, Westminster, cinq coffres, trois grandes boëtes, deux petites boëtes, une petite boëte carrée de chêne, et deux paquets, le tout contenant linge, dentelle, habits de ville, habits de théâtre, et quelque peu d'argenterie.

Le vingt-cinq de Juillet, de la même année, je reçus une lettre de Mr. Kent, sans signature à la vérité, mais où son cachet existe encore ainsi que la contremarque d'Angleterre, dans laquelle il me marque qu'il étoit déterminé de me venir voir à Paris, et que si j'avois besoin de quelques choses ou de mes coffres, qu'il se feroit un plaisir de me l'apporter, preuve que ce dit Mr. Kent en étoit en possession ainsi que de mes clefs; une seconde preuve qui n'est pas équivoque est, que tous ces effets lui ont été remis par Mr. Harris, marchand de gants, demeurant Jago Court, Covent-Garden, chez lequel je demeurois alors. Mais pour revenir à la lettre de Mr. Kent, je ne profitai point de son offre, et ne lui demandai rien dans la crainte de l'incommoder sur sa route: il vint effectivement à Paris dans Août, y resta cinq jours, et s'en retourna comme il étoit venu, c'est à dire, à franc étrier. Après son départ, plusieurs mois se passèrent sans que j'en reçusse aucune nouvelle, ce qui me détermina à écrire de Bordeaux où j'étois alors, à Mr. Berenger, qui m'apprit par sa réponse que Mr. Kent étoit parti de Londres avec une dame d'une fortune considérable, qu'il avoit épousée, sans qu'on put savoir dans quelle partie du monde il étoit allé.

Quelques personnes me dirent ensuite que Mr. Kent avoit laissé mes effets sous la garde d'un nommé Mr. A. Leigh, en faveur de qui il s'étoit démis de sa charge à l'office du Roy; c'est jusqu'à présent tout ce que j'en ai pu savoir. J'ai chargé Mr. Despenan, ami de Madame Meunier, de ma procuration et du mémoire de tout ce qui étoit dans mes coffres: c'est lui qui m'a appris que Mr. George Garrick est l'exécuteur testamentaire de Mr. Kent; cette nouvelle a donné de la force à mes espérances, et j'ai pensé, Monsieur, que personne mieux que vous ne pourroit engager ce cher frère à me rendre justice; j'ose vous demander cette grâce au nom du ciel et de celui qui gouverne toutes choses, bien persuadée qu'il vous rendra avec usure le bien qu'il en pourra résulter pour moi. Si vous croyez, Monsieur, qu'il soit nécessaire de mettre dans mon parti toutes les vertus accompagnées des grâces, faites, s'il vous plait, que Madame Garrick se joigne à vous auprès de Mr. George.

Avec de tels protecteurs, il faudroit que mon nom fût écrit en gros caractères

dans le livre des infortunées si je ne recouvre pas mes effets; et s'il en est ainsi, je me consolerai de leur perte; je m'en croirai bien dédommagée par l'intérêt que vous aurez pris tous deux à mon sort, et j'en conserverai un précieux ressouvenir

"Jusqu'à l'instant qui doit terminer ma carrière,
Moment affreux, moment si redouté,
Moment qui fait se jêtter en arrière;
Craignant la nuit et la lumière,
Et l'horreur du néant et l'immortalité."

Je ne suis pas, Monsieur, dans le cas d'offrir des services d'une grande importance, mais si vous et Madame Garrick me jugiez capable de vous être bonne en quelques choses à Paris, de quelque nature qu'elles puissent être, j'ose vous assurer que personne ne vous y serviroit avec plus de zèle et plus d'ardeur que celle qui se fait gloire d'être, avec les sentiments les plus distingués,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissante servante,

AUGUSTE.

Si ce n'est pas trop me flater, Monsieur, que d'oser espérer une réponse, mon adresse est chez Mr. Peire, au-dessus de l'Hôtel d'Avignon, avenue de Sceau, à Versailles.

DE M. FENOÜILLOT DE FALBAIRE À M. GARRICK.

Rue du Bouloy.

J'AI l'honneur, Monsieur, de vous envoyer un exemplaire de la séconde édition de mon "Honnête Criminel." Comme cette pièce a été jouée ici plusieurs fois avec succès chez Madame la Duchesse de Villeroy, je l'ai fait réimprimer avec tous les changemens que j'y avois faits pour la représentation. Je crois que vous en serez plus content dans l'état où elle est maintenant: mais ce qui vous intéressera certainement plus que l'ouvrage, c'est, Monsieur, l'histoire du héros de la pièce que vous verrez dans la préface. Il vit encore, et j'ai la satisfaction de voir que ce foible essai lui sera utile: que je lui ai donné de puissans protecteurs qui s'occupent du soin de rendre son destin plus doux. On y travaille ici, et vous avez d'illustres compatriotes qui veulent aussi avoir part à cet acte d'humanité et de bienfaisance. Milord Pembroke a promis d'y concourir avec ses amis. Il avoit proposé de faire une souscription à Londres pour cet objet, mais cela auroit nui ici et à l'homme en faveur de qui elle eût été faite, et peut-être à tous ceux de sa croyance. Il ne faut point que la chose se fasse avec éclat.

Les occupations que j'ai eu depuis trois mois pour tout cela, jointes à des maladies fréquentes, m'ont empêché de travailler à l'autre pièce dont j'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire, et pour laquelle vous avez bien voulu, Monsieur, me promettre vos bons offices: les promesses que vous m'avez faites à cet égard, et les assurances d'amitié que vous m'y temoignez sont pour moi d'un très-grand prix; aussi j'en profiterai certaine-

ment. C'est pour vous envoyer un ouvrage plus digne de l'intérêt que vous me promettez d'y mettre, et plus fait pour réussir sur vôtre théâtre, que j'aime mieux le travailler avec plus de soin. J'ai montré ici ce que j'ai fait à plusieurs de mes amis qui sont tous les vôtres, et s'accordent à dire que la pièce doit faire le plus grand effet sur vôtre théâtre, et est particulièrement propre à vôtre nation. Mais pour la rendre plus terrible encore, je vais faire plusieurs changemens considérables dans le plan, et la travailler de nouveau, comme si je n'y avois rien fait, quoique M. Gravelot, à qui je laissé une place ici pour vous écrire, vous dira que les trois premiers actes étoient déjà versifiés, et qu'il en étoit fort content. M. Diderot et M. Marmontel, dont je suis fort l'ami, comme vous le verrez dans ma préface, me chargent de milles amitiés pour vous; et de vous dire qu'ils méritent les sentimens que vous avez pour eux par tous ceux qu'ils ont pour vous. Nous gardons M. Marmontel, et s'il est aboyé ici par des cuistres, et des têtes à rabat ou à capuchon, il y est honoré et aimé de tous les honnêtes gens. Croyez, Monsieur, que vous avez ici des amis bien vrais et aussi sincères que vos admirateurs, et rendez-moi la justice de me compter dans le nombre des uns et des autres. J'en partage tous les sentimens, et suis avec autant d'estime que de considération et d'attachement,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

FENOÜILLOT DE FALBAIRE.

DE M. GRAVELOT À M. GARRICK.

JE profite, Monsieur, avec le plus grand plaisir, de l'occasion que M. de Fenoüillot me procure de vous renouveller les sentimens de la plus vive amitié, aussi que de ma reconnoissance pour le souvenir que vous conservez de moi. J'y joins mes respects à Madame Garrick, dont le souvenir me sera toujours cher.

Si vous pouvez avoir quelque opinion de mon sentiment sur le nouvel ouvrage de Mr. de Falbaire, je crois qu'en effet c'est un sujet propre à avoir le plus grand succès sur le théâtre Anglois. Il est aussi grand que terrible: c'est seulement dommage que la santé de son auteur l'ait empêché jusqu'ici d'y donner la dernière main.

Vous nous aviez flattés qu'on auroit la satisfaction de vous revoir ici: ce qui je vous assure charmeroit tous ceux qui ont le bonheur de vous connoître, c'est à dire de vous aimer, autant s'il se peut, que vôtre sincère ami,

GRAVELOT.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 26 Février, 1768.

MON ami, je vous envoie par Mr. Loisel, plusieurs ouvrages qui viennent de paroître.

Deux volumes par Mr. Collé.

L'Isle Sonnante, du même auteur.

Une comédie en un acte, qui a été joué aux François avec succès.

Et la pièce de nôtre ami Favart, qui a fait un effet prodigieux sur tout le monde. Caillot y joue son rôle supérieurement.

A-t'-on remis à Madame Garrick la blonde que je lui ai envoyée, et qu'elle m'avoit fait demander par Mr. Panckoucke? Je vous ai demandé une note de tout ce que vous recevez de ma part; pourquoi ne me la donnez-vous pas, et comment voulez-vous que je sache ce que vous avez reçu? Je sçais que vous êtes fort occupé; mais on a bientôt écrit reçu telle chose: j'aime l'ordre.

Madame Gerffaux, femme d'un jeune homme, jouaillier, actuellement à Londres, a dû vous remettre un paquet: elle a marqué ici que vous lui aviez donné des entrées à vôtre spectacle. Je vous prie de ne point trop prodiguer cette faveur, ni autre service, surtout aux personnes que je ne vous recommande pas.

Vos amis ici me demandent continuellement si vous viendrez à Paris cet été: que voulez-vous que je dise? en mon particulier, j'en serois fort aise. Bien des amitiés et des respects à Madame Garrick. Quand j'aurai l'occasion de lui faire passer des jupons, je le ferai. Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous prie de ne pas m'épargner dans les choses où je pourrai vous être utile. Mr. Mant a-t'-il payé la redingotte et le fromage?

MONNET.

Je voudrois sçavoir aussi si Mr. Barthelemon vous a payé ce qu'il me doit; et je crois que vous pouvez traduire "La Vérité dans le Vin" de Mr. Collé; et je pense que cette petite pièce réussira sur vôtre théâtre.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 14 Avril, 1768.

JE vous préviens, mon ami, que vous recevrez dans les premiers jours du mois prochain tout ce que vous et Madame Garrick m'avez fait demander par Antonio Carara. C'est le nommé Roch de sa connoissance qui veut bien se charger du tout; mais qui ne peut partir qu'à la fin de ce mois. À propos de Carara; descendroit-il de cette illustre famille de Padoue dont le chef fut empoisonné en prison par les ordres de la république?

Vous direz, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick que je lui envoie par cet homme tout ce qu'elle a désiré, a l'exception de l'étui à curedent et des boucles à soulier; attendu que ces sortes de choses se font mieux et plus solidement en Angleterre qu'en France. Madame Sayde tire cette marchandise de Londres, c'est à dire les petites boëtes de chagrin-verd: quant aux boucles on les fait, et je compte qu'elle les aura dans le mois prochain.

J'ai ajouté aux livres que vous m'avez désignés un ouvrage nouveau en deux vol.

sur les Sauvages, et un drame intitulé "La Vestale." Les comédiens François avoient reçu cette pièce, mais la police n'a pas voulu en permettre la représentation. Je crois que vous pouvez en tirer parti pour vôtre théâtre.

Pourquoi ne souscrivez-vous pas pour les Métamorphoses d'Ovide, représentées en une suite de cent quarante Estampes in 4°.? cet ouvrage est digne de vôtre bibliothèque. Je vous en ferai passer le Prospectus; si vous jugez à propos de souscrire, comme je connois les graveurs de cet ouvrage, vous aurez de belles épreuves. Vous devriez aussi prendre le Dictionnaire de Musique de Jean Jacques Rousseau, qui paroît depuis peu avec succès.

J'ai payé à Mr. de la Combe ce que vous lui deviez pour l'Année Littéraire; je n'ai pas souscrit pour l'avenir, ne sachant pas si vôtre volonté est de continuer pour cette feuille.

Le Kain a été fort malade: il va jouer quatre ou cinq fois; ensuite il ira prendre des eaux à Forges, et pendant son absence on donnera "La Gageuse," comédie nouvelle en un acte de Mr. Sedaine, sujet tiré de la première nouvelle de Scarron. Le même auteur a fait aussi une pièce pour les Italiens, qui a pour titre "Le Déserteur;" quand l'une et l'autre seront imprimées, j'aurai soin de vous les faire tenir.

Mon ami, j'aurois la plus grande envie de vous aller voir cette année, et j'y suis fortement invité par Messieurs Thornhill et Lascelles, mais je ne le peux pas: partie remise à l'année prochaine, sous la condition que vous viendrez celle-ci à Paris passer un mois; ce peu de tems ne vous privera pas du plaisir de jouir de vôtre campagne que je crois charmante à présent par la réparation que vous y avez fait.

Je vous ai déjà parlé des effets que vous m'avez laissés dans un mauvais coffre; que voulez-vous que j'en fasse? je serois d'avis de vous envoyer par la première occasion les deux habits de soie, l'un de lustrine et l'autre verd galonné d'argent; j'y joindrai la veste de cirsaca blanche et or; ce qui restera sera fort peu de chose.

Je vous enverrai aussi une note des petites avances que j'ai fait pour vous et Madame Garrick: nous ferons nos petits comptes en déduisant ce que vous avez payé pour moi au Sieur Guillaume Webb négociant, &c.; et dans la suite je serai très exact à vous envoyer les prix sur chaque chose dans les commissions dont vous voudrez bien me charger. En voici une que je vous prie de me faire le mieux et le plus promptement possible. Mr. Greuze que vous connoissez, Peintre, voudroit avoir un habile graveur de vôtre manière noire. Si vous pouvez lui trouver un jeune homme sage et très habile qui veuille venir à Paris, il le logera chez-lui, et il lui fera un bon parti. Mr. Greuze vous fait bien des compliments, et il compte toujours vous faire un petit tableau qui vous arrivera au moment que vous y penserez le moins. À propos de tableaux, je vois bien des difficultés pour pouvoir faire graver le vôtre; on me demande fort cher; mais je ne conclurai rien sans vôtre avis. D'ailleurs ce portrait (entre nous soit dit) a beaucoup de défaut dans les mains et les jambes surtout; il n'y a que la tête qui est belle et pleine d'expressions.

Au nom de Dieu, mon ami, ne faites point de grâce à Mr. Mant: je ne veux pas en être la dupe; envoyez y Carara jusqu'à ce qu'il en soit payé.

Le jeune Barthelemon me doit trois louis: par une lettre qu'il m'a écrit, il me demande à qui je veux qu'il les remette. Je vous prie de vous en charger.

Quant au fromage que vous voulez absolument m'envoyer; adressez le tout naturellement à Mr. de Vimeux négociant, à Calais.

Mademoiselle Auselin, qui a dansé il y a deux ou trois ans à l'Opéra de Londres, est ici depuis quelques jours: elle a un engagement assez fort pour la cour de l'Electeur Palatin: les Directeurs de nôtre Opéra l'ont engagé pour danser trois fois, je l'ai vu répéter hier, je l'aime mieux que Mademoiselle Allard. Elle arrive de Stutgard, où elle a travaillé deux ans avec Noverre: je pense qu'elle feroit beaucoup d'effet sur vôtre théâtre; si vous en avez besoin, je tâcherai de vous la faire avoir pour la saison prochaine.

Mr. de Voltaire, qui a écrit contre le Vieux et le Nouveau Testament depuis Moïse jusques au dernier des Prophètes, qui a traité ouvertement Jésus Christ comme un charlatan, vient de communier à son château de Ferney, et de faire un sermon à ses habitans sur l'ivrognerie et la friponnerie: il est vrai que quelques jours avant il avoit été volé, et qu'il avoit fait un rêve où le Diable l'emportoit avec tout son monde. Que Mr. Wilks, proscrit, et ayant manqué de respect à son Roi, parvienne à faire trembler vos ministres et à se faire recevoir membre du Parlement! Je ne vois que lui et le Roi de Prusse pour prendre des mesures aussi justes.

Mon ami, présentez mon respect et mes amitiés à Madame Garrick. Répondez à tous les articles de ma lettre; et aimez-moi toujours.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 18 Avril, 1768.

MON ami, Mr. Roch vous remettra tout ce que je lui ai donné pour vous conformément au mémoire ci-joint. Je vous recommande ce bon garçon: il a de l'esprit, de l'intelligence, et des talens; il voudroit trouver un Anglois, pour voyager en Italie avec lui. Si vous pouvez lui en procurer un, je pense que la personne qui le prendra en aura de la satisfaction.

Il n'y a plus d'exemplaires du vingt-première et vingt-deuxième volumes des Hommes Illustres; on va les réimprimer: sitôt qu'ils paroîtront, je vous prie de me faire réponse le plutôt possible sur la précédente lettre. MONNET.

ÉTAT DE L'ENVOI FAIT À M. GARRICK.

Dictionnaire des Portraits Historiques, 3 vols.
Les vies des Hommes Illustres, 4 vols.
Description de l'Italie, 6 vols.
Dictionnaire des Auteurs Classiques, 3 vols.
Bibliothèque du Théâtre François, 3 vols.
Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, 2 vols.
Fantaisies de Dorat.
Eugénie, comédie.
La Vestale, drame.
Almanach des Muses, 2 parties.
Une paire de boucles de brillants à jarretière.
Une seringue et sa boëte.
Un jupon gris de soie.
Trois paires de manchettes pour femmes.
Deux pièces de ruban blanc.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 30 Avril, 1768.

Mon ami, je profite de l'occasion d'un gentilhomme Anglois pour vous faire parvenir le Dictionnaire des Graveurs que vous m'avez demandé par vôtre dernière lettre: j'y ai joint le Prospectus des Métamorphoses d'Ovide, dont je vous ai parlés dans ma précédente. Vous me ferez sçavoir si vous voulez souscrire pour cet ouvrage.

Vous devez avoir reçu à présent tout ce que je vous ai envoyé par Mr. Rocque: accusez m'en la réception, et répondez-moi fidèlement à tous les articles d'une très longue lettre que je vous ai écrite qui a précédé cet envoi.

À propos de ce Mr. Rocque, je vous l'ai recommandé, et vous ferez bien de l'obliger si vous le pouvez; mais je me suis réservé de vous dire que je ne l'ai vu que deux fois chez moi où il est venu de la part d'Antonio Carrara.

J'ai fait vôtre commission auprès de Mr. Gravelot, et de Mr. Favart et son épouse bien des remerciements et des compliments.

J'ai formé le projet, mon ami, de vous mener à Londres l'année prochaine, sur la fin du mois de Mars, Favart, Caillot, et Préville; les deux derniers resteront huit à dix jours avec vous, et Favart plus long tems. Je pense que ce projet sera de vôtre goût.

Je vous embrasse, mon ami, et je vous souhaite une éternelle jouissance.

Monnet.

À Madame Garrick bien des respects, et dites-lui que je jouis d'avance du plaisir que j'aurai de la revoir en Angleterre: je voudrois qu'elle eût un peu plus de goût pour Paris, et elle en auroit si elle y faisoit un second voyage; je fais des vœux pour cela.

Je loge depuis plus d'un an chez-moi, rue de Clery, près la rue St. Philippe.

Je suis toujours en amitié avec Mr. le Comte du Luc; il vous aime, et il voudroit bien vous revoir ici.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 18 Mai, 1768.

S'annoncer à vous, mon cher Garrick, avec le titre d'un homme à talents, n'est-ce pas porter avec soi la recommandation la plus forte, et la mieux fondée? C'est donc sous ces auspices qu'un très-bon Suisse, et que vous connaissez déjà par des miniatures qui vous ont fait plaisir, se présente à vous, pour vous suplier de lui promettre l'entrée de vôtre théâtre, afin qu'il lui soit libre de vous y voir, et de nous raporter ici la ressemblance d'un homme qui sert de modèle à tous ceux qui professent son art; c'est un petit vol que je vous ferai moi de tout mon cœur, et duquel je vous

prie de n'être point fâché. Vous voyez, mon cher Garrick, que les intentions de mon Suisse sont pures: que si d'un côté elles choquent un peu vôtre modestie, de l'autre, il est juste que le public et vos amis voient dans un portrait vivant, quand l'un et l'autre sont privés du plaisir de vous entendre.

Je suis trop instruit par moi-même de la manière honnête dont vous accueillez les étrangers, pour croire que vous ne recevrez pas avec bonté un Helvétique franc et loyal, qui ne connaît le célèbre Garrick que de réputation, et qui meurt d'envie de le connaître plus particulièrement. Daignez donc vous rendre à ses désirs, mon cher ami, et recevoir par lui les assurances de la plus profonde estime qu'il a pour vôtre personne et pour vos talents, quoiqu'il n'aît que faiblement l'honneur de vous connaître. J'envie dans ce moment le sort de cet honnête homme, car il franchit le pas de Calais pour honorer et connaître un grand homme; et moi, je traverse les déserts de la Champagne pour me rendre à Aix-la-Chapelle, à l'effet d'y prendre les eaux propres à détruire les obstructions dont je suis incommodé depuis neuf mois; ces deux offices sont assurément bien différents, mais il me faut en passer par là, ou me résoudre à partir dans peu de ce bas monde, pour en occuper un peut-être encore plus bas: vous voyez, mon cher ami, que l'alternative demande que l'on y porte quelqu'attention, aussi n'ai-je pas balancé à préférer l'un à l'autre.

Vous avez peut-être déjà sçu que Mr. Saurin, l'un de nos académiciens François, avait ajusté à nôtre théâtre vôtre tragédie bourgeoise du " Joueur ;" qu'il avait rendu la catastrophe de ce poëme beaucoup plus atroce qu'elle ne l'est dans l'original, et que néanmoins ce genre de tragédie avait fait un très-grand plaisir à nôtre nation dont le goût est si délicat. C'est tout ce que j'en ai pu sçavoir par le cri public, car je ne l'ai point vû ; je suis à la campagne depuis quinze jours, pour refaire un peu ma malheureuse santé, et non pour jouir du plaisir diabolique de voir un père qui veut tuer son fils innocent, dans l'unique dessein de ne pas laisser vivre un malheureux après lui; j'avoue que les beautés simples de la nature me plaisent infiniment plus dans mon désert, que ces beautés hors d'œuvre que l'art a raffinées.

Adieu, mon très-cher ami; daignez-vous souvenir encore de moi, et vous bien convaincre que vôtre estime et vôtre amitié m'honorent beaucoup plus que les plates adulations d'un peuple qui chérit mon art, en le rangeant dans la classe des états méprisables; vous devez penser, sans doute, qu'il faut être Français pour concilier des contradictions si absurdes, et vous aurez bien raison; je pense comme vous, et c'est tout ce que je puis faire.

Permettez-moi d'assurer Madame Garrick de mes très-humbles civilités. Recevez les miennes, et les assurances du sincère attachement de vôtre très-humble serviteur, et de vôtre bon ami,

Le Kain.

DE M. PRÉVILLE À M. GARRICK.

Ce 1er Juillet, 1768.

Il est des gens qui voyageant d'un pays à un autre cherchent à avoir des lettres de recommandation pour être moins étrangers, et trouver des connoissances: il en est qu'on recommande quelquefois assez légèrement, et qui ne font ni honneur aux recommandans ni à leurs pays; il en est d'autres qui honorent et l'un et l'autre, et Mr. La Garde qui va à Londres, est certainement un des derniers. Je ne m'avise pas de le recommander, mais je vous donne avis pour la présente qu'il est bien fait pour vivre avec vous: vous me sçauriez mauvais gré de ne vous pas avertir que c'est un talent distingué, et qu'en outre c'est un homme charmant; la bonne compagnie dans la force du mot (car tel est nommée comme cela qui est pourtant bien mauvaise), mais la décidemment bonne, en fait tout le cas qu'il mérite, et se fait honneur de vivre avec lui. Du talent, de l'esprit, de l'honnêteté, de la gaieté, &c. &c. &c., voilà ses titres et ses droits sur l'attachement de tout le monde. Vous connoissez, sans doute, ses œuvres en musique, et c'est un cadeau à vous faire que de vous mettre à même de vous lier avec l'auteur. Tous les honnêtes gens d'ici vous en sçauront gré, et vous leur ferez plaisir en en prenant beaucoup.

Ma femme me charge de vous dire mille choses de sa part, et de vous prier de présenter ses civilités à Madame Garrick. Nos nouvelles comiques sont rares et assez plates. Vous sçavez, sans doute, la réussite du "Joueur:" elle est étonnante, aussi en suis-je très-étonné; mais il faut s'attendre à tout. Nôtre goût change, mais quelque variation qu'il aît, il ne m'ôtera pas celui du bon; et moins encore l'admiration de vos talens; il ajouteroit s'il étoit possible à mon attachement.

Je suis du plus profond de mon cœur,

Vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

Préville.

DE M. DE LA PLACE À M. GARRICK.

Le 4 Juillet, 1768.

Mon bon, brave, et illustre ami, je n'ai qu'un instant pour vous dire que malgré tous mes défauts, dont la paresse est le moindre, je n'en aime, chéris, et honore pas moins Mr. et Madame Garrick; que leur souvenir me sera toujours cher; que j'aspire après l'heureux moment de les revoir, de les embrasser ici de tout mon cœur, et d'être assez heureux pour pouvoir vivre quelquefois avec eux. Que je serois bien plus heureux encore si je pouvois me flater de pouvoir lui être ici bon à quelque chose; que s'ils en doutent tant soit peu, ils peuvent me mettre à l'épreuve, et que ce sera pour moi la marque d'amitié la plus chère qu'ils puissent me donner.

Après tout ce verbiage, qui cependant contient autant de vérités, je les prie de

recevoir les dix derniers volumes de mon Mercure, dont je viens de céder les profits au Sieur de la Combe, Libraire, en me retirant de cette cruelle occupation avec 5000 livres de pension, dont me gratifie nôtre bon Roi.

Le paquet leur sera remis par Mr. de la Garde, maître de musique de Mesdames de France, auteur connu de très-bons ouvrages tant à l'Opéra qu'ailleurs, garçon aimable, voyant la meilleure compagnie de Paris, et qui plus est, très-galant homme, et mon ami. S'il ne partoit dans le moment, j'en aurois bien encore à dire, car je n'enverrai jamais à mon cher ami Garrick que des gens dont je puisse répondre comme de moi-même.

Sur quoi et ensuivant, je le salue, l'aime, l'honore, et l'embrasse du meilleur de mon cœur, &c.

DE LA PLACE.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK

Paris, Mercredi, 27 Juillet, 1768.

My ladyship is infuriata. Les François sont *inconstans*, les Françoises *légères*, dites-vous cela, Monsieur? Very well, indeed. Je vous abandonne le sexe masculin, mais pour le mien respectez-le, I charge you, at your peril. *Écrivez-moi vite, ou*—— des menaces, ma foi! patience; I am not in such a hurry as your lordship, my Lord Storm. Je n'ai pas tort: je vous ai écrit, vous ne m'avez point répondu; je vous ai donné une commission, vous ne l'avez point faite: moi, paisible, douce, j'ai boudé, crié, pesté, juré; j'ai dit un mal horrible de vous, cent fois moins que je n'en pensois, mais beaucoup,—est-ce oublier? tant que l'on a du dépit, de la haine, le sentiment n'est point éteint, le moindre souffle peut le ranimer, lui rendre sa chaleur et son activité. Si j'écoutois mon cœur, je vous aimerois encore, mais—c'est vous qui êtes un inconstant,—je veux être fâchée.

Le Chevalier de Châtelux a reçu trois coups d'épée depuis que vous ne l'avez vu, il se porte bien. Je ne lui ai point fait de plaintes de Mr. Becket; je lui ai conté historiquement la rage où j'étois de ne pouvoir tirer des livres d'un pays où j'avois un petit fond. S'il a dit autre chose, c'est de sa tête. Au reste, ce Mr. Becket est trop occupé pour songer à moi, et je ne l'embarrasserai de ma vie. Je ne suis pas fort habile en calcul; mais il ne me paroit point du tout avantageux de recevoir au bout de deux ans cent soixante-cinq livres de Mr. Becket, quand je pouvois en avoir deux cents de Mr. Humblot pour le même objet. Ne tracassez pas, taisez-vous; c'est une bagatelle; je vous en parle seulement pour que vous ne croyez pas ma fortune faite avec Mr. Becket. Nos marchés ne le ruineront point, I assure you.

Mr. Caréra, après m'avoir cherchée dans la rue Royale, où vous m'avez adressée vôtre lettre, est venu chez-moi, la veille de son départ. Je n'étois pas éveillée, je ne l'ai point vu. Je vous suis fort obligée de vos brochures; je n'ai encore lue que la petite pièce composée par *the acting manager* qui n'aime pas les *grands héros*, je l'ai trouvée très-folle et très-jolie. Il faut vous expliquer pourquoi je me suis si fort im-

patientée contre Mr. Becket et contre vous. Ce n'est point une simple fantaisie qui me faisoit souhaiter les pièces dont je vous avois envoyée la liste. Je vais vous mettre dans mon secret, car c'en est un. Je me lasse de faire des romans, tout au beau milieu de celui que j'ai écrit à moitié; le dégoût et l'ennui me l'ont fait laisser là. Je le reprendrai peut-être. En attendant, pour employer mon tems, à la prière de mon libraire, j'ai entrepris une traduction de vôtre théâtre, c'est à dire des comédies nouvelles. On en a donné plusieurs, mais mal écrites. Je mettrai du soin à cet ouvrage, et loin d'affoiblir l'original, je tâcherai par de legères corrections à soutenir l'honneur de cette coquine de nation que je ne puis m'empêcher d'aimer. Le premier volume est prêt. On n'y mettra point mon nom, mais Humblot ne se taira pas. Nous sommes convenus qu'il seroit le maître de dire la vérité, et moi la maîtresse de mentir. Tout cela pour éviter la criaillerie du peuple traducteur qui va m'arracher les yeux.

Ça, écoutez-moi bien; ceci est de conséquence *pour moi*. Vous me demandez l'occasion de m'obliger, de m'être utile,—là voilà. Otez ma liste de vôtre tête: j'ai chargé l'aimable Mr. Porter de cette affaire; elle ne vous regarde plus; ce que je vous demande, avec instance, c'est un catalogue des pièces joués sur les deux théâtres depuis vingt ans, environ. Point de tragédies, point d'opéras comiques, des comédies, de celles qui ne sont pas faites sur les nôtres, à moins quelles ne s'éloignent absolument de la conduite Françoise. Il ne faudroit pas que ce catalogue fut écrit par vôtre jolie patte de chat, mais par une main qui forma des caractères lisibles. Serez-vous assez tranquille en parcourant ma lettre pour la lire tout du long? Dieu vous a donné un bon esprit, mais une chienne de tête! vous lisez en courant, vous oubliez tout, et puis vîte vîte, par amitié, par générosité, par bonté de cœur, vous prenez tout ce qui se trouve sous vôtre main, vous me l'envoyez. Je suis sensible à cette amitié, reconnoissante de vos dons; mais quand je vois une lettre à un évêque—par Saint George, j'entends les propos d'un évêque comme le haut Allemand.

J'ai tous vos ouvrages. On vient de traduire "Le Mariage Clandestin." Quand vous ferez un recueil complet, je serai charmée de le tenir de vous, et d'en parer ma petite bibliothèque.

Comment se porte vôtre charmante compagne? dites-lui de ma part et de celle de mon amie, tout ce que vous imaginerez de plus tendre: son souvenir nous est toujours cher. Je regrète beaucoup Mr. Porter, que le Roi de la Grande Bretagne vient de déplacer. C'est un homme doux, poli, prudent, sensible, obligeant. J'ai reçu de lui mille petits services! tout le monde l'aimoit: son successeur sera bien heureux s'il réussit après lui; pour moi je le hais à la mort, quel qu'il soit.

Le Baron d'Holbach est à la campagne: il est las de l'esprit, de la philosophie, des autres, de lui-même! il a le spleen. Les biens sont partagés, le riche s'ennuie, et souvent le pauvre s'amuse. Pope a raison,—tout est bien.

Vous répeterai-je vôtre leçon? j'en ai bien envie. Un catalogue,—entendez-vous, mon bel ami? Je vous prie aussi de me faire avoir à l'avenir toutes les pièces nouvelles. Je ferai écrire à Mr. François par un de ses amis, vous lui remettrez ce que vous voudrez, et son courier me l'apportera. Je vous enverrai le nom de cet ami.

Voyez : rien n'est mieux expliqué, plus minutieusement ; gageons que vous ne sçavez pas un mot de tout ce que je vous ai dit.

Saurin a fait " Le Joueur" de Mr. Moore. Il y a mis du noir, de l'affreux. Il a pris dans le roman de Cleveland un endroit où le héros veut tuer ses enfans. Cela n'est pas mal dans Cleveland, dont la bonne conduite lui fait croire le malheur inséparable de la vie ; mais Beverley, qui a ruiné son fils, est un sot de vouloir le tuer. Cela fait un ridicule singulier : car ayant un poignard à la main dans la prison, Saurin pouvoit au moins épargner le poison. On a dit un mal horrible de la pièce, mais on a couru pour la voir, et Molé a paru merveilleux dans un rôle où je voudrois bien vous voir.

Ma compagne vous embrasse une fois, et Madame Garrick deux. Moi, je vous remercie, et je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, vous, et cette dame si bien faite, et si aimable, your lady, Sir.

Adieu, mon très-cher ami ; je vous querelle, je vous tourmente, je ne vous en aime pas moins. Je ne suis point une inconstante, mais une bonne et sincère amie du *little acting manager*. Croyez que je suis avec les plus tendres sentimens toute à vous,

RICCOBONI.

Voudrez-vous bien faire mettre l'incluse à la poste : vous m'obligerez infiniment. On auroit bien dû placer ici mon pauvre Changuion Que diantre fait-on en Espagne ! il y prendra les moulins à vent pour des géants. Poor soul ! c'est une bonne et honnête créature. Bon jour. Your very humble servant.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

NON, Monsieur, non, je ne suis ni ingrate, ni malhonnête. Say you so, Mrs. Pert ? Oui, mon ami, et je le jure dans la vérité de mon cœur. Les apparences me condamnent, je l'avoue. Si on daigne penser à moi dans cette isle, où je voudrois habiter, c'est pour m'accuser d'une impardonnable négligence. A saucy woman ! dit Mr. Murphy ; no answer ! a pretty piece of French insolence ! a very thankful minx, indeed ! Mr. Becket, poor soul ! croit son balot perdu, maudit son sort ; j'écrie ; God bless me ! Ma'am is bawling, and bawling again and again ! Vôtre charmante compagne avec ce souris fin, qui lui sied si bien, vous badine, vous raille : you are too good, my dear ; why do you trouble yourself with such insufferable a creature ? I hate the thing extremely. Et vous, mon aimable David, plus sacré pour moi que le saint Roi d'Israël, êtes-vous fâché, bien fâché ? Hélas ! loin de mériter les reproches de mes amis, j'aurois excité leur pitié s'ils avoient pu deviner mes tristes occupations. Enfermée, voyant à peine le jour, entourée de médecins, de prêtres, servant une malade exigeante, de mauvaise humeur, exagérant les maux, se prétendant à l'agonie, en dépit de la faculté je me ruine, je m'ennuie, je me désole ; et pour comble de

chagrin, je fais partager à ma bonne, à ma tendre amie, toute l'amertume de ma fâcheuse situation ! et cela pendant trois mois. Cette malade est ma mère. Elle me conçut en se jouant, me vit grandir avec chagrin, ne m'aima jamais, et me contraria toujours. Elle ne s'en croit pas moins en droit de tout attendre de ma reconnoissance. Une jolie femme devroit mourir à trente ans, au moins celle qui n'a rien à mettre à la place de la beauté : en cessant d'être jeune, elle devient insociable.—Mais laissons ce sujet, il conduit à de terribles réflexions sur l'humanité. *Fémèle*, direz-vous ? Eh, mon Dieu ! les deux sexes se ressemblent cruellement, et l'un ne doit pas rire des travers de l'autre.

Vous croyez m'aimer plus que je ne vous aime ? une personne vaine seroit peut-être flatée de vous laisser cette idée, mais une âme sensible en est blessée. Vous m'avez donné plus de preuves de vôtre amitié qu'il ne m'a été possible de vous en donner de la mienne, je conviens de cette vérité. Mais faites naître des occasions, calculez ensuite, et si vous me trouvez en reste je consens à être nommée an *ungrateful* devil ! Cet endroit de vôtre lettre m'a touché, je vous l'assure ; il m'est doux d'avoir un ami tel que vous ; cette certitude est une des plus consolantes pensées où j'aime à m'arrêter dans les momens où je cherche à diminuer mes peines par d'agréables compensations.

Ce que j'envie le plus au Roi de Danemark est le plaisir qu'il a dû sentir en vous voyant. Ce Prince est l'idole de la cour, et l'objet de la curiosité de la ville : on s'empresse à le regarder, on parle beaucoup de son esprit. J'ai trouvé dans un de ses sujets toutes les qualités que vous m'annonciez : Mr. Stourz est à la fois un homme de mérite, et un très-aimable homme. On ne peut trop regreter que son séjour ici soit un passage. Il est fâcheux de lier une simple et courte connoissance avec une personne dont on aimeroit à faire un ami. Il est malicieux pourtant, il se mêle de caractériser les nations. Lassé d'entendre répéter les propos de son maître : eh quoi, s'est-il écrié, toujours " il a dit," " il a répondu ?" À Londres *on contoit ses actions*, à Paris *on conte ses bons mots*. Moi, Françoise, j'appelle cela une impertinence, entendez-vous ? en Angleterre vous aurez le front de trouver cela joli.

A présent parlons d'affaires. J'aurois profité de vos avis, s'il m'avoit été possible de rappeller à ma mémoire cette *merveilleuse* lettre que vous me vantez. Je me suis souvenue de deux ou trois lignes, vous les reconnoitrez dans l'avertissement de ce bel ouvrage, très-propre à persuader qu'en me donnant les airs de traduire, je n'entends pas un mot d'Anglois. Vous voudrez bien remettre à Mr. Murphy l'exemplaire qui lui est adressé. Je souhaitois placer à la fin du volume un petit éloge de la pièce Angloise ; mais comme il eut fait la critique du préjugé à la mode, la crainte d'offenser les partisans de cette comédie m'a forcée de le supprimer. Un autre motif m'y a déterminée : je promets de ne pas m'établir juge entre les deux nations, et c'eût été manquer à ma parole. La pièce de Mr. Murphy a charmé le censeur, c'est Crébillon. Il l'a trouvée *neuve, comique, et fort au-dessus des deux originaux*. J'espère que le public rendra la même justice à Mr. Murphy.

Sçavez-vous pourquoi j'ai demandé si obstinément les comedies que par vôtre

moyen j'ai enfin reçues? Oh devinez: c'est que mon ami Changuion les avoit marquée sur un catalogue: et moi de m'entêter de son choix! Stuff, very stuff! La maladie de ma mère ne m'a pas laissé le loisir d'écrire une ligne, mais j'ai lu: de mauvais fonds puisés dans le François, rien de vif, de singulier; des caractères annoncés, sans être soutenus; des satyres personnelles ou locales, rien de bon pour nous. J'ai relu toutes vos jolies pièces: vous avez embelli beaucoup de nos sujets, mais ils sont trop connus pour les présenter à des lecteurs avides de nouveautés. C'est grand dommage! car sans vouloir vous flater, ce que vous appellez vos *farces*, sont les plus charmantes comédies du monde; vous avez fait du "Souper mal Apprêté," sujet triste, maussade en François, qui finit mal, une pièce bien conduite, très-amusante, et qui se termine par le bonheur d'un homme que le François laisse où il l'a pris.

Le Chevalier de Chastelux n'a guère été résident à Paris depuis sa guérison: il n'a pas reçu vos lettres, et me témoigna hier un regret véritable de s'être attiré le reproche obligeant que vous lui faites. Il aime les Anglois, il le dit hautement. L'Abbé Gagliani prétend qu'on ne doit les croire, ni l'un ni l'autre, sur le récit différent qu'ils font des habitans de la Grande Bretagne: le petit pantalon d'Abbé n'a vu que des moines à Londres, des moines très-bien réglés! mais en récompense il a fait le plus grand éloge des boutiques. Ne vous ai-je pas déjà écrit cette bêtise-là? Le Chevalier a vu des hommes estimables, et comme il est un des plus honnêtes gentilshommes de France, il dit son sentiment avec une noble franchise, en dépit de tous les philosophes. Ces Messieurs n'aiment plus les Anglois, parcequ'ils pensent que les Anglois veulent soutenir la religion, et la croyent utile au gouvernement. "L'honneur suffit," disent-ils, "l'honneur est le dieu de la terre." Il s'en faut bien, mon ami, que ces partisans zélés de *l'honneur* suivent les loix qu'ils imposent; la plûpart ne les connoissent pas. Ils ont des têtes exaltées, et des cœurs froids et insensibles: ce sont des foux dangereux, qui donnent des idées et détruisent le sentiment.

Vous voudrez bien faire tenir l'incluse à Mr. Murphy, et puis vous informer tout doucement, sans faire semblant de rien, s'il a toutes les bêtises de vôtre amie. S'il n'en a pas une, vous les prendrez chez Mr. Becket, pour les lui donner de ma part; s'il en a une partie, vous la compléterez, enfin vous arrangerez cela pour le mieux avec vôtre *prudence* accoûtumée.

Adieu, mon aimable, mon tendre ami. Souvenez-vous de la liste; comptez sur ma reconnoissance et sur tous les sentimens que vous méritez à tant de titres.

J'ose embrasser la belle dame que vous nommez jalouse; toute en colère, toute impatiente qu'elle est de vous voir écrire. A fib. Je l'aime trop pour me persuader qu'elle soit insensible à mon affection.

Ma compagne est toute honteuse d'avoir fait une traduction, elle mouroit de peur que Mr. Moore ne vint l'étrangler. On lui a dit qu'il étoit mort, elle en a béni le ciel; puis s'est écrié, il viendra me tirer les pieds, mais je l'ai assurée que les Protestans ne se donnoient pas la peine de revenir de l'autre monde, et qu'il falloit être bon Catholique, et très-romain, pour s'amuser à ces gentillesses. Elle vous embrasse, vous et vôtre aimable compagne. Eh bien, finirai-je? oui. Adieu, adieu, mon bon ami.

RICCOBONI.

Remerciez, je vous prie, Mr. Becket: je n'ai pas le tems de lui écrire à présent; mais je n'oublie point que je dois le faire. La convalescence de ma mère m'occupe presque autant que sa maladie.

J'ai toutes les pièces qui sont sur vôtre liste: they will not do, except "The False Delicacy," et "The Deuce is in Him."

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. CARARA.

À Paris.

Vous me tirez, Monsieur, d'une grande inquiétude. Accoûtumée à l'exactitude de Mr. Garrick, je ne concevois pas la raison de son silence. Elle me chagrine beaucoup; je lui suis fort attachée, moins pour la supériorité de ses talens que pour son mérite réel. Je profiterai de vôtre complaisance en vous envoyant quatre exemplaires d'un livre que j'ai promis à Mr. Garrick, et que je manquois d'occasion pour faire passer à Londres.

Je suis fâchée, Monsieur, que ma solitude soit assez éloignée du monde pour paroître un pélerinage à faire à ceux qui habitent le Fauxbourg St. Germain. Je me souviens fort bien que vous y vintes un matin, et que vous laissâtes à la fille qui me sert l'idée du plus bel homme du monde. Cela me console de ne vous point voir. Comme je suis un peu romanesque, vôtre apparition m'auroit peut-être frappée comme elle, et j'aurois été forcée de courir sur vos pas, et de voyager toute ma vie.*

On vous portera, Dimanche, le paquet adressé à Mr. Garrick.

J'ai l'honneur d'être vôtre très-humble servante,

RICCOBONI.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

MALADE! ne pouvoir écrire! eh, mon Dieu! qu'avez-vous donc, mon aimable et cher ami? Dans quel tems je vous embarrasse de mes plates affaires! que je suis touchée de vôtre situation! Hélas, on ne peut donc être heureux? avec de la fortune, tant de célébrité, de mérite, d'agrémens, une si charmante compagne, souffrir, se voir enlever la douceur de la vie! Grand sujet de penser, de s'attrister par ses réflexions; mais je ne veux pas ennuier mon pauvre ami, que je plains de tout mon cœur.

Voudrez-vous bien faire remettre les exemplaires à leur adresse; je n'ai osé charger Mr. Carara d'un gros paquet, de peur qu'il ne le jettât dans la mer. Il n'a jamais pu se résoudre à venir me voir, à cause de l'éloignement de nos quartiers; cela me persuade que c'est un vrai paresseux. Faites-moi donner de vos nouvelles, je vous en prie. Je m'occupe beaucoup des personnes que j'aime, et je ne penserai point à

* The reader remembers that it was the business of M. Carara to *travel*. With this hint, he will perhaps agree with the Editor in admiring the present paragraph, as a beautiful specimen of grace, ease, and neatness. In English, the same ideas would look strained and vulgar. See the reason of this from the fair writer's pen, page 547.—ED.

vous faire chagrin jusques au moment où j'apprendrai le parfait rétablissement de vôtre santé.

Voilà un exemplaire pour Mr. Becket. Je ne veux pas le lui donner. Je prétends le troquer contre un roman qu'il alloit débiter quand Mr. Changuion est parti de Londres. C'est, je crois, " The Feeling Man." Si ce livre n'est pas du maudit radoteur qui a fait " John Buncle," je serai bien obligée à Mr. Becket de me l'envoyer, s'il trouve une occasion de le faire passer en France.

Je ne veux pas abuser de vôtre loisir, encore moins de vôtre patience. Adieu, mon très-aimable ami. Je le répète, donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, et qu'elles soient bonnes. J'assure Madame Garrick des plus tendres sentimens. Ma compagne vous embrasse tous deux, et je finis vîte de peur de vous lasser, et de vous donner la migraine.

RICCOBONI.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Si en partant pour Londres, un François me prioit d'écrire à Mr. Garrick, s'il s'empressoit à lui porter ma lettre, à se procurer le plaisir de voir et d'entretenir un homme dont la réputation est connue ici, cela me paroîtroit tout simple: mais c'est un Ecossois, qui rempli d'admiration pour vos talens, d'estime pour vôtre caractère, souhaite que je l'introduise auprès de vous, et veut absolument voir de près the charming Mr. Garrick, avant de retourner dans sa patrie.

Mr. Liston est cet Ecossois, c'est un jeune homme, mais c'est un homme sensé, honnête, instruit, sage dans sa conduite, et distingué par ses principes: il a de l'esprit, du mérite, et de la modestie. Je lui ai beaucoup d'obligation; il a bien voulu s'ennuier quelquefois à m'entendre lire de l'Anglois: je lui dois de la reconnoissance, et ses aimables qualités m'attachent sincèrement à lui. Je ne veux plus voir d'Anglois, je crois; on forme des liaisons, on commence des amitiés, et puis . . . . . et puis il faut tout rompre, tout briser; ce sont des chagrins que l'on se prépare. Est-ce que je ne regrette pas Mr. Burke? est-ce que je n'ai pas été toute attendrie de son brusque départ? est-ce que je ne me désole pas tous les jours de ne pouvoir pas quitter ce vilain Paris? est-ce que je ne voudrois pas aller à Londres embrasser Madame Garrick? admirer son cher mari? Eh, mon Dieu! j'ai bien assez de raison de m'attrister sans remplir mon cœur de vains projets, d'inutiles désirs, et de mille regrets douloureux. Adieu, mon aimable et cher ami. Si ma lettre vous ennuye, prenez-vous en à Mr. Liston. Sans lui, je ne songeois pas à vous tourmenter. Mes plus tendres complimens à Madame Garrick: ma compagne l'embrasse à l'étouffer.

MARIE RICCOBONI.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Paris, 7 Septembre, 1768.

Si je n'étois pas vôtre amie, vôtre tendre, vôtre constante amie, vous pourriez me nommer an ingrateful slut. Je vous querelle, je vous tourmente, et sans vous lasser

de mes impertinences, vous m'obligez, vous me rendez mille services; croyez-le, mon très-cher et très-aimable ami, je vous conserve une sincère, une vive affection: ma reconnoissance l'augmente, et jamais le tems ne l'affoiblira. S'il m'étoit possible d'aller vous faire une visite dans cette charmante campagne, où vous avez la bonté de me désirer, la crainte de fâcher Madame Garrick ne me retiendroit pas; on ne lui déplait point en chérissant l'homme qu'elle préfère à tous les autres, et puis, je suis une belle guenon en vérité, pour inspirer de la *jalousie* à une jolie femme. À sa place je vous battrois, je vous demanderois raison de ce caquet-là: j'en serois fort en colère.

Parlons de mes maudites affaires, puisque vous voulez bien vous en mêler. Jamais contrariété ne m'a été plus sensible, ne m'a tant révoltée. Pendant le cours d'une année, ne pouvoir faire venir de Londres une vingtaine de comédies! je les aurois eu de la Chine. J'ai juré comme un payen; à présent je prends patience, mais Dieu vous dise avec quelle rage.

N'ayant pas de quoi faire un second volume, j'ai arrêté l'impression du premier; il paroîtra dans deux mois au plutôt. Vous l'aurez au sortir de la presse. Peut-être n'en serez vous pas aussi content que vôtre prévention en ma faveur vous le fait espérer. Vous trouverez une grande altération dans le dialogue; j'ai pris de furieuses libertés, je vous en avertis. Les deux auteurs Anglois crieront à l'ineptie, à l'ignorance; diront qu'on ne les a pas entendus! Ils auront raison à Londres, mais ils auront tort ici. Je n'ai pas prétendu les *corriger*, mais rendre leur ouvrage plus capable de plaire à mes compatriotes.

Mon ami, le goût de toutes les nations se réunit sur de certains points: le naturel, la vérité, le sentiment intéressent également l'Anglois, le François, le Russe, et le Turc. Mais l'esprit, le badinage, la saillie, le ton de la bonne plaisanterie, changent de nom en changeant de climat. Ce qui est vif, léger, gracieux dans une langue, devient froid, lourd, insipide, ou grossier dans une autre: la précision, la justesse, sources de l'agrément, ne s'y trouvent plus. Ce qui élèveroit un éclat de rire en France pourroit attirer une hué à Londres ou à Vienne. Partout la plaisanterie dépend d'un rien, et souvent ce rien est local. En général, ceux qui se font un métier de traduire, ont peu d'idée de ces nuances délicates: aussi n'ai-je jamais vu une traduction supportable.

J'ai choisi "The Way to Keep Him;" ma compagne a traduit "The Foundling." La première de ces deux pièces est en vérité très-bien faite. Le caractère du mari me paroit mieux imaginé que celui du "Préjugé à la mode." Il est plus naturel, plus singulier. Il devient plaisant en Anglois; en François il est trop raisonnable pour adopter un préjugé qui n'existe en aucun pays du monde, car, après tout, c'est si peu un ridicule d'aimer sa femme, que dans l'éloge d'un honnête homme on y fera toujours entrer ses égards pour la sienne. Mr. Murphy a fondu admirablement les deux sujets dont il a fait une comédie toute nouvelle, son dénouement est plein d'art et d'agrément; je voudrois avoir toutes les pièces qu'il a composées.

"The Foundling" est un très-joli roman. La scène de Sir Roger et de son fils

est un chef-d'œuvre, et quand vous la jouez elle doit en être deux ; mais, n'en déplaise à l'amour paternel de Mr. Moore pour Faddle, ce personnage est détestable, on ne peut le souffrir vis-à-vis d'une fille décente ; comme je vous le disois tout à l'heure, nous avons gâté tout cela : oui, ma foi, gâté, massacré pour l'Angleterre. Les deux auteurs nous donneront au diable, mais ils recevront ici des applaudissemens dont l'exactitude les auroit privé, et ceux qui n'entendent pas la langue Angloise, ne se douteront pas des changemens qu'on a faits.

Le Chevalier de Chatelux m'a prêté le " Suspicious Husband." Rien ne ressemble mieux à une pièce Italienne,—beaucoup d'intrigue, point d'intérêt, un personnage qui ne tient point au sujet. On ne supporteroit point ici l'indécence de Ranger. Les très-indécens François deviennent délicats sur leur théâtre, à mesure qu'ils le sont moins dans leur conduite. L'oreille chaste est, dit-on, partout une preuve assurée de la dépravation des mœurs, et je le croirois assez. Quand nos pères étoient des saints, on représentoit devant eux des horreurs qui feroient fuir les athées de nôtre siècle.

Il m'est bien égal d'avoir des pièces représentées à Londres, à Dublin, à Édinbourg, en province, ou dans le colonnies, pourvu qu'elles soient bonnes, singulières, ou plaisantes. Les anciennes ne conviennent point au plan de mon ouvrage. On a pris les plus jolies, on les a traduites, personne ne les lit. Quand vous aurez fait faire une liste, envoyez-la cachetée chez Mr. François, à l'adresse de Mr. de Bourdonné. C'est un de ses amis qui lui écrira pour le prévenir ; par cette voye j'aurai promptement et sûrement ce que vous voudrez bien me faire passer.

Adieu, mon digne et cher ami ; si vous souhaitez *m'obliger* et *m'être utile*, comme vous avez la bonté de me le dire, des qu'il paroîtra une pièce nouvelle, faites-là moi tenir avant que les petits traducteurs à la feuille puissent s'en emparer. Et pour me rendre une liberté que vous m'avez ôtée, consentez à tenir un petit compte des frais, nous le réglerons tous les ans, et Mr. Higden, secrétaire de vôtre Ambassadeur, se chargera du remboursement. Alors je serai plus hardie, je vous donnerai plus d'embarras, mais je vous aimerai encore davantage, si pourtant cela est possible. Ma compagne vous embrasse, vous et vôtre charmante wife. Et moi, je vous assure tous deux de ma plus tendre amitié.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

6 Octobre.

ENCORE une lettre ! oh, prenez patience, mon bon ami : avant peu vous en aurez *une autre*, et puis *encore* une autre peut-être. Ce sera le diable celle-là : vous verrez. Aujourd'huy je vous écris uniquement pour vous prévenir sur une visite que vous recevrez à Londres. Mr. Smith, un Écossois, homme d'un très-grand mérite, aussi distingué par son bon naturel, par la douceur de son caractère, que par son esprit et son sçavoir, me demande une lettre pour vous. Vous verrez un philosophe moral et

pratique ; gay, riant, à cent lieues de la pédanterie des nôtres. Il vous estime beaucoup, et désire vous connoître particulièrement. Donnez son nom à vôtre porte, je vous en prie, vous perdriez beaucoup à ne pas le voir, et je serois désolée de ne pas recevoir de lui un détail du bon accueil que vous lui aurez fait.

L'obligeant Mr. Changuion a la complaisance de vous faire passer toutes mes impertinences. Si j'ai le malheur de le voir aller je ne sçai où, je vous laisserai bien plus tranquille, et j'en serai fâchée. Je voudrois bien que vôtre cour l'employât ici, mais à peine ai-je un ami qu'on me l'enlève. J'ai bien envie de faire un parti et de troubler vôtre gouvernement. Si je pouvois entrer dans cette remuante Chambre des Communes, je vous ferois ma foi bannir en France, vous, Madame Garrick, et cinq ou six autres, surtout vous, Mr. Changuion et Mr. Smith. Donnez son nom à vôtre porte, je vous le répète. S'il ne vous voit pas, je vous étrangle. Adieu, mon aimable, mon tendre ami. Comptez, vous et vôtre précieuse compagne, sur toutes les affections de mon cœur.

RICCOBONI.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Mardi, 4 Novembre.

COMPTEZ sur les sermens d'une femme ! Je ne voulois plus vous écrire : si, disois-je : ne me parlez jamais de ce négligent Garrick. Une occasion se présente, a melancholy one indeed ; je me vois auprès de mon secrétaire, le papier est là, mes doigts touchent une plume, je n'ai pas le moindre dessein de m'en servir, je ne sçais comment cela se fait, mais je la tiens, elle court, et qui la guide ? l'idée du petit paresseux.

J'espérois que Mr. Changuion nous resteroit, je le désirois au moins ; vous aviez bien raison de dire qu'il seroit *aimé à son tour*, mais la moitié de la prédiction ne sera pas aussi juste, il ne sera point *oublié à son tour*, non jamais. Je vous remercie de me l'avoir fait connoître. Vous, mon aimable ami, remerciez-le, je vous en prie, de toutes les attentions qu'il a bien voulu avoir pour moi : he is a sweet creature ; an amiable, a worthy gentleman. I shall never forget him. Je voudrois être une Liliputienne, je me mettrois dans sa manche pour aller vous voir.

Nous avons enfin la relation de la querelle de Mr. Hume et de Jean-Jaques. Madame Garrick y est nommée, elle ne s'attendoit pas à entrer dans ce caquet-là. Il étoit bien naturel de préférer le plaisir d'être avec elle, à celui d'entretenir Mr. Penneck ; ni prêtres, ni muséum ne valent sa compagnie. Rousseau est fou ; le succès de ses ouvrages a dérangé sa tête. Peu de gens sçavent être nobles quand ils possèdent une grande fortune, peu de gens d'esprit ont le cœur assez droit pour soutenir une grande réputation : je dis le cœur, car il influe sur l'esprit, il le rend juste ; il porte à apprécier son propre mérite, à ne pas s'estimer au delà des bornes prescrites par la modestie, à se voir tel que l'on est. Rousseau croit toute la terre occupée de lui : sa lettre est remplie de fatuité, d'orgueil et de petitesses. J'aurois souhaité que les éditeurs eussent moins appuyé sur la reconnoissance que Mr. Hume devoit en

attendre, on a trop répété le mot *service*, il falloit passer plus légèrement sur tout ce qui prouve l'ingratitude de Rousseau, son procédé suffisoit pour l'en convaincre. Je suis fâchée aussi qu'on ait imprimé la lettre adressée à Mr. Mairan. On ne sauroit trop ménager l'homme que l'on a obligé, plus on a fait de bien à quelqu'un, plus on s'est ôté le droit de s'en plaindre. Nos philosophes assez amis de Mr. Hume, mais enragés contre Rousseau, n'ont pu cacher entièrement leur aigreur. Je suis sûre que Mr. Hume ne desiroit pas qu'on se servit contre Rousseau d'une lettre que personne n'avoit le droit de publier, au moins, en parlant de mes propres principes, je puis me tromper. Vraiment, je ne dis pas cela dans le monde. Mr. Changuion et Mr. Smith ont été mes seuls confidents à cet égard. Je plains sincèrement Mr. Hume de n'avoir pas voulu croire ses amis en France; il eût pu rendre service à Rousseau, mais il n'auroit pas entrepris d'être l'ami d'un extravagant, incapable de reconnoissance et d'amitié. Vous allez me demander de quoi je me mêle, d'où vient que je vous ennuie de tout cela? I have done.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Je suis bien vaine, my dear Mr. Garrick, de pouvoir vous donner ce que je perds avec un regret très-vif, le plaisir de voir Mr. Smith. Ce charming philosopher vous dira combien il a d'esprit, car je le défie de parler sans en montrer. Je suis vraiment fâchée que la politesse m'oblige à lui donner ma lettre ouverte: cet usage établi retient mon cœur tout prêt à lui rendre justice, mais sa modestie est aussi grande que son mérite, et je craindrois que la plus simple vérité ne parût à ses yeux une grosse flaterie; je puis vous dire de lui, ce qu'il disoit un jour d'un autre,—le métier de cet homme-là est d'être aimable. J'ajouterai,—et de meriter l'estime de tous ceux qui ont le bonheur de le connoître.

Oh ces Écossois! ces chiens d'Écossois! ils viennent me plaire et m'affliger. Je suis comme ces folles jeunes filles qui écoutent un amant sans penser au regret, toujours voisin du plaisir. Grondez-moi, battez-moi, tuez-moi! mais j'aime Mr. Smith, je l'aime beaucoup. Je voudrois que le diable emportât tous nos gens de lettres, tous nos philosophes, et qu'il me rapportât Mr. Smith. Les hommes supérieurs se cherchent. Rempli d'estime pour Mr. Garrick, désirant le voir et l'entretenir, Mr. Smith a voulu être introduit par moi. Il me flate infiniment par cette préférence; bien des gens se mêlent de présenter un ami à un autre ami, peu sont comme moi dans le cas d'être sûre de la reconnoissance du tous deux. Adieu, mon très-aimable, et très-paresseux ami. Embrassez pour moi vôtre gracieuse compagne. La mienne vous assure l'un et l'autre de sa plus tendre amitié.

Riccoboni.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Je ne sçaurois voir partir un de vos plus aimables compatriotes, sans profiter de l'offre obligeante qu'il veut bien me faire, de *remplir mes désirs à Londres.* Malheureusement, mon unique désir à présent est d'écrire à Monsieur Garrick. Pendant un peu de tems j'ai contraint ce désir; je me disois, on ouvre les théâtres à Londres, Mr. le Manager a des occupations sérieuses, ma lettre viendra tout au travers d'un embarras, on maudira l'indiscrette Françoise, on dira *je déteste, je déteste!* et je serai damnée comme une pièce nouvelle. Après tout, qu'il s'accommode ce *Manager*, je veux écrire à mon bon, à mon tendre ami, le remercier de la Vie de Cibber, et des comédies, qu'il m'a fait remettre avec une attention qui ajoute tant à ma reconnoissance. Je ne sçaurois vous exprimer le plaisir que j'ai senti en recevant ce petit paquet après le retour du Baron, revenu sans avoir entendu parler de ma commission. Il m'a reproché son voyage à vôtre compagne pendant que vous couriez le chercher à Londres. *A frolick*, disoit Madame Garrick: vraiment, Madame, je ne suis pas si malicieuse. Il est vrai qu'en arrivant la première ma lettre n'avoit pas le sens commun.

Je vais vous dire pourquoi j'ai souhaité la Vie de Cibber: en lisant Mr. Victor, où elle est souvent citée, il m'a pris envie de composer des deux ouvrages une histoire du Théâtre Anglois, et d'y joindre la traduction de quelques comédies modernes. J'y travaillerai l'été prochain, et je vous demanderai des anecdotes sur ce sujet, si vous jugez à propos de m'en communiquer, et vôtre avis sur le choix des pièces. A présent je suis un autre objet, un maudit roman, dans le goût de Catesby. Il m'occupe, il m'ennuie, il ne veut pas avancer; je défais en un matin l'ouvrage de trois semaines; je me lis, je me déplais, crac, tout en pièces. Nous lisons vos comédies avec délices, elles sont bien écrites, on les entend à merveilles, mais nous aimons trop l'auteur pour ne pas les juger avec un peu de partialité. Mon château en Espagne est d'aller à Londres seulement pour voir jouer cet auteur aimable; mais tant de liens m'attachent ici, que je ne vois pas un point d'appui capable de soutenir mon foible bâtiment. Je vous prie de vouloir bien faire rendre mon petit billet à Mr. Becket. Je ne lui ai point encore accusé la réception de son balot, mais Mr. Foley en m'acquittant lui aura appris que je l'avois reçu. Adieu, Monsieur; mille et mille complimens à vôtre bien aimée compagne. Mr. Hume me disoit l'autre jour, "Madame Garrick a tant de noblesse dans sa figure qu'elle rappelle au souvenir ces illustres dames Romaines dont on se forme une idée si majestueuse." Après avoir bien cherché, nous convinmes tous deux qu'elle ressembloit à Octavie. Embrassez donc pour moi la sœur d'Auguste, si elle daigne vous le permettre.

Je ne vous dis rien de ma *pilader*, elle est en deuil. Sa sœur est morte, elle pleure. Sa tristesse m'afflige. Nous faisons toutes deux les plus sottes réflexions du monde. Un des malheurs de la vie est d'aimer, c'est le plus grand, c'est le seul, peut-être; mais quel bonheur goute-on en n'aimant rien? est-ce vivre? Il faut donc s'aimer, se perdre, se pleurer, et subir le sort de l'humanité.

Mr. Hume va retourner à Londres, je le regrette. Il m'a donné une connoissance que je suis bien fâchée de perdre aussi: Mr. Elliot a achevé de me persuader qu'un Anglois, qui a de l'esprit et du mérite, possède supérieurement ces qualités: vous êtes vraiment une nation noble, remplie de courage et de générosité: quel dommage que deux peuples si voisins ne se lient pas d'une amitié durable et constante! Nos rois ont été frères d'armes autrefois; à présent ils se querellent pour de vilaines morues. Cela me fâche bien fort.

DE M. VICTOR CHASTELLUX À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 3 Janvier, 1769.

Dois-je, mon cher et très-cher Garrick, avoir la présomption de vous écrire, tandis que vous recevez tous les jours des billets-doux si tendres de la *tragédie* et de la *comédie*, ou pour mieux dire, de toute une nation dont vous faites les délices, mais outre que je pourrois plaider la cause de ma nation, et tandis qu'on vous demande sur le théâtre dramatique de Londres vous demander avec autant de justice sur le grand théâtre de la société de Paris? En effet que les Anglois, dont vous avez tantôt nourri et tantôt dirigé la mélancholie, chérissent en vous l'auteur de leurs plaisirs publiques, je ne vois là rien que de fort simple, ni qui engage beaucoup vôtre reconnoissance; mais que les François, chez qui vous étiez venu vous guérir des incommodités que vous aviez apportées d'Angleterre, et pour lesquels vous n'aviez aucun frais à faire, aucune fatigue à vous donner, aient vû dans le célèbre acteur Garrick un homme aimable, un homme d'esprit, un homme sociable, un homme dont les talens distingués sont toujours unis au talent de plaire; voilà, mon Garrick, ce qui exige vôtre reconnoissance et vôtre amitié. Or, je conclus que les Anglois veulent maintenant sacrifier vôtre santé à leur plaisir, et que par conséquent, vous devez faire *an elope* to France pour vous défaire de ces sollicitations, et vivre tranquillement avec vos amis.

J'ai été très-flatté de ce que vous m'avez dit au sujet de mon petit essai sur l'Union de la Poésie et de la Musique, et je suis enchanté qu'on ne l'ait pas regardé en Angleterre *as a damned Grub-street.* Vous m'aviez mandé qu'un homme de lettres de vos amis vous avoit dit qu'il en feroit usage. S'il l'a fait, vous me ferez plaisir de me mander où et comment. Adieu, mon cher Garrick, j'ai bien des lettres à écrire. Je profite du départ de Mr. Hume pour vous faire tenir celle-ci. Ce n'est pas là un *cloudy messenger** comme celui que nous avons vû ensemble dans "Macbeth:" renvoyez-le nous bien vîte, ou pour mieux dire, revenez avec lui. Farewell, my dearest Garrick; do never forget your most humble and obedient servant,

Victor de Chastellux.

* See the last scene of the third act of Shakspeare's "Macbeth."

DE M. CAILHAVA D'ESTANDOUX A M. GARRICK.

Paris, le 6 Février, 1769, de la rue du Petit Lion, F. S. G.

Il me semble, Monsieur, que vous me négligez beaucoup, et mon cœur en est alarmé : je crains que vous ne m'ayez oublié. Souvenez-vous de grâce que vous m'avez promis deux choses bien essentielles—vos ouvrages et vôtre amitié.

Les comédiens Français qui me font toujours la grâce de me persécuter, ont donné le premier de l'an une petite pièce de ma façon. C'est une bagatelle, un rien, une espèce d'impromptu dramatique, que le public a reçu avec toute l'indulgence possible ; comme il ne vaut en vérité pas le port, j'attends une occasion pour vous l'envoyer. C'est assez vous entretenir de mes affaires particulières, parlons de nôtre théâtre en général. Il est à tous les diables, si l'on n'y met ordre. Les comédiens se déchirent entre eux, et font l'un contre l'autre des cabales effroyables. Le Kain, Préville, Molé, se sont mis dans la tête de se faire les directeurs : il y a dans tout ce tripotage-là des dessous de carte où le diable ne voit goutte.

Molé a si bien cabalé, qu'il oblige Belcour et sa femme à se retirer ; c'est pour prendre les grands *petits-maitres*, et entre nous, je crois qu'il s'y écrasera. Sa taille, sa voix, son sautillement, vont aux petits faquins, et non à ceux qui demandent une certaine dignité mêlée à la fatuité. La cabale qui lui est opposée allait, pour lui faire place, renvoyer Mademoiselle Lépiné, avec laquelle il vivait, et qui par parenthèse est une très-mauvaise actrice ; il l'a épousée, et le public pour avoir le mari se voit contraint de souffrir la femme.

Le Kain a fait débuter dans les rôles tragiques Madame Vestris, belle sœur du danseur de ce nom ; elle fait courir tout Paris. Elle est d'une jolie figure, mais sans dignité : bien faite, mais petite ; elle a beaucoup d'art, raisonne très-bien, mais je la soupçonne de manquer de force et d'entrailles. Tout le parti opposé à Molé et à Mademoiselle Dubois la soutient beaucoup ; mais ce même parti pourroit bien changer bientôt, puisqu'elle doit débuter dans le comique : son art, la finesse de ses raisonnemens et de ses détails, pourrait bien donner du chagrin à toutes les amoureuses. Elle est cause qu'on a joué le trait le plus affreux à Mr. Du Belloy. On alloit reprendre son " Siège de Calais," Mademoiselle Dubois y avoit un rôle qu'elle avoit travaillé avec le plus grand soin : elle se flattait, et ses amis aussi, qu'elle y feroit oublier Madame Vestris ; dès-lors les comédiens n'ont plus voulu donner la pièce. Mr. Du Belloy piqué, l'a retirée avec sa " Gabrielle de Vergis," et son " Chevalier Bayard," deux pièces qui étaient reçues ; cette affaire fait beaucoup de bruit, on ne sait ce qu'elle deviendra. Si une pièce qui a porté tant d'argent aux comédiens, et qui est la pièce de l'état essuie tant de traverses, à quoi les auteurs ne doivent-ils pas s'attendre? Voilà à peu près tout ce qu'il y a de nouveau dans nôtre tripot. Vous sentez combien il est important que vous me gardiez le secret, le moindre mot augmenterait le nombre de mes ennemis. C'est ici un ami qui parle à son ami, et qui est sûr de sa discrétion.

Un de mes bons amis, et qui serait le vôtre si vous le connaissiez, parcequ'il est très-honnête, a fait recevoir aux Français une tragédie imitée de l'Anglais: c'est "Hamlet," il y fait quelques corrections, il désirerait être animé par l'auteur et l'acteur inimitable de ce chef-d'œuvre dans son genre. C'est pourquoi je me joins à lui pour vous prier de nous envoyer l'estampe de Shakspeare, et la vôtre représentant Hamlet. Mon ami veut respirer le feu du Shakspeare mort et du Shakspeare vivant; mais il vous conjure d'envoyer les meilleures estampes, et les plus chères par conséquent; il est riche, et un ou deux louis plus ou moins ne feront rien à l'affaire. Vous n'avez qu'à m'indiquer la personne à qui il faut remettre la somme, elle lui sera comptée tout de suite.

Adieu, mon cher Monsieur: mon grand ouvrage sur la comédie ne paraîtra que dans l'hiver prochain; je me ferai un plaisir et un honneur de le soumettre tout de suite à vôtre jugement. J'ambitionne beaucoup le suffrage d'un homme de vôtre mérite. Aimez-moi toujours, je vous prie; en bonne foi vous le devez par reconnoissance: je vous souhaite une bonne année et vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. J'assure Madame de mes respects.

CAILHAVA.

"A Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, Directeur du Théâtre du Roy,
à Londres."

DE M. MONNET A M. GARRICK.

Ce 20 Février, 1769.

MON ami, j'ai reçu hier une lettre de Mr. Cramer pleine de remercîmens pour toutes les politesses et bonnes façons que vous avez eues pour lui et pour son frère; en mon particulier je vous en sçais bon gré, et je suis assuré que vous n'avez pas obligé des ingrats. Ils sont enchantés de Madame Garrick, cela ne m'étonne pas, et sans pousser plus loin son éloge, je crois que les femmes de son espèce sont rares. Mr. Cramer me dit que vous comptez venir à Paris cet été, (je n'en crois rien); que vous voulez envoyer un de vos neveux à Genève, que vous le laisserez à Paris trois semaines. Par la bonne opinion que vous devez avoir de ma logique et de mon honnêteté, j'ai tout lieu d'espérer que vous me le confierez, et qu'il mangera, et qu'il logera chez-moi. J'ai une chambre bien propre à lui donner, près de la mienne; ainsi Mr. David Garrick voudra bien ne pas oublier ce que je lui dis.

Vous avez sans doute reçu les lettres que je vous ai écrites en dernier lieu; l'une par Mr. Foot avec deux almanachs, l'autre par Antonio Carara.

Vous m'avez demandé par une de vos lettres un détail sur mon affaire avec ce coquin de Mant, contre lequel je suis réellement piqué: vous devez vous en ressouvenir, puisque vous m'écrivites dans le tems que vous lui aviez fait remettre un gros fromage, une redingotte et un petit cotillon de la même étoffe; les deux derniers objets peuvent valoir à-peu-près trois guinées; quant au fromage, je n'en sçais pas le prix.

Vous m'avez demandé aussi la note des petites avances que j'ai faites pour vous : vous la trouverez ci-joint ; j'en prendrai le montant chez Mr. Panchaud, qui vous enverra mon reçu.

J'ai toujours vos habits, dites-moi donc ce que vous voulez que j'en fasse : si Mr. Carrara s'étoit donné la peine de me parler pendant cinq ou six jours qu'il a resté à Paris, je lui aurois remis une veste de cirsaca blanche et or, que vous auriez très-bien pu porter à Londres. Mon ami, je vous embrasse, et je vous renouvelle toujours mon amitié pour vous et pour Madame Garrick.

MONNET.

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Il reste le Commentaire sur Racine que je n'ai pas encore payé à Panckoucke, mais que je payerai.

DE M. MONNET A M. GARRICK.

Ce 16 Mars, 1769.

MON ami, j'ai reçu vôtre lettre en date du 28 Février : votre maladie m'a fait de la peine ; vous sçavez mieux que personne ce qui peut vous soulager et même vous guérir ; si vous ne le faites pas tant pis pour vous.

J'ai fait porter chez Mr. Bazan vos oiseaux : il s'est chargé de les faire relier, et de vous les faire parvenir par la première caisse qu'il enverra à Londres, les livres du Chevalier Watkin étant partis, il y a du tems.

J'ai acheté les neuf volumes de L'Histoire du Théâtre Italien, et de L'Opéra Comique. Je ne sais pas comment le premier est fait, mais pour le dernier c'est détestable ; nous en sommes convenus ce matin avec Favart, qui par parentèse me charge de vous faire des compliments. Je n'ai point d'occasion pour vous envoyer ces deux Théâtres avant le 3 d'Avril prochain par Mr. Thornhill, qui est ici : neuf volumes font un objet, on risque de les gâter, ou de trouver des gens qui n'aiment pas l'embarras.

Mr. le Marquis de Voyer, fils du Ministre d'Argenson, que vous avez connu, qui vous a donné à dîner chez-lui, qui a beaucoup d'esprit et de grandes connoissances, grand ami du Comte du Luc, partira Samedi prochain pour voir l'Angleterre ; il m'a demandé une lettre pour vous, que je lui ai donnée avec plaisir. Son but est de voir Londres en courant, et de parcourir toutes vos belles campagnes. Si vous le voyez,

je pense que vous aurez des égards pour lui ; il peut vous rendre un compte juste des talens de Mademoiselle Vestris ; je lui aurois bien donné vos livres, mais ils n'étoient pas reliés, et il n'avoit pas assez de place pour les porter.

Mr. Cramer est ici depuis huit jours ; il part pour la Hollande dans quatre : il sera de retour à la fin de ce mois ; si vous vous déterminez pour Mr. votre neveu, il l'emmenera avec lui à Genève ; mais pour cela il faudroit que vous l'envoyassiez à Paris au plus tard dans la quinzaine. Certainement Mr. Cramer lui rendra tous les services qui dépendront de lui dans cette ville où j'ai beaucoup d'amis qui se feront aussi un plaisir de l'obliger ; je pense comme vous, les habits que vous m'avez laissés pourront très-bien servir pour ce neveu.

Comme je suis très-certain que vous ne viendrez pas à Paris avec Madame Garrick cette année, je vous conseille de remettre la partie à l'année prochaine, vous aurez de plus le mariage de Monseigneur le Dauphin. Nous avons pour le mois prochain celui de Monseigneur le Duc de Chartres avec Mademoiselle de Penthièvre.

On a donné trois représentations d'une pièce dont je vous ai parlé dans une de mes lettres, intitulée " Le Déserteur," intermède par Messieurs Sedaine et Monsigny. Cette pièce n'a pas eu tout le succès qu'on en attendoit ; les auteurs profitent de la clôture de nos théâtres pour y faire des changements.

On nous promet pour l'après Pâque, " Le Chevalier Bayard," tragédie, par Mr. du Belloy, l'auteur du " Siège de Calais."

Bellecour et sa femme, qui avoient un engagement très-considérable pour la Russie, viennent de le rompre pour rester à la Comédie Françoise. Je vous embrasse, et je suis vôtre ami.

MONNET.

Mon ami, j'ai placé, à ce dernier, emprunt que le Roi a fait, sur ma tête et celle de ma femme 7000 frs. Cela a rétréci un peu mes finances, à cet effet j'ai vendu le reste de mon Anthologie. J'ai encore un tableau dont je veux me défaire, peint par Boucher il y a vingt ans ; ce tableau est voluptueux, et même trop nud pour un homme de mon âge ; c'est une femme couchée qui sort du bain ; il a de la couleur ; je l'enverrai sur la fin de ce mois à Mr. Lascelles ; je compte que vous voudrez bien concourir avec lui pour le faire vendre ; je veux le vendre trente louis.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

17 Mars, 1769.

Si j'avois une baguette de fée je m'en servirois pour vous fixer près de vôtre table quand vous m'écrivez ; j'arrêterois la rapidité de cette plume légère, qui court, vole, et laisse à peine sur le papier des traces de son passage :——eh, que je suis bête ! si je la possédois cette baguette, j'irois vous voir, vous embrasser, causer avec vous : ce seroit un plaisir bien vif, bien délicieux, mais comment l'espererois-je ? mes chaines

se rivent tous les jours ; gênée par mes tristes entours, j'ai vécu pour les autres, et mourrai sans avoir goûté la douceur de vivre pour moi-même.

Le Chevalier de Chastelux m'a montré la plus jolie lettre du monde : vous vous plaignez de moi, mon ami, de ma paresse : vos expressions seroient trop flatteuses si je méritois des reproches, mais j'ai retardé d'écrire, pensant toujours que Monsieur François alloit retourner à Londres et qu'il vous porteroit ma lettre. J'en ai reçu une de vous avec des comédies. C'est dommage que la pièce refaite par Mr. Bickerstaff soit toujours un sujet pris de Molière ; elle est très-agréable, et je la crois fort bien écrite, mais je n'en puis faire usage. L'ami de Mr. Sturz a du vous remettre deux lettres de moi, une troisième adressée à Mr. Murphy, et deux exemplaires de nôtre traduction : comment trouvez-vous cela,—*mauvais, détestable !*—mon libraire vous dira, *cela* est bon, excellent ! n'en déplaise à tous les beaux génies de l'univers, le jugement d'un libraire sera toujours d'un grand poids dans la littérature. Le second volume est actuellement sous presse. Mr. Kelly et Mr. Colman ne se doutent pas du tour que nous leur jouons. J'ai traduit " The False Delicacy ;" ma compagne la " Femme Jalouse" and " The Deuce is in Him." Un léger soupçon que la dernière est de vous,* nous a rendues plus exactes à suivre l'original ; la pièce est jolie et conduite avec autant de simplicité que de raison. A l'égard des deux premières, les auteurs nous regarderont comme deux singes entrés dans un verger, qui taillent, émondent, arrachent, et croyent faire merveille en gâtant tout. Mr. Kelly me paroit le plus honnête des créatures ; s'il n'est pas un ange il est un diable : mais sans être *bon* peut-on imaginer le caractère de Cecil ? Je lui ai conservé toute son aimable singularité, mais le laisser malpropre, je n'ai pu m'y résoudre ; il est simple, uni, vétu grossièrement sans être sale. Les Anglois ont encore le défaut d'outrer leurs caractères et d'aller un peu trop loin quand ils peignent la nature. Elle est belle, charmante, mon ami, mais un rien l'enlaidit. La pièce de Mr. Kelly plaira beaucoup aux François. Je ne me suis pas vantée des changemens que le goût national m'a forcé de faire ; ils ne sont pas considérables, mais ils étoient absolument nécessaires pour ranimer l'intérêt. A l'égard de Mr. Colman, c'est un massacre abominable que cette traduction de ma compagne : au fond, les scènes principales de cette comédie ne sont point du tout variées, la jalouse est plus impérieuse que sensible, une lettre qu'on ne lit point, ne fonde pas assez ses soupçons, il a fallu tout le mérite, toute la supériorité de vôtre jeu pour soutenir des scènes si uniformes. Charles, ivre comme un laquais, est un objet dégoûtant ; il ne conservera pas ce défaut en François, comme vous l'imaginez bien. Les deux campagnards sont bien, sont plaisans ; l'Irlandois peut l'être à Londres, ici, point du tout, on l'a fort abrégé. Avec l'impudence de Lady Belaston, Mr. Colman devoit donner à sa Lady Freelove un motif d'être méchante. Une femme de qualité se prêter à des projets si noirs pour mettre un Lord dans sa famille, cela n'a pas le sens commun. Elle devoit aimer Charles, en être méprisée, et se venger de lui sur sa maîtresse. A mon avis la dérnière scène de cette pièce est si longue, est une si froide répétition de la première que je ne saurois concevoir com-

* *The Deuce is in Him* was really written by Colman.—Ed.

ment on peut en soutenir l'ennui. Mais vous êtes là, vous animez tout, vous versez sur tout l'agrément et la chaleur:—si Changuion m'entendoit, il me battroit; son ami Colman *insulté!*—n'allez pas lui montrer ma lettre et m'en faire un ennemi: je vous dis ma pensée. Je puis me tromper au reste, et vous verrez par la traduction qu'en voulant corriger un peu la fable, nous l'avons peut-être gâtée pour les Anglois.

Je n'ai rien à prendre dans la foule de pièces dont je vous envoye la liste. Si vous en connoissez dont le plan soit tout Anglois vous m'obligerez en me les indiquant, car les demander sur les titres pris dans les catalogues, c'est risquer d'avoir des sujets François, habillés à l'Angloise, mais très reconnoissables.

Mr. de Saint Lambert vient de donner son poëme des saisons. Grande rumeur au Parnasse. Les philosophes, ses compagnons, et ses amis, ont crié *miracle! merveille! lumineux, sublime!* ceux qui veulent défendre contre eux la liberté du goût et des décisions, ont crié de leur côté, *froid, insipide, long, ennuieux!* les esprits doux, raisonnables, trouvent l'ouvrage un peu *long* en effet, les transitions mauvaises, les vers souvent négligés, et pensent que moins vanté, ce poëme ayant, comme beaucoup d'autres, des défauts et des beautés, on pardonneroit les uns en faveur des autres, si une petite poignée de juges hautains ne vouloient imposer la loi et ne sembloient dire au public applaudissez, je le veux.

Mr. Sturz m'a écrit, sa lettre est du François le plus pur et le plus élégant. Il se donna les airs de tirer un peu sur notre nation et me demande des détails sur notre façon de vivre dans ce que nous appellons société. Je lui réponds ce que je pense, —aucun homme encore ne m'a paru un étranger. Je vous envoye, mon très-aimable ami, une liste des comédies qui sont dans ma petite bibliothèque, afin que vous y jettiez les yeux quand vous voudrez m'en donner. La plûpart sont venues de Londres, deux ou trois fois. Les unes par vous, les autres par Mr. Becket. Je voudrois bien sçavoir s'il existe en Anglois des contes de fées, vraiment *nationnaux*, ce qu'on appelle des contes d'enfant, vous en avez de traduits, ce n'est pas ce que je demande: il les faudroit absolument Anglois.

Le Baron d'Holbach a eu mille chagrins. Son ami l'Abbé Morellet a reçu les complimens d'une place de dix à douze mille livres de rente, et puis Mr. Abeille a reçu la place même. A présent le poëme de Mr. de Saint Lambert lui déchire l'âme. C'est un homme sensible, libre et riche: il n'est point heureux. Est-il donc impossible de l'être? ce court voyage appellé *la vie* sera-t-il toujours fait avec tant de peines? on a tant écrit pour en applanir la route! une main invisible y sême-t-elle des pierres? y creuse-t-elle des ornières? grand sujet de réflexion! Comment se porte vôtre charmante compagne? voulez-vous bien l'embrasser pour nous, lui dire combien nous l'aimons? combien nous désirons de la voir dans cette riante demeure que tout le monde admire, heureux qui se promène au bord de la Tamise! Adieu, mon bon et tendre ami. J'ai toujours ma mère malade, mon mari maussade. Sans mon amie j'irois me pendre pour ne plus m'ennuier. Madame de Buffon est morte après une longue maladie. Son mari ne s'en consoleroit point, si le plaisir de la disséquer n'appaisoit sa douleur. Adieu, vous dis-je! Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, de toutes mes forces, et de toute mon âme. RICCOBONI.

DE M. CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS A M. GARRICK.

Paris, le 29 Mars, 1769.

CETTE lettre, Monsieur, vous est écrite par un homme qui n'a l'honneur de vous connaître que de réputation, mais a qui les nouvelles de Londres ont appris qu'il vous devoit de la reconnoissance. Vous trouverez peut-être que c'est une assez singulière façon de s'en acquitter que de vous demander encore un bon office. Mais, tout considéré, je n'ai point trouvé de voie plus naturelle pour être instruit de ce qui m'intèresse que de m'adresser à vous. Je suis l'auteur du drame d'Eugénie, que vous avez bien voulu traduire de nôtre théâtre sur le vôtre.* J'ai vainement cherché ici les papiers Anglais qui ont donné l'analise de la traduction, le détail de son succès, &c. Je vous aurai une vraie obligation, Monsieur, de me les faire passer à Paris, et même la traduction entière si elle est imprimée. Les traducteurs Italien, Allemand, et Russe, qui ont fait à mon essai dramatique le même honneur qu'il a reçu de vous, m'ont fait le plaisir de m'en faire passer chacun un exemplaire de Florence, Vienne, et Petersbourg. Il me seroit infiniment agréable de pouvoir rassembler sous mes yeux tous mes bienfaiteurs, pour reconnoître d'une manière plus honnête le double service que vous m'aurez rendu. J'aurai l'honneur de vous faire parvenir aussitôt qu'il aura été joué sur nôtre théâtre, l'extrait d'un nouveau drame que j'ai donné aux comédiens François, et qu'ils repètent pour être représenté dans une quinzaine de jours; et le premier exemplaire qui en sera imprimé suivra l'extrait que je vous aurai addressé.

Recevez mes remerciments et l'assurance de l'estime parfaite et de la haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

Secrètaire du Roi, Lieutenant-général de ses chasses. A Paris rue de Condé près le Luxembourg.

J'espère que Milord Rochfort qui a quelque amitié pour moi et à qui j'écris par le même courier, voudra bien se charger de vous faire passer cette lettre, car j'ignore vôtre adresse à Londres.

DE M. DUCIS A M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, A Paris, ce 14 Avril, 1769.

JE ne puis vous exprimer toute ma reconnoissance pour les deux présens que vous avez bien voulu me faire. Vôtre gravure dans Hamlet et celle de Shakspeare sont l'une et l'autre sous mes yeuz et devant ma table. C'eût été sans doute leur faire souffrir un divorce trop cruel que de les séparer. Je conçois, Monsieur, que vous avez dû me trouver bien téméraire de mettre sur le théâtre François une pièce telle qu' Hamlet. Sans parler des irrégularités sauvages dont elle abonde, le spectre tout

* Translated by Mrs. Griffith, under the correction of Garrick, and brought out by him, under the title of *The School for Rakes*.—ED.

avoué qui parle long temps, les comédiens de campagne et le combat au fleuret, m'ont paru des ressorts absolument inadmissibles sur nôtre scène. J'ai bien regretté cependant de ne pouvoir y transporter l'ombre terrible qui expose le crime et demande vengeance. J'ai donc été obligé en quelque façon de créer une pièce nouvelle. J'ai taché seulement de faire un rôle intéressant d'une Reine parricide, et de peindre surtout dans l'âme pure et mélancholique d'Hamlet un modèle de tendresse filiale. Je me suis regardé, en traitant ce caractère, comme un peintre religieux qui travaille à un tableau d'autel. Mais pourquoi, Monsieur, ne sçais-je pas vôtre langue! pourquoi ne puis-je consulter en vous le plus sûr confident du Génie de Shakspeare! je n'ai eu qu'un secours, c'est l'attrait inexplicable qui soumet mon âme à ce poëte extraordinaire. Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur du succès que vous me désirez. On trouve en général que mon ouvrage est simple et sans incidens, mais mon succès fût-il un triomphe, ce que je suis bien loin d'espérer, recevez d'avance ma protestation, Monsieur, que je pose ma couronne sur la base et aux pieds de la statue de Shakspeare. C'est déjà une récompense de ma hardiesse que cette occasion de vous écrire. Il ne tient qu'à vous d'y ajouter encore en me permettant de cultiver l'honneur de vôtre correspondance.

Je ne vous mande aucune nouvelle littéraire: c'est à Monsieur de Cailhava, mon ami, à vous parler de lui-même. Je me borne à vous dire que je l'ai vû paroître Lundi dernier sur nôtre théâtre, pour y recevoir en personne tous les applaudissemens que le Public a donnés à la première représentation de son Mariage Interrompu. Je ne doute pas que tout l'ouvrage ne vous fasse en général un vrai plaisir, mais j'ose me répondre que vous admirerez surtout la fin du second acte et le commencement du troisième. L'auteur est digne des ennemis que la résurrection de la bonne comédie lui attire. Je l'encourage, je le soutiens. Nous éprouvons lui et moi que l'amitié est la plus douce consolation de deux hommes embarqués sur la mer orageuse du théâtre. Je regarderai comme un des fruits les plus agréables de nôtre amitié que vous vouliez bien étendre un peu jusqu'à moi, d'avance, les sentimens que vous accordez à son mérite personnel. J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une reconnoissance sincère et toute la considération possible, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DUCIS.

Rue Basse Porte, St. Denis, au Magazin de Verrerie, No. 4, chez Mr. Prévôt, à Paris.

"À Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, Directeur du théâtre de Druri-lane,
à Londres."

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 8 Mai, 1769.

Vous devez avoir reçu une lettre de moi, écrite deux mois avant que j'aie trouvé l'occasion de vous l'envoyer. Monsieur François étoit à la campagne, étoit malade, on ne pouvoit le joindre, je m'impatientois. A présent je me chagrine, oui, je me

chagrine et bien fort. Qu'avez-vous donc écrit au Chevalier de Chatelux ? il a fait le beau discret, n'a pas voulu me montrer vôtre lettre ; mais vous vous plaignez de moi, dit-il. Vous plaindre de moi, vous, mon aimable ami ?—eh, bon Dieu ! d'où vient ? pourquoi ? vous ne sçavez pas combien la certitude de mériter un reproche de vôtre part me causeroit de regret et d'amertume.

J'ai parlé d'après vos compatriotes ; j'ai donné au public la raison que les Anglois m'ont donnée à moi-même de la différence de vos pièces et des nôtres. Leur sentiment uniforme m'a paru d'accord avec mes observations sur vôtre théâtre. Vous conviendrez que les nobles sont peu ménagés par vos auteurs : le sot, le fat, ou le malhonnête homme mêlé dans l'intrigue est presque toujours un lord ; semble-t-on travailler pour une classe que l'on s'applique à dégrader, que l'on expose à la risée ? est-ce un moyen de l'attirer ? ici les premiers du royaume font leur séjour habituel du théâtre : les dames ont de petites loges à l'année, la comédie est le rendez-vous de la bonne compagnie. A la vérité elle ne divertit guère, mais elle occupe beaucoup. On disserte, on prône, on juge, on cabale : mille fainéans titrés n'ont d'autre ressource contre l'ennui que les chauffoirs des trois spectacles ; vit-on ainsi chez vous ? non, sans doute. Aussi les auteurs remplissent-ils la scène de Comtes, de Marquis ; ils n'osent faire parler les bourgeois ; la nature et la plaisanterie sont bannies de leurs pièces, et comme il est très *ignoble* de rire, ils cherchent à faire pleurer.

Dans nôtre brillante capitale, où dominent les airs et la mode, s'attendrir, s'émouvoir, s'affliger ; c'est le bon ton du moment. La bonté, la sensibilité, la tendre humanité, sont devenues la fantaisie universelle. On feroit volontiers des malheureux pour goûter la douceur de les plaindre. On se croit *bon* quand on est sombre, *excellent* quand on est triste ; on ne peint plus les vertus au front gai, à la contenance assurée, on les représente soucieuses et maussades. J'avois dit tout cela dans ce maudit avertissement ; ma prudente compagne a craint de me voir lapider. Soumise à ses avis j'ai retranché, et l'article dont vous êtes blessé a peut-être été substitué à ce qu'elle m'a fait effacer. Eh, je vous en prie, mon ami, croyez-le, loin de vouloir avilir la scène Angloise, j'ai simplement cherché à excuser un genre que Molière même n'a pu soutenir en France. À présent ses pièces sont traitées de farces, on les donne les mauvais jours, et les acteurs qui pensent être bons dédaignent tous ses rôles excepté celui de Misantrope. Rire à la comédie est une absurdité chez-nous, une sottise, un ridicule bourgeois. On pleure à l'opéra comique ; et si je n'avois pas excusé la Grande Bretagne sur un goût si dépravé, vous passeriez tous ici pour des imbéciles. Est-ce que Sedaine n'a pas fait une pièce, dont le héros est un déserteur, on va le pendre ? Rien n'est ci charmant, surtout en ariettes. On s'en moque, on y court ; les philosophes trouvent le sujet merveilleux.

Ne me sçachez donc point mauvais gré de ce que j'ai dit : je le répète, ce sont vos mauvaises langues de compatriotes qui m'ont dicté cet article. À la seconde édition je l'ôterai, et ce sera de tout mon cœur puisqu'il vous déplait. Pardon, mon ami, pardon. J'ai tort, un grand tort, si je vous ai faché : rien ne pourroit me consoler de

perdre vôtre amitié ; croyez-moi bête, sotte ; mais ne me croyez jamais impertinente, ni ingrate.

Je vous écrirai encore dans le cours de ce mois en vous envoyant le second volume du Théâtre Anglois. Je vous vois lever les épaules ; vous souriez malignement. Théâtre Anglois ! dites-vous, Anglois comme ça : tout gâté, tout barbouillé. Là là, consolez-vous, probablement le mal n'aura pas de suite. Au diable si je sçais où prendre un troisième tome. J'ai acheté une mauvaise " Paméla," " Love and a Bottle," " The Country Lasses." Il y a dans cette dernière une drole d'idée, mais qui ne produit rien ; si vous ne me faites deux ou trois jolies pièces, plus de traductions. Tout ce que je connois ne sauroit me servir. Ce travail m'amusoit, je le quitte à regret. Faire encore des romans, toujours parler d'amour, de sentiment, de passion ! je suis bien grande pour m'occuper de ces propos enfantins ; le tems où j'aimois est si loin de moi ! Quand je m'applique à peindre les transports de deux jeunes amans il me semble que je radote. Et puis Mr. de Buffon m'a gâté l'esprit, il estime le physique de l'amour, et prétend que le moral n'en vaut rien : nous ne sommes pas du même avis. Si le physique donne un instant de plaisir, le moral rend tous les momens heureux ; il faut que l'aimable naturaliste ait un furieux physique pour lui donner cette préférence. Son livre nous charme ; il est impossible de mieux penser et de mieux écrire.

Le Chevalier de Chatelux prétend que vous êtes enchanté du poëme de M. de Saint Lambert. On n'en parle plus, on n'y songe plus, c'est un ouvrage oublié. Ma compagne vous prie d'assurer Madame Garrick de son attachement ; comme traductrice elle n'ose lever les yeux devant vous, elle vous demande humblement vôtre indulgence. Moi je l'embrasse, cette charmante Madame Garrick !—mon Dieu, ne la reverrai-je point ? vous, je ne sçais que vous faire : vous me haissez, peut-être. À peine ai-je le courage de vous demander la main en signe de paix, l'idée de vous avoir désobligé m'est insupportable. Adieu ! mon ami, mon bon et tendre ami. Pardon, mille et mille fois pardon.

DE M. L'ABBÉ MORELLET A M. GARRICK.

12 May, 1769, Rue Colbert.

Mon cher ami Mr. Garrick se souvient-il toujours de moi ? oui, j'en suis sûr parcequ'il connoit combien je lui suis attaché tendrement ; combien j'aurois de désir de le voir, de vivre avec lui, et combien j'estime et j'aime son esprit, et ses talens, et son âme. Voilà donc encore de quoi lui rappeler mon souvenir plus vivement. Je lui envoye un gros livre qu'il ne lira peut-être pas, parcequ'il fera mieux d'employer son temps à faire quelque ouvrage agréable, ou à commenter Shakspeare (que je voudrois bien lire commenté par lui), mais qu'il recevra toujours comme un témoignage du souvenir qu'il ma laissé de lui, qui me sera toujours précieux.

Je me lasse, mon cher Monsieur, et mon cher ami, de parler en tierce personne.

Vous ferez et vous penserez de mon livre tout ce que vous voudrez, pourvu que vous m'aimiez toujours. J'ai mille remercimens à vous faire de la grâce avec laquelle vous avez reçu tous les gens que je vous ai adressés. Mon cousin a remporté de Londres beaucoup de reconnoissance de l'accueil obligeant que vous lui avez fait. Le jeune Bruyset est aussi très-touché de vos politesses. Ils m'ont parlé tous les deux avec sensibilité des bontés de l'aimable Madame Garrick. Tout cela me met au désespoir. Moi! qui serois bien reçu aussi de tous les deux, il faut qu'un maudit travail me retienne ici, et m'empêche de me dérober six semaines pour aller voir des gens que j'aime, et une nation qui m'intéresse si vivement!

J'ai cru, mon cher ami, que j'allois avoir une occasion de vous rendre une partie au moins de vos bons procédés. Nôtre ami Suard et moi nous rencontrons il y a peu de temps, Monnet et un joli jeune homme d'une phisionomie spirituelle et douce, et de beaux yeux pleins de feu; on nous explique que c'est là le neveu de nôtre ami Garrick. Nous l'embrassons; nous nous préparons à le fêter à le soigner. Point du tout. On nous déclare qu'il part pour Genève; d'où il ne reviendra que dans je ne sais combien d'années. Eh! bien donc, quand il reviendra, il faut bien que nous le voyions et que nous lui soyons utiles à Paris si nous pouvons.

Mais vous-même, vous deviez venir nous revoir et vous n'en faites rien. Quand reviendrez vous? venez, je retournerai peut-être avec vous. Mettez-moi aux pieds de vôtre aimable et respectable épouse, et soyez bien persuadé des sentimens d'estime et d'attachement tendre que je vous ai voués pour la vie.

L'Abbé Morellet.

Vous savez bien que les Helvétius et le Baron d'Holbach vous regrettent tous les jours, et que nous parlons souvent de vous dans ces deux sociétés. Je vous fais leurs amitiés et leurs complimens.

Tout bien considéré, mon cher ami, je vous prie de lire mon livre. C'est un sacrifice de plus que vous ferez à l'amitié, mais cela me fera grand plaisir.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 16 Juin, 1769.

Mon très-aimable ami Mr. François a du vous remettre deux exemplaires du second volume de nôtre *imitation*. J'espère qu'il n'aura pas suivi l'exemple du commissionaire de Mr. Stourz. Le petit vilain s'est payé par ses mains. Pour ce volume que vous n'avez pas, quatre se sont perdus par les soins de cette bonne tête Duporte. Je vous renverrai le premier tome dès que l'occasion se présentera. Peut-être Mr. Walpole voudra-t-il bien avoir la bonté de vous le faire tenir.

J'ai perdu ma mère le 18 de Mai. Sa façon de vivre avec moi ne devoit pas me rendre très-sensible à cet évènement. Il m'a fait cependant une vive, même une cruelle impression. L'horreur du spectacle, une compassion naturelle m'ont violem-

ment affectée ; j'ai été malade, et suis fort triste encore. Mon mari prend soin d'entretenir dans mon cœur le poison de la mélancolie : il se conduit à soixante ans, comme un homme de vingt, et c'est moi qui paye ses sottises. Eloignons bien vîte ce désagréable sujet. Je pourrois être heureuse si je ne tenois à personne, mais mon sort est de souffrir par l'imprudence d'autrui.

Je ne répéterai point les raisons de cette phrase maudite. Je devois vous consulter sans doute ; mais pourquoi me serois-je défiée de vos compatriotes ? Les jeunes voyageurs de vôtre nation me sont inconnus, j'ai conversé avec des gens de lettres, ou des personnes en place, leurs discours uniformes m'ont jettée dans l'erreur que vous me reprochez. Je ne suis ni indocile, ni méchante. Quand on a mal fait, on ne peut qu'avouer son tort et s'efforcer de le réparer.

Vôtre " School for Lovers" est une pièce de Fontenelle, très-froide dans l'original ; en parcourant l'Angloise elle ne m'a pas paru trop vive, elle est actuellement chez le relieur. Je la relirai, mais j'en espère peu. A l'egard du " Suspicious Husband," c'est une pièce de spectacle et de jeu. Je sçais que vous la rendez très-amusante, qu'on en suit les représentations pour admirer vôtre jeu, mais ôtez-lui l'agrément que vous lui donnez, il restera un mari dur et insipide ; malhonnête sans être comique ; une femme qui n'intéresse point ; une amoureuse dont on ne se soucie point du tout ; une dame épisodique, folle, et point plaisante ; une intrigue chargée et très-peu attachante. Au fond le libertinage de Ranger ne m'embarrasseroit pas ; mais pour qu'un caractère soit bon au théâtre, il faut que tous les personnages de la pièce tiennent nécessairement à lui ; qu'il préside à tous leurs intérêts, qu'il nuise à l'un, afflige l'autre ; élève ou détruise des espérances ; il faut que le repos, le bien-être, la joie ou la douleur de ses parens, de ses amis, dépendent de ses démarches. Voyez " l'Avare" de Molière, le " Grondeur" de Bruis, " The Provoked Wife" chez-vous. Un seul homme dans ces trois comédies désespère tout ce qui l'environne, et par là son caractère devient l'objet de l'attention du spectateur. Ranger est très-plaisant, mais on pourroit faire la pièce sans lui. C'est un caractère absolument épisodique. Je verrai pourtant ; car je voudrois vous plaire et vous contenter.

Le Baron d'Holbach m'a envoyé Fletcher et Beaumont, des pièces de Ben Jonson, dix volumes d'anciennes comédies, j'en ai acheté six. Tout cela est si confus, si loin des mœurs ; tant d'esprit, si peu de conduite, de raison, de décence, de naturel, qu'en vérité cette lecture est un tems perdu. Vos auteurs ont pillé ce Fletcher, mais ils ne l'ont pas corrigé ; je retrouve partout le fond de ses scènes, et ne les vois pas mieux amenées. Après tout, mon ami, ce que je dis de vôtre théâtre, un Anglois le diroit du nôtre s'il le lisoit avec l'intention d'en faire le même usage. Nos vieilles pièces sont abominables, et les nouvelles n'ont pas le sens commun.

Mr. Colman ne sera pas aussi doux, aussi bon que Mr. Murphy, peut-être. Il regrettera l'ivresse de Charles. Si vous n'avez pas encore parlé, taisez-vous ; n'avertissez ni lui, ni Mr. Kelly. Ils ignoreront qu'on les a traduits. Je le souhaite pour leur repos et pour le mien.

Vôtre pamflet est parfaitement bien écrit. Les reflexions sur Voltaire sont justes.

On pourroit même lui faire de plus grands reproches, et relever ce trait de méchanceté qu'il a mis dans Hamlet. Ce prince dit, *tout est corrompu;* Voltaire dit, *tout est pourri.* Vôtre auteur le traite d'ignorant, moi je l'accuse d'une basse jalousie, impardonnable à un homme de génie. On attaque trop vivement Corneille dans ce petit ouvrage. Je suis assez du sentiment de vôtre critique sur les œuvres de ce poëte, mais je ne voudrois pas en faire un aveu public: Pierre Corneille est révéré des François. Il faut respecter les opinions générales, même celles qu'on désapprouve, quand elles ne blessent ni la morale ni l'honneur.

Vous ne lisez pas mes lettres, ou du moins vous n'y répondez jamais. Je vous priois de me dire si vous aviez des contes de fées, vraiment contes Anglois. Vous ne m'avez dit ni oui, ni non.

Adieu, mon aimable et cher ami; chargez-vous de faire passer l'incluse dans les mains de Mr. Murphy. Il m'a écrit la plus agréable lettre du monde, trop flatteuse pourtant; c'est un homme d'esprit; s'il avoit moins pris chez nous je prendrois davantage chez lui. Est-ce qu'il ne travaille plus? ce seroit dommage qu'il fût paresseux, car il a beaucoup de talents. Adieu, vous dis-je. Je vous embrasse, si les caresses d'une vaporeuse ne vous fatiguent pas. Dites mille choses tendres à Madame Garrick: ma compagne et moi nous pensons toujours à elle. Souvenez-vous de nous si vous avez quelques nouveautés.

Belcour de la Comédie Françoise ira peut-être à Londres. Il voyage pour son plaisir. Il s'est avisé de prendre de l'amour: et c'est la sœur de sa femme dont il fait sa maîtresse. Sa femme l'a trouvé mauvais, elle a mis sa sœur au couvent, son mari à la porte; à présent elle se désole, et joue la belle abandonnée. Adieu, adieu.

RICCOBONI.

DE M. CAZOTTE A M. GARRICK.

Pierry par Épernay, ce 7 Septembre, 1769.

JE suis, Monsieur et très-cher ami, de retour dans mon manoir champêtre, après avoir passé quatre mois à Paris dans la dissipation que vous sçavez que l'on y trouve. Je me suis un peu trop livré pour un paysan qui a perdu l'habitude des amusemens dangereux à la santé. Je suis revenu chez moi presque malade; mais du repos, des eaux ferrugineuses excellentes qui sont dans mon voisinage, et du bon vin, vont me remettre, il n'y paroîtra plus. Je ne puis songer au contretems qui nous a empêchés de nous trouver ensemble à Paris, sans en être encore mortifié; nous nous fussions trop réjouis. C'est une partie remise à laquelle il faut penser; en attendant, je ne perds pas de vue la promesse que vous me faites de venir me relancer chez moi. Voici le tems, Monsieur: nous allons cueillir le meilleur raisin qui ait jamais pendu à vigne depuis que Nöé la planta. Venez en manger avec Madame Garrick. Je lui offre ma maison et à vous de tout mon cœur. Une vendange est un spectacle. La compagne est alors meublée de façon à ne point faire regretter la ville; tout y est en

action, en tableaux, et, comme la récolte flatte ceux qui la font, tout y est en joie. Nous boirons du meilleur que j'aie, et nous préluderons sur les folies que nous aurons à faire en tems et lieu. La saison promet d'être riante; nos coteaux sont couronnés de forêts percées comme le sont les parcs des grands princes. Nous ferons des promenades à perte de *spleen*; et si vous ou quelqu'un de vos intimes veulent du vin de première goutte, vous le prendrez sur le fait. Faites agréer à Madame Garrick mes respects. Madame Cazotte vous prie de recevoir tous deux les assurances de ses très-humbles civilités. Moi, je vous dis tout franchement que je vous aime, parceque vous m'avez plu, me plaisez, et me plairez; mais si vous venez camper en Champagne, je vous en dirai bien davantage.

CAZOTTE.

Mille remercimens de nous avoir procuré les conseils de vôtre ami, Mr. le Docteur Sharpe.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur David Garrick, Ecuier, Directeur du
Théâtre de Druri-Lane, à Londres."

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

12 Septembre, 1769.

OCCUPÉ de l'apothéose de Shakspeare, sacrificateur et favori du dieu dont vous consacrez le temple, daignerez-vous écouter la voix d'une simple mortelle? Mes foibles accents ne se perdront-ils pas au bruit des acclamations d'un peuple adorateur et du poëte, et de son grand prêtre? du milieu de vôtre gloire baisserez-vous les yeux sur une terrestre amie? ne lui crierez-vous point, "Retirez-vous, prophane!" Il se présente une occasion de vous écrire; je la saisis. J'en aimerois mieux une autre. Le bon, l'obligeant ami que vous m'aviez donné semble avoir fini ses courses, il retourne à Londres; et peut-être ne le reverrai-je de ma vie. Je le regrette,—en vérité je le regrette beaucoup. Il veut bien vous porter le volume que l'on vous a volé, et mille assurances des sentimens de ma compagne et des miens: nous vous aimons toujours, même quand vous nous oubliez.

Les "Pensées Nocturnes" de Young ont fait fortune ici. C'est une preuve sans réplique du changement de l'esprit François. J'ai lu la moitié de l'ouvrage, et malgré sa beauté je n'ai pu le poursuivre. On lit sans peine un traité sur la mort, il attriste sans étonner, sans fixer de sombres images dans l'esprit; mais il faudroit n'avoir point d'amis, pour lire ce poëte sublime et noir. Une personne sensible frémit en songeant que demain, ce soir, à l'instant peut-être, elle va causer ou ressentir une douleur si véritable, si profonde, que le tems et la réflexion ne pourront jamais l'adoucir. Young est malheureux que les vapeurs fussent connues avant ses vers; il eût été le créateur de cette maladie de l'âme, et sa mémoire seroit précieuse à toutes les facultés de l'Europe.*

* One of the happiest pleasantries that have ever been written upon this melancholy subject. Young's poem is a Welch church-yard, the abode of death, but dressed in chaplets of the loveliest flowers.—ED.

Je ne sçais si vous avez reçu une lettre de moi, datée, je crois, des premiers jours de Juin? elle renfermoit une réponse à la très-jolie et très-flateuse épître de Mr. Murphy. Depuis trois mois je suis en doute si elle vous est parvenue. La raison de ce doute est facile à deviner; mais il ne faut pas vous gronder, n'est-ce pas? vous avez tant d'affaires!

Je ne veux pas vous troubler plus long tems. Adieu, mon aimable ami: portez-vous bien; embrassez pour nous vôtre charmante compagne; et si dans cette vie agitée vous trouvez un instant de loisir, rappellez-vous deux femmes dont vous êtes tendrement aimé. I have done.

DE M. DE VILLIERS A M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, St. Pétersbourg, 3-14 May, 1770.

Le souvenir de la réception honnête que j'ai éprouvée de vôtre part, quand j'étois dans vôtre ville, ne peut pas plus sortir de ma mémoire que celui de vôtre excellence décidée dans l'art le plus difficile. Et quand on parle du Roscius de nôtre siècle, (ce qui ne manque jamais d'arriver partout où l'on court le spectacle, et où l'on en parle,) je me fais un singulier plaisir de pouvoir ajouter à l'éloge qui suit infailliblement la supériorité de vos talens, celui de l'honnêteté de vôtre cœur, de l'affabilité modeste de vos manières, et de la douceur de vôtre société que j'ai eu l'avantage d'éprouver. En tenant cette conduite, je suis bien éloigné de penser comme Cicéron l'a fait, ou a paru le faire, pour sacrifier peut-être aux préjugés de son siècle, que l'excellence dans vôtre art aît besoin d'un correctif. Mais c'est que si la supériorité des talens donne des droits à l'admiration, les qualités du cœur en donnent à l'estime, et que je me croirois coupable d'un parjure de réticence, si ayant été témoin des droits légitimes que vous avez à l'un et à l'autre, je vous laissois, par mon silence, priver d'une partie de ce qui vous est dû. Vôtre réputation ne me laissant rien à faire sur le premier objet, je me dédommage sur le second.

Avec ces sentiments, Monsieur, il ne doit point vous paroître extraordinaire que je cherche les occasions de me rappeler de temps à autre à vôtre souvenir, et de ne pas laisser éteindre, faute de les remuer quoique doucement et par intervalles, les etincelles d'une connoissance dont je suis si glorieux: j'en trouve une occasion favorable que je saisis avec empressement, dans le voyage que Mr. Belissen, qui s'est bien voulu charger de vous remettre la présente, va faire à Londres. Admirateur jusqu'à présent sur parole de la supériorité de vos talens dans un art dont il connoit toute la difficulté, par les efforts heureux qu'il a faits lui-même pour les vaincre, il a voulu devenir témoin oculaire de ce que la renommée en publie. Ce motif d'une curiosité honnête, joint à ses qualités personnelles, le recommandera mieux auprès de vous que je ne pourrois et que je n'ai droit de le faire.

Si, par hazard, vous étiez curieux de sçavoir quelque chose de la situation présente d'un homme qui, par l'attachement qu'il vous porte, mérite quelque réminiscence de

vôtre part, je vous dirois briévement que, venu dans ce pays pour un objet que je trouvai manqué à mon arrivée, je comptois tout uniment m'en retourner, quand Sa Majesté Impériale, à qui on avoit parlé de moi, jugea à propos de me faire offrir l'emploi de Consultant du Procureur-Général de la Commission des Loix, dont il se prépare un nouveau code. J'ai accepté avec joye et avec reconnoissance cette place honnête que j'occupe depuis deux ans, et pendant ce temps j'ai reçu des marques flatteuses de la bonté et de la générosité de Sa Majesté Impériale. Ces liens de soie m'attachent ici, et m'empêcheront par une douce violence d'en sortir jusqu'à ce que mes services deviennent inutiles dans la partie où je suis employé. Mais en jouissant de ce bien-être, je n'oublie pas que c'est à deux Anglois que j'en suis redevable; à Mr. Robert Dingley, qui me donna avant mon départ de Londres une lettre de recommandation pour un de ses amis en cette famille; et à Mr. King, qui est ce même ami, Ministre de la congrégation Angloise en ce pays. C'est à ce dernier que j'ai l'obligation de m'avoir procuré la connoissance qui m'a valu ma place. Ainsi quand par la tournure naturelle de mon esprit que j'ai tâché de bonne heure de dégager des préjugés contraires à la bienveillance universelle, je n'aurois pas aimé la nation Angloise estimable à tant de titres, j'aurois, dans les obligations que j'ai à des particuliers de cette même nation, des raisons de le faire, et dont je ne pourrois me défendre, sans manquer à la reconnoissance.

Pour vous, Monsieur, qui réünissez les deux titres, d'illustrer et de faire aimer vôtre nation, vous devez sentir avec quels sentimens de la plus parfaite considération, et de l'estime la plus sincère, j'ai l'honneur d'être

Vôtre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

De Villiers.

J'espère et je souhaite que Madame soit en bonne santé, et je vous prie de me recommander à l'honneur de son souvenir.

DE M. SUARD A M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 2 Juillet, 1770.

Vous êtes bien aimable et bien généreux, mon cher Monsieur, de vous ressouvenir de moi après mon impardonnable négligence, et de m'aimer encore assez pour me demander un office d'amitié; mais vous rendez justice à mon cœur, et malgré tous mes torts, je n'ai jamais eu celui d'oublier un moment et le prix de vôtre amitié et les marques que vous m'en avez données.

J'ai vu avec bien du plaisir vôtre ami le Docteur Burney, et j'ai eté fâché de le voir si peu de tems. Il est fort honnête, fort doux, et fort instruit. Je lui ai donné à diner avec l'Abbé Arnaud, mon ami, l'homme de ce pays-ci et peut-être de toute l'Europe qui parle le mieux de la musique. Nous avons beaucoup parlé de musique et de vous, mon cher Monsieur, et nous avons bu de bon cœur à vôtre santé.

Mon cher et sublime Roscius sera vengé du plat compilateur de la rapsodie de *Londres*. J'ai écrit une lettre à ce sujet qui sera insérée dans le "Mercure," dans "l'Avant-coureur," et dans "le Journal Encyclopédique;" c'en est assez pour donner à la satisfaction qui vous est due toute la publicité possible. J'espère que vous serez content de l'article où j'ai parlé de vous d'après mon cœur: dès qu'il sera imprimé, je vous enverrai le feuillet.

Je vous ai envoyé dernièrement par M. Chamier, député de votre Compagnie des Indes, trois pièces de théâtre nouvelles: j'espère que vous aurez reçu dans leurs tems d'autres pièces ou brochures que je vous ai adressées par différentes occasions. Lorsque le poëme des Saisons parut ici je vous l'envoyai par un valet de louage que j'avois eu à Londres et qui étoit venu faire un tour ici; il vous portoit avec ce poëme et quelque autre nouveauté une lettre de moi; c'est la seule que je vous aie écrite depuis mon retour, et j'ai lieu de croire que vous ne l'avez pas reçue, puisque dans le billet que vous m'avez écrit il y a quelque tems, vous me dites que vous n'avez point reçu de nouvelles de moi; je me rapelle que je vous faisois compliment sur vôtre convalescence: je n'ai pas besoin que les accidens se joignent à mon incurable paresse pour multiplier mes torts.

Auriez-vous le loisir, mon cher Garrick, de relever dans cette rapsodie de Londres les faussetés et les balourdises qui s'y trouvent, et de me les indiquer simplement sans aucune discussion; ou si vous ne pouviez pas vous charger de cette ennuyeuse commission, ne pourriez vous pas en charger quelqu'un? Je ferois usage de ces notes, et vous m'obligeriez.

Oh! que j'ai regretté de n'être pas à Stratford-sur-Avon quand vous y avez célébré le Jubilé de Shakspeare: c'étoit une fête digne de l'ancienne Athènes. Je ne suis pas digne de louer vôtre ode; je l'ai trouvée pleine de verve, de noblesse, et de mouvement; mais j'ai senti tout ce que la poésie devoit recevoir du spectacle, de la musique, du lieu, et surtout de vôtre belle déclamation. C'est sans doute un grand homme que Shakspeare, mais sans David Garrick, William Shakspeare auroit bien des pouces de moins. Vivez long-tems pour sa gloire et pour le bien de tous ceux qui vous connoissent. Mettez-moi aux pieds de vôtre charmante et respectable moitié, et rappelez-moi à son souvenir et à ses bontés; ma femme veut aussi que vous agréiez l'un et l'autre ses tendres complimens. Bon jour, mon cher et illustre Roscius, je vous prie de compter toujours sur tous les sentimens d'estime et d'attachement que je vous ai voüés pour la vie. SUARD.

DE M. SUARD A M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 12 Août, 1770.

JE n'ai que le tems, mon cher Monsieur, de vous dire bon jour, en vous envoyant le feuillet de "l'Avant-coureur" où est imprimé la lettre dans laquelle je redresse M. Grosley sur sa ridicule anecdote. La même lettre sera insérée dans les deux premiers volumes du "Mercure" et du "Journal Encyclopédique." C'est par oubli qu'elle

n'a pas déjà paru dans le dernier "Mercure." Au reste, la première copie a déjà fait son effet dans Paris, parceque "l'Avant-coureur" est assez répandu. J'attends les petites notes que vous m'avez promises sur la rapsodie de ce voyageur de caffé, qui d'ailleurs est un assez galant homme.

Comme je n'ai pas le tems d'écrire au bon Mr. Becket, je vous prie, mon cher Monsieur, de lui dire quand vous le verrez que je n'ai pas pu trouver à vendre son manuscrit, parcequ'il est si mal écrit qu'il n'en coûteroit pas davantage pour faire traduire la traduction que pour corriger l'original, qui d'ailleurs n'est pas intéressant, surtout sans les plans. Ainsi Mr. Becket peut retirer son manuscrit de mes mains; il n'en est pas sorti.

Encore une importunité: je voudrois bien avoir le nouveau voyage de Baretti; voudriez vous bien avoir la complaisance de dire à Mr. Becket de la faire remettre cacheté à un des commis de nôtre ambassadeur avec mon adresse. Je ne vous fais point d'excuse de l'embarras que je vous donne, parceque je voudrois faire cent mille fois plus pour vous plaire. Adieu, mon cher et illustre Roscius, je vous salue et vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. Faites agréer mes humbles hommages à Madame Garrick.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Ce 4 Sept. 1770.

UN si long silence! pas la plus légère marque de souvenir!—puis taisez-vous; point d'excuses; l'oubli est impardonnable. Je suis trop fachée pour gronder. Quand on me néglige, je dédaigne de me plaindre, il n'est pas dans mes principes d'arrêter celui qui fuit; nous voilà donc brouillés. Je ne vous écris pas au moins; non, sur *mon honneur*, je ne veux pas vous écrire. Tout le monde me parle d'un être aimable, appellé David Garrick; on l'estime, on l'aime, on l'adore, on me répéte *c'est vôtre ami.* Je réponds, je ne le connois plus, j'ignore s'il respire, c'est un petit maussade qui m'a laissée là comme un chien.

La personne qui vous présentera cet avant-propos poli, est un homme que je n'ai jamais vu. Madame la Marquise de Saint Chamand me prie de le charger d'une lettre pour la merveille de Londres: elle me dit qu'il est d'une famille honnête, a de l'esprit, n'est pas riche, et cherche à se faire connoître. Disposé comme vous l'êtes à obliger, s'il a du mérite et des talens, et que l'occasion se présente de le servir, vous ferez plaisir à une très aimable dame en lui procurant quelques avantages dans vôtre patrie.

Mademoiselle Biancolelli s'ecrie "*Eh fi!* quoi, sérieusement vous enverrez ce chiffon de papier: allons! déchirez cela, cédez au mouvement de vôtre cœur, écrivez à vôtre ami." . . . . Je n'en ferai rien: laissez-moi, Mademoiselle,—laissez-moi. Je ne voudrois pas pour l'univers entier pouvoir me reprocher une bassesse, et n'en seroit-ce pas une véritable de lui dire que je l'aime encore?

RICCOBONI.

DE M. D'ARNAUD A M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, A Paris, ce 24 Sep. 1770.

QUE direz-vous de la libérté que je prends? à peine ai-je eu l'honneur de vous voir à Paris chez Mr. Clairaut, et j'ose vous solliciter en faveur d'un jeune homme qui part pour l'Angleterre, et qui auroit besoin de trouver des protecteurs en ce pays; et à qui puis-je mieux m'adresser qu'à vous, dont la vertu et la bienfaisance égalent le talent et le génie? Il n'est point de préjugés pour des hommes tels que vous; un François infortuné a des droits sur vôtre cœur comme un compatriote; daignez donc tendre une main généreuse à ce jeune étranger qui est digne de vos bontés, et s'il se peut mettez-le au rang de tant d'heureux que vous avez faits, il en sera pénétré de reconnoissance, et je partagerai ses sentiments. L'ami Goy s'intéresse aussi à lui. Au reste, vous faut-il d'autres motifs que le plaisir d'obliger? Vous prouvez bien ce que je pense, qu'il est impossible qu'un homme de génie ne soit pas un être bienfaisant, et une *bonne nature* (pour me servir d'un Anglicisme). Mes titres auprès de vous sont vôtre propre réputation, je ne vous parle pas du Comte de Comminge qui m'a procuré l'honneur de vous connaître à Paris. Agréez mes sentiments de vénération, tous les hommages dus à la vertu réunie au mérite, et avec lesquels je serai toute ma vie, Monsieur, vôtre très-humble, et très-obéissant serviteur,

D'ARNAUD.

D'Arnaud, Conseiller d'Ambassade de la Cour de Saxe, rue des Postes, près l'Estrapade à Paris.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

1 Octobre, 1770.

A LA prière très-indiscrète d'une ancienne ami, je vous adressai il y a quinze ou vingt jours une sotte petite lettre, soi-disant de recommandation. Je ne connois point du tout le personnage qu'on prétendoit mettre sous vôtre protection. Si ce chiffon de papier vous est présenté, jettez au feu sans vous embarrasser du porteur, à moins qu'il ne vous donne des garants plus sûrs de ses mœurs et de ses talens. Mr. de Fleuri, nôtre avocat-général, s'y intéresse, c'est tout ce que je sçais.

Il me souvient d'avoir commencé une grande querelle dans cette impertinente missive; avec vôtre permission, Monsieur, je prétends la continuer: car je suis fâchée, oui, bien fâchée. Un an tout entier sans une ligne de vous! négligent, paresseux, méchant—mais c'est ma faute; je m'y prends mal, je boude comme un enfant, je vous laisse tranquille, je me tais: oh, je vais changer de méthode, vous écrire lettres sur lettres, toutes les semaines, tous les couriers un gros paquet. Pas un Anglois ne quittera les bords de la Seine sans être chargé de mes dépêches pour Mr. Garrick. D'ennui, de fatigue, d'impatience vous parlerez enfin, ne fut-ce que pour dire, *finissez donc!*

Je me flatte pourtant, mon très-aimable ami, que vous recevrez cette première preuve d'hostilité sans colère, que vous y répondrez avec douceur et même avec tendresse: je ne puis me croire tout-à-fait oubliée de vous, et j'ai trop bonne opinion d'un cœur Anglois pour le soupçonner d'inconstance ou de légéreté.

À présent parlons de mes affaires, puisque vous voulez bien vous en mêler. Je vous préviens d'abord que je ne regarde point l'offre de Mr. Murphy comme un engagement de sa part dont il ne soit pas libre de se dédire. Si ses occupations, ses affaires, ou ses amusemens, ne lui permettent pas de perdre un tems qu'assurément il pourroit mieux employer, il peut s'en expliquer avec franchise; je n'en serai pas moins reconnoissante de son intention, et du tendre intérêt qui vous portoit à saisir cette occasion de m'obliger. Ne lisez pas ma lettre en courant, pesez sur cet article, n'allez pas tourmenter Mr. Murphy, parlez-lui seulement pour sonder ses dispositions présentes. Si elles n'ont point changé, je ferai une copie des premiers cahiers de mon ouvrage, et je vous l'enverrai. Après l'avoir quitté, repris, suivi, interrompu, je me suis déterminée à le donner cet hiver. Répondez-moi tout de suite, je vous en prie, car je ne veux pas travailler à la copie si elle devient inutile.

L'apothéose de vôtre poëte chéri a tenté les François, peuple imitateur, de consacrer un temple à leurs plus fameux auteurs. Grand bruit parmi les amateurs de l'art divin d'Apollon. Les connoisseurs opinoient pour un bien petit bâtiment, les gens de lettres pour une immense rotonde, les fanatiques proposoient une seule colonne, et la destinoient à Voltaire. De vieux entêtés crioient au sacrilège, et Corneille! où le mettrons-nous, s'il vous plait?—les indifférens ont fini la dispute, ne faisons rien, ont-ils dit, leur sentiment a prévalu. Cependant, on aura la statue de Voltaire par souscription. Sçavez-vous où nous la placerons?—*non*:—eh!—bien, ni nous non plus.

Rousseau est ici. On l'a un peu couru, cela s'est ralenti. Il copie de la musique, *pour vivre*, dit-il: plate affectation, puisqu'il possède trop pour un cynique. Il a déclaré son mariage avec la très-digne le Vasseur. Madame Bret, une femme de ma connoissance, entêtée du grand mérite de cet animal bisarre, a voulu le voir, lui donner à dîner, le contempler à son aise. Mr. Bret, complaisant pour sa femme, va chez le philosophe, son ancien ami, l'invite, le prie, et pour mieux l'engager, lui conte que sa femme a un portrait de lui, qu'elle aime comme ses deux yeux; "Quel portrait," demande Rousseau; "est-ce celui où je suis représenté en Arménien?" "Oui," dit le tendre mari, "elle l'adore ce charmant portrait."—"Sortez de chez-moi," répond Rousseau furieux: "un tableau fait pour me déshonorer, pour m'avilir, je ne veux jamais voir la femme capable de regarder, d'aimer, de conserver ce monument de ma honte;—dîner avec elle! j'aimerois mieux mourir." La pauvre Madame Bret s'arrache les cheveux, ne peut se consoler d'avoir si cruellement offensé Jean-Jacques. Quelle brute que cet homme d'esprit!

J'ai le cœur un peu serré par les mauvais propos des François, et même des Anglois. Un bruit sourd m'alarme, me fait craindre une rupture entre les deux nations, dont je souhaiterois entretenir la bonne intelligence. Elles s'aimeroient si elles se

connoissoient mieux ; des préjugés pris dans l'enfance, conservés sans examen, vous éloignent de nous. Autrefois, nos rois, nos héros étoient frères d'armes, une garde Ecossoise veilloit à la sureté de nos princes ; on s'allioit, on ne se haïssoit pas. Comment des tems plus éclairés laissent-t-ils regner tant de prévention, de si petites jalousies ? quoi, tous les dix ans ces fiers insulaires recommencent à nous détester ? le plus frivole intérêt, les plaintes d'une petite frégate, les cris d'un sot ! engagent un peuple généreux à sacrifier toutes les douceurs, tous les avantages de la paix :— mon ami, je ne sçais qui a tort, mais je haïs bien ceux qui excitent le trouble.

Cette idée m'attriste. Adieu, répondez-moi vîte, je vous en prie. Ma compagne vous embrasse, et toutes deux vous prions d'assurer Madame Garrick de nôtre souvenir et de nôtre constante amitié. Je suis avec tous les sentimens que vous me connoissez pour the charming little David, vôtre tendre et sincère amie,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. MONNET A M. GARRICK.

Ce 25 Octobre, 1770.

MON ami, j'ai reçu vôtre dernière lettre dans son tems, et je vous fais bien des remercimens sur l'envoi que vous avez fait à mon ami de la gazette des gazettes : mais il s'est mal expliqué avec moi ; il vouloit celle intitulée " Say's Weekly Journal." Si vous pouvez en faire faire l'échange avec l'autre, vous me ferez plaisir : si cela ne se peut pas, mon ami les payera toutes deux, suivant la règle qu'il y a de payer par mois ou par année ; mais faites-moi l'amitié de donner vos ordres, pour qu'on envoie sur le champ " Say's Weekly Journal," et marquez-moi ce qu'il faut payer pour l'une et pour l'autre gazette.

J'ai rencontré le petit et vilain . . . . . d'Allemand ; je lui ai fait part de vos reproches et de son ingratitude à vôtre égard : il a fait pour s'excuser tout ce qu'il a pu ; mais je lui ai prouvé son tort, et Madame Garrick en a beaucoup de ne vouloir pas s'adresser à moi quand elle a besoin de quelque chose ; elle doit sçavoir combien j'ai de plaisir à faire ce qui peut lui être agréable. D'ailleurs ce petit bon homme n'a ni génie ni goût, il n'est tout au plus propre qu'à faire des caricatures de théâtre à six francs la pièce, c'est encore trop cher. Les eaux de Bath vous ont sans doute guéri de vôtre goûte : je le désire, et je prie Dieu qu'il vous maintienne en joie et en santé.

Vous ne m'avez point répondu sur tout le bien que je vous ai dit des talens de Mr. Torré, je vous réitère les mêmes raisons ; je suis fortement convaincu que cet homme établi en Angleterre feroit sa fortune, et celle de ceux qui s'associeroient avec lui. Faites-moi un mot de réponse que je puisse lui montrer.

Quand vous voudrez, nous finirons tous nos comptes ; puisque vous ne voulez pas entendre parler des habits que vous m'avez laissés, je les ferai vendre, et je vous tiendrai un fidèle compte du montant.

On parle ici de guerre entre l'Espagne et l'Angleterre ; si cela a lieu, nous y serons pour quelque chose ; tant pis, et j'en serois bien fâché. Mais il est certain que le Roi d'Espagne est entêté, qu'il ne doit rien, et q'il a cent cinquante millions argent de France, et cent bons vaisseaux bien montés, et tout-prêt à se battre. Quant-au matériel de nôtre marine, on dit qu'il est mieux qu'il n'a été depuis long-tems.

Il s'embrionne dans ma tête un projet de Journal, dont je vous ferai part à la première occasion. Vous en serez content, et il plaira beaucoup à Madame Garrick ; faites-lui bien mes compliments.

Une lettre que j'ai reçue ce matin de Genève m'apprend que Mr. de Voltaire baisse beaucoup, et qu'il ne quitte plus sa robe de chambre. Mr. Pigalle travaille à la statue de ce grand et l'on peut dire en même tems vilain homme ; surement la copie sera plus parfaite que l'original.

Adieu, mon ami, je vous embrasse de bien bon cœur, et je vous demande toujours un peu de part dans votre amitié.

MONNET.

Un ami de Mr. Cazeau que je ne connois pas, qui doit passer à Londres avec l'Ambassadeur, me demande une lettre pour vous : je la lui donnerai : vous ferez à cet égard ce que vous jugerez à propos.

Madame Monnet me charge de ses compliments pour vous et pour Madame Garrick.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Ce 27 Novembre, 1770.

Vous voilà, je vous reconnois, mon très-cher et très-aimable ami. Prompt comme l'éclair, impétueusement emporté par la vivacité de vôtre obligeant naturel, vous avez crié à poor Mr. Murphy, *vîte, vîte ! le livre est fait, lisez, traduisez, imprimons :* lui, paisible, posé, a songé, pensé, réfléchi, dit un *si*, un *mais*, et peste ! vous m'écrivez avant qu'il ait achevé de parler.

Eh ! patience : rien ne presse. De huit cahiers de papier à lettres, qui composent tout l'ouvrage, le dernier est à peine au milieu, et mon esprit n'est pas dans une situation assez tranquille pour m'en occuper uniquement. Si la guerre se déclare, la moitié de ma très petite fortune court de grands risques. Cette inquiétude et la perspective de cesser tout commerce avec quelques Anglois, dont j'aime à cultiver l'amitié, me rendent fort mélancolique et fort paresseuse. D'ailleurs Humblot ne veut jamais me faire paroître avec la foule des auteurs, qui au mois de Janvier inondent le public de leurs productions. Le tourbillon des visites de la nouvelle année, les folies du Carnaval, qui le suivent de près, ne laissent à personne le tems de lire. Cependant tout le monde veut juger, même sans sçavoir sur quoi, et l'on s'écrie, tout est mauvais, tout est détestable ! assez souvent on a raison. C'est donc vers le milieu du Carême que mon libraire me met en vente. Si je vous ai demandé de bonne heure les intentions de vôtre ami, c'étoit avec le dessein de lui envoyer mes cahiers par les occa-

sions qui se présenteroient. N'en parlons plus. Je serois bien fâchée de lui causer le plus léger dérangement.

Je consens de tout mon cœur à vous laisser le maître de choisir un traducteur. Avant que le livre paroisse, vous en aurez un exemplaire pour vous, un pour Mr. Murphy, un troisième pour en disposer à vôtre gré. Ceux qui me lisent en Anglois ne connoissent ni mon style, ni ma façon de penser. C'est un inconvénient inévitable. Vraiment je suis bien pis en Allemand! A l'égard des deux cent exemplaires, si Mr. Becket les veut, Humblot les lui enverra sur son ordre. J'ai renoncé à mon privilège d'auteur. Je n'imprime plus à mes dépens. On me contrefesoit avec tant de furie, que je me suis lassée d'enrichir des fripons. Un colporteur m'apporta un jour quinze éditions d'un de mes ouvrages, et me conseilla d'intenter quinze procès—à moi, qui fuirois au bout du monde pour en éviter un.

Je suis très sensible à la préférence que Madame Garrick veut bien me donner, et je la remercie de vous accorder la permission d'aimer une femme qui vous est sincèrement attachée. Vous faites injure à vôtre aimable compagne en la nommant *jalouse*. Avec un mérite aussi distingué, une figure aussi attrayante, on est si sure de plaire! la certitude d'être aimée bannit le soupçon et detruit le principe du sentiment inquiet d'où s'élève la plus triste et la plus tourmentante des passions. Vous n'abuserez pas de la généreuse condescendance de Madame Garrick. Un an sans m'écrire, sans songer à moi! il est difficile qu'un cœur délicat pardonne l'oubli. Je ne sçais si toute la tendresse, tout l'agrément de vos expressions effacent entièrement du mien le chagrin que j'ai senti de cette longue, de cette désobligeante indifférence.

Le président Hainaut et Moncrif viennent de mourir: ils étoient bien vieux. Voilà deux places vacantes à l'Académie Françoise. Donnez-nous votre voix pour les remplir. Le Chevalier de Châtelux est devenu auteur décidé et confirmé. Il a fait deux comédies que l'on a jouées tout l'été à la Chevrette, jolie maison à trois lieues de Paris, appartenante à Monsieur de Magnanville, garde du trésor royal. On y a réprésenté dernièrement le chef-d'œuvre du Chevalier: c'est, ne vous déplaise, "Romeo et Juliette." Toute la ville s'est mise en mouvement pour voir cette prétendue imitation du poëte chéri et révéré dans la Grande Bretagne. J'ai suivi le torrent avec deux Anglois de mes amis, fort curieux de voir Shakspeare déguisé sous un habit François. Nous ne l'avons trouvé ni Gaulois, ni Breton, ni Italien: point d'intérêt, point de chaleur; de l'esprit où il faudroit des pensées, de grands mots, une petite action; le dernier acte est précisément une attrape. Au lieu de s'amuser à s'empoisonner, à se poignarder, Juliette et Romeo s'en vont gaiement de la retraite des morts pour se marier, on ne sçait où, pour vivre ensemble, on ne sçait comment, pour être heureux, comme il vous plaira de l'imaginer. On se regarde, on se demande où est cette terrible catastrophe, le pathétique, le touchant? la toile se baisse et laisse le spectateur surpris se faire autant de questions qu'il le voudra.

Adieu, my lovely, my beloved friend. Je vous rends grâce de tous les soins que vous voulez bien prendre pour moi. Il me seroit bien doux de pouvoir vous en marquer ma reconnoissance. Ma compagne embrasse le couple heureux et charmant

dont le souvenir nous est toujours présent et cher. Le sort le plus facheux est une éternelle contradiction dans ses vœux; c'est un supplice inexprimable de nourrir des désirs qu'il est impossible de satisfaire. Celui d'aller à Londres me suivra dans ma tombe. Je suis avec les plus sincères et les plus tendres sentimens, vôtre servante et vôtre amie,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. MONNET A M. GARRICK.

Ce 30 Décembre, 1770.

MON ami, d'après les commissions dont vous m'avez chargé par la lettre que vous avez écrite à Mr. Panchaud, j'ai vu Mr. l'Abbé Arnaud; ce dernier n'a aucun souvenir de vous avoir recommandé l'homme dont vous avez parlé. Il vous laisse libre à cet égard, persuadé de vôtre bonne volonté, et de vôtre amitié pour lui, comme vous devez l'être de la sienne dans toutes les occasions où il pourra vous en donner des preuves; mais il ne veut point en abuser, et il vous prie dorénavant de ne vous intéresser que pour les personnes qui vous seront recommandées par une lettre de sa main. Il vous fait ses compliments, ainsi que Mr. Suard.

Mr. Torre, chargé depuis long-tems de feux d'artifices qui doivent être exécutés le mois de Mai prochain pour le mariage de Mr. le Comte de Provence, ne pourroit aller à Londres que dans les premiers jours de Juin: si cela peut vous convenir, il vous fera alors ses propositions, mais il faudra avant me marquer pour combien de tems il sera employé à Londres, et s'il s'obligera de faire les avances de chaque feu, ou si on lui donnera une somme dont on conviendra pour ses peines, en lui fournissant toutes les choses dont il aura besoin; dans l'un et l'autre cas, il est bon de s'expliquer clairement.

Quand aux trois danseurs et danseuses dont je vous ai parlés, je les ai vus; ils doivent m'envoyer sous peu de jours les conditions de leur engagement; comme ils ne peuvent s'engager avec vous que pour la saison prochaine, nous aurons le tems de discuter vos intérêts.

Mr. Burney sans doute est arrivé à Londres en bonne santé, faites-lui mes compliments et remettez-lui, je vous prie, la note ci-joint pour réprimer une erreur qu'on a faite dans celles que je lui ai fait avoir de la bibliothèque du Roi. Il vous a vraisemblablement fait part de mes nouveaux malheurs: il a fallu pour terminer cette affaire le pouvoir de trois amis puissants qui se sont intéressés pour moi auprès d'un ministre; trois cent cinquante louis qu'il a fallu payer comptant, c'est à dire 4000 francs à présent, et le reste dans le courant de deux années, et une pension de 600 francs par an, que je me suis engagé de payer pendant tout le tems de ma vie, et cela pour la chose la plus injuste et la plus malheureuse. Mylord Grosvenor Riche,* qui (à ce que j'ai ouï dire) a donné lieu à la mauvaise conduite de sa femme, (ce que je n'ai point fait à l'égard de la mienne,) a été traité plus favorablement que moi. Cette

* I suppose Richard Earl Grosvenor.

affaire m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin, et m'a mis mal à mon aise; mais n'ayant point de reproches à me faire que celui d'avoir été trop facile et trop plein de bonne foi, je me console avec ma femme, qui m'a donné dans tout ceci les plus grandes marques de tendresse et de désintéressement. Faites nos compliments, je vous prie, à Madame Garrick, et aimez-nous toujours un peu l'un et l'autre.

MONNET.

Vous avez appris, sans doute, l'exil de Mr. le Duc de Choiseul, et les troubles qu'il y a dans notre Parlement; il n'y a encore personne de nommé pour remplacer ce ministre. Vous devriez venir ici avec Madame Garrick, au printemps prochain, pour voir les fêtes que l'on prépare pour le mariage du Comte de Provence. Je vous offre toujours l'appartement bleu céleste, les guirlandes de fleurs, les amours, et le divin Bacchus.

N'oubliez pas de m'envoyer la note de ce que vous avez avancé pour les gazettes que vous avez envoyées à mon ami.

DE M. LE KAIN À M. GARRICK.

Paris, ce 31 Janvier, 1771.

NE m'avez-vous pas prouvé, mon cher Garrick, que c'est vous obliger, lorsqu'on vous conjure de recevoir avec bonté les étrangers qui accourent d'un hémisphère à l'autre pour vous voir et vous entendre? c'est en faveur de ce zèle que vous m'avez témoigné dans plusieurs occasions, que je vous supplie d'accueillir Mr. Cellissen, mon ancien camarade, qui arrive de Russie, et qui n'a pas voulu revenir en France sans connaître l'Angleterre, et sans y admirer le seul homme qui puisse lui donner dans son art, des leçons aussi utiles que sages. Mon ami Cellissen est un Provençal, très-chaud et très-pétulant, que les glaces du Nord ont peut-être un peu calmé; mais vous trouverez en lui un homme très-instruit, rempli d'érudition, et surtout idolâtre de vos talents, qu'il ne connait encore que par le récit que lui en ont fait vos compatriotes: je l'ai flatté dans ma dernière lettre que vous voudriez bien lui procurer le plaisir de vous entendre. Quoiqu'il ne soit instruit que très-imparfaitement de votre idiome, cependant c'est toujours gagner beaucoup que de vous voir.

Je m'estimerai très-heureux, mon cher Garrick, si à ma faible recommandation, vous daignez accueillir favorablement un ami qui m'est plus cher que moi-même; c'est la requête que vous présente celui qui chérit autant votre personne qu'il fait de cas de vos talents. Mille tendres amitiés à votre aimable femme; recevez les miennes, et les assurances de l'attachement sincère que je vous ai voué pour ma vie. Je vous embrasse du meilleur de mon cœur.

LE KAIN.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, ce 18 Mars, 1771.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu la lettre que vous m'avez fait remettre en dernier lieu par Mr. Poitier. Je ne sçais pas pourquoi vous ne voulez pas m'écrire en François, vous êtes beaucoup plus intelligible dans cette langue (pour moi) que vos traducteurs ne le sont. Dans la vôtre, à l'article de Mr. d'Arnaud de Comminge concernant " Le Secrétaire Perruquier," j'avois entendu l'Abbé Arnaut. Je les connois tous deux ; le premier demeure fort loin de mon quartier, il est tout nouvellement marié ; je le verrai demain ou après pour réparer ma faute ou la vôtre.

Vous n'aviez pas besoin de vous justifier de nouveau sur l'amitié que vous et Madame Garrick avez pour moi. Vous m'en avez donné de trop grandes preuves l'un et l'autre, pour que je puisse en douter : la mienne vous est consacrée pour la vie, ne l'épargnez pas, et recevez mes remercîments sur vos offres obligeantes dont je n'abuserai jamais, mais dont j'userai sans façon, par la connoissance que j'ai de votre cœur, et de votre bonne volonté pour moi.

J'ai eu une affaire bien malheureuse, que je viens de terminer moyennant cinq cent louis comptant, et une pension de 600 francs par année, que je me suis engagé de payer pendant ma vie. Si cette cause avoit été jugée à votre tribunal d'équité, bien surement je l'aurois gagnée, mais nous n'avons pas de cela ici : aussi n'ai-je pas plaidé, je me suis contenté de payer et de retrancher la moitié de ma dépense pour réparer un peu les torts que ma mauvaise étoile sans doute a bien voulu me procurer. Mylord G———r a été mieux traité que moi : ce qui fait la fortune de bien des gens, a failli me mettre à l'hôpital. Ma vie a été un tissu de malheurs, sans, j'ose le dire, les avoir mérités. L'élection de Mylord Trentham, la journée de Londres m'ont coûté : tout cela est fini, et bien oublié. J'ai encore un bon estomach, un peu de gaïté, et de bons amis ; je ne pense qu'aux moyens de pouvoir payer 300 louis que j'ai été obligé d'emprunter. Il m'est venu plusieurs idées, mais surtout une que vous approuverez. Les Caravanes d'un Directeur de Spectacles, ou le Roman Comique Moderne, le tout renfermé dans deux petits volumes bien imprimés, et ornés de gravures et vignettes ; cet ouvrage comprendra ma vie, mes aventures, mes directions de spectacles, mes voyages à Lyon, à Londres, la vie et la façon de vivre des comédiens François depuis quarante ans, des observations sur la variété et les progrès de nos différents spectacles ; j'ai sur cela des matériaux en abondance, des singularités, des historiettes dans tous les genres, des secours dans les gens de lettres, pour m'aider et pour me donner des avis. La journée de Londres donnera bien de la singularité à cet ouvrage, celles qui arrivèrent aux trois représentations qui furent données au petit théâtre d'Haymarket, l'élection, mon séjour avec Théodore, un des rois de Candide et de Corse, &c. &c. &c. Comme je n'ai eu en général qu'à me louer de la nation Angloise, que tout le mal n'a été occasionné que par des réfugiés ou quelques personnes mal-intentionnées, je profiterai de l'occasion pour dire sans fadeur le bien que j'ai

éprouvé, et que je pense des Anglois. Je voudrois aussi en-bref dire quelque chose de vos théâtres, de vos pièces, de vos acteurs, à la même époque que les nôtres pendant les quarante dernières années. J'ai ouï raconter des choses plaisantes de Mr. Quin. Goy m'en a dit plusieurs, et vous pouvez mieux que personne me donner des secours sur ce qui est mentionné ci-dessus, en Anglois; je le ferai traduire, en vous promettant sur cela le plus grand secret, si vous l'exigez; je veux de la gaïté et des choses intéressantes dans cet ouvrage, sans offenser personne. Vous serez libre cet été à la campagne, je vous prie de penser à moi, et de vouloir bien m'envoyer par la première occasion un livre que vous avez, dit-on, dans votre langue sur les comédiens. Je l'ai appris par Goy: mais il n'a jamais pu m'en dire le titre ni l'endroit où il se vend. Pour finir sur mon projet, qui aura pour titre Le Roman Comique Moderne, il faut une victime, c'est-à-dire un Ragottin; je me servirai de Poinsinet, et des mistifications qu'on lui a fait pour le berner; c'est un sujet excellent et bien conformé à celui que Scaron a employé.

Mon ami, je vous envoie tous les livres que vous m'avez demandés, par Mr. Thornhill, qui a bien voulu s'en charger; quand vous passerez dans son quartier, Berkeley Square, faites-lui une visite, il vous fera voir deux tableaux de Vernet qui sont bien beaux. Je joins ici la note de ces livres, où j'ai ajouté les Métamorphoses d'Ovide, le Ciceronis nouvellement imprimé: il y en a eu un autre du même format, intitulé De Senectute, qui a valu neuf francs, qui traite de la vieillesse, mais l'édition est vendue. Si j'en trouve un de hazard, je vous l'achéterai.

Il n'y a eu de Palissot que sa vision, que vous avez surement vue; dans le tems depuis La Dunciade a été réimprimée, et il y a ajouté plusieurs chants et additions; on m'assura hier qu'elle étoit où qu'on alloit l'imprimer à Genève; quand elle paroîtra je vous l'enverrai. L'auteur que je connois beaucoup, qui est actuellement dans la Lorraine, sera ici dans une quinzaine de jours; il m'instruira sur cela.

Vous ferez bien d'acquérir la suite des feuilles de Mr. Querlon, il y en avoit une mais elle est vendue: j'ai prévenu mon ami Querlon de votre intention; s'il s'en présente une à bon compte nous vous la procurerons.

Les trois danseurs que je vous avois proposés ayant eu l'impudence de demander neuf cent louis pour la saison, je n'ai pas crû devoir leur répondre, ni vous faire part de leur proposition. Quand à Torré, il est chargé d'un grand feu d'artifice qui se tirera le 15 de May pour le mariage de Mr. le Comte de Provence; et d'un second feu qui se tirera le 4 Juin à Marly pour le même sujet; mais le 2 du mois prochain je vous marquerai positivement le tems qu'il pourra partir, et ses conditions, qui ne seront pas déraisonnables.

Je finis par où je devois commencer, par vous plaindre des douleurs que la goute vous a occasionnées. Je vous prie et je vous demande comme grâce d'éviter et de vous priver de tout ce qui peut vous attirer cette perfide maladie; les premiers tems vous coûteront, mais ils vous améneront à une vie plus agréable et plus solide.

Le Kain a repris ses fonctions, et tout le monde convient qu'il a perfectionné son talent, mais il n'y a plus de femme pour le seconder. Mademoiselle Dumenil

vieillit, et ne peut plus jouer que quelques rôles convenables à son age. Mademoiselle Dubois, qui a été long-tems malade, a voulu jouer il y a quelques jours ; elle a retombé, et l'on croit qu'elle ne pourra plus rejouer. Une Madame Vestris, qui a eu un début assez brillant, avec des défauts, beaucoup d'intelligence et de feu, est sujette à des caprices, à de petites maladies au point qu'on a été obligé de faire jouer son rôle dans "Tancrede" par Mademoiselle Luzi, la troisème soubrette de ce théâtre.

Adieu, mon ami : dites bien des choses de ma part et de ma femme à Madame Garrick—nos compliments au Docteur Burney.

MONNET.

Les Métamorphoses d'Ovide, relié	2 Almanachs des Muses
Un Ciceronis, relié	1 du Théâtre
7. 8, et 9e vol. Sabatier, relié	Le Trésor du Parnasse, 6 vol. relié.

Je vous ai parlé souvent de mon logement bleu céleste, il est composé de neuf pièces sur le même étage : six chambres d'un côté et trois de l'autre. Le Docteur Burney peut vous en rendre compte : s'il se présentoit quelque Anglois propre, honnête et sûr pour ma paye, qui voulût passer quatre ou cinq mois à Paris, je le lui louerois meublé, avec toutes les commodités du ménage, cuisine, linge, argenterie, porcelaine, &c. &c. : il seroit dans un beau quartier, près des spectacles et des promenades, et il auroit par mon secours toute sorte d'agréments. Je louerois l'apartement de six pièces trois cents francs par mois ; dans aucun endroit de Paris on n'auroit un plus joli apartement et à meilleur marché ; s'il se trouve quelqu'un vous pouvez me l'indiquer.

Si le livre que je vous ai demandé existe, sur les comédiens Anglois, envoyez-le moi, je vous prie, par Mr. Changuion, qui doit passer en France vers la fin de ce mois. Il loge à Pons's Coffee-house, Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

Je ne sçais pas si vous aurez pu lire mon griffonnage. Je vous envoie un petit mémoire que j'avois fait sur mon affaire, pour la faire juger. Vous le lirez et vous me le renverrez, si vous le jugez à propos.

J'apprends dans le moment que Mademoiselle Luzi a assez bien réussi dans le tragique, il y a des choses qu'elle a très bien dit. Elle est belle au théâtre ; elle a du feu ; je juge par le peu d'esprit qu'elle a, qu'il en faut moins pour jouer la tragédie que pour jouer la comédie.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 4 Avril, 1771.

MON ami, je vous envoie les quatre pièces de Mr. Collé que vous m'avez demandées ; effectivement il est dommage qu'il se soit avisé si tard de travailler pour le théâtre, car il avoit bien le talent qu'il falloit pour faire de bonnes choses ; mais il se croit trop vieux pour imaginer, et il craint les chûtes. Je n'ai point fait relier ces quatre comédies, à cause que "La Mère Coquette" n'est pas du même format.

Vous pourrez la faire relier à la suite de " La Mere Coquette" de Quinault ; elle est de même grandeur.

Vous avez reçu sans doute ce que j'ai remis à Mr. Thornhill pour vous, et sans aucun dommage. Je vous prie de vous ressouvenir de moi, le plutôt sera le mieux, pour ce que je vous ai demandé concernant mon projet du Roman Comique Moderne. Si je pouvois avoir en même tems un relevé en-bref des erreurs qui sont semées dans le courant de ce livre intitulé Londres, en trois vol. ; si j'avois ce petit objet, je trouverois le moyen de le placer bien à propos dans mon ouvrage. Vous avez trop d'affaires pour exiger cela de vous, mais vous pourriez charger quelqu'un de cette besogne, soit en François soit en Anglois. Cette petite critique à laquelle il ne faudroit pas donner beaucoup d'étendue, donneroit de la valeur à mon ouvrage.

Le 15 ou le 20 de ce mois, je vous donnerai une réponse positive de Mr. Torré. Je ne sçais pas ce que vous pensez du succès de votre nouveau Panthéon, mais je sçais que les entrepreneurs de notre Colisée moderne (qui doit s'ouvrir le mois prochain) se ruineront. La dépense en est trop forte pour un peuple aussi léger et aussi changeant que le nôtre.

On croit que le Roi établira son nouveau Parlement Mardi prochain ; je ne sçais pas ce que cela deviendra, mais pour le moment cela inquiète la nation et la met mal à son aise.

Vôtre ami Pelletier fermier-général est devenu fou : si je n'étois pas pressé de remettre vos livres à un homme qui les attend, je vous conterois son histoire qui est bien singulière.

Je sçais bon gré à Mr. Vaughan de vous avoir payé mon D. B.

Bien des compliments et des amitiés à Madame Garrick de ma part et de celle de ma femme : nous vous embrassons tous deux.

MONNET.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick, *Sqr. in Soustampton Street*,
à Londres."

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 18 Avril, 1771.

MON ami, Mr. Torré ne pourra pas vous joindre cette année ; les ouvrages dont il est chargé pour le mariage de Mr. le Comte de Provence, à Versailles et à Marli, le retiendront ici jusqu'à la fin du mois de Juillet prochain : alors il seroit trop tard pour aller à Londres pour y faire des choses avantageuses pour lui et pour les personnes qui veulent le faire travailler. Si on veut remettre la chose à l'année prochaine, il s'engagera pour le tems que l'on voudra ; il ne veut pas faire de marché sur cela ; on lui payera seulement son voyage, et la récompense sera proportionnée au succès qu'il aura. Il s'en rapportera absolument à la bonne opinion que je lui ai donnée de votre justice et de la connoissance que vous avez des talens. Répondez quand vous le

pourrez à cette lettre, et à celles que vous devez avoir reçu de moi en dernier lieu. Bien des amitiés à Madame, et ne m'oubliez pas dans vos prières.

MONNET.

Nous avons ici de la neige et du froid.

"A Monsieur,
Monsieur David Garrick, Esq., in Soustampton-street,
à Londres."

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 31 Mai, 1771.

MON ami, je vous sçais bien bon gré de m'avoir procuré encore une fois le plaisir de voir le sublime et divin Grimaldy, il s'est acquitté on ne peut pas mieux de vos commissions auprès de moi: il m'a fait un discours dans trois langues que je n'ai guère plus compris que lui, mais il y a bien suppléé par le geste, la pantomime, et les graces qui lui sont acquises. Il m'a remis le rouleau de Musique, que j'ai donné sur le champ à Mr. D'Augny; ce dernier a été très content de cette musique. Il en fait ses remerciements à Mr. Abel par la lettre ci-joint que vous voudrez bien lui faire tenir; il m'a chargé en même tems de lui acheter une très belle veste, dont il veut encore lui faire un présent, que je lui enverrai par la première occasion. Mr. D'Augny pour la tabatière comme pour la veste, m'a laissé le maître du choix et du prix que je voudrois y mettre, et je crois que je m'en suis bien acquité à l'avantage de Mr. Abel.

J'ai remis à Mr. Grimaldy pour Madame Garrick quarante aulnes de blondes et deux pièces de ruban blanc, tels que sont les échantillons qu'elle m'a envoyés. Quant aux manchettes brodées qu'elle demande, dites-lui, je vous prie, qu'il n'y a plus que les petites bourgeoises et les servantes qui en portent ici; que si elle veut en avoir sur de la belle et claire mousseline il faudra les faire faire; j'attends sur cela ses ordres, et qu'elle me dise le nombre dont elle en aura besoin. Dites-lui bien des choses pour moi et pour Madame Monnet.

Mr. Hilman n'est pas encore arrivé: sur votre recommandation je vous promets d'avance de le loger chez moi, et de faire pour lui tout ce qui sera en mon pouvoir.

Je me rappelle très bien d'avoir fait pour Mr. votre Neveu lorsqu'il partit pour Genève, l'acquisition de l'histoire de France.

Mr. Torré a fait ces jours derniers à Versailles, pour le mariage du Comte de Provence, un feu d'artifice supérieur à tout ce que j'ai vu en France.

Je travaille continuellement à mon Roman Comique, et je pense que Mr. Garrick ne m'oubliera pas pour ce qu'il m'a promis. J'ai remis à Mr. Grimaldy le Discours de Mr. l'Abbé Arnauld à l'Académie dans le cas qu'il ne le lui aît pas envoyé.

Je reviens à Mr. Abel; Mr. D'Augny lui marque dans sa lettre, qu'il voudroit avoir une excellente basse de viole: que si cela pouvoit se trouver en Angleterre qu'il la payeroit bien. Vous voudrez bien à cet égard lui faire une leçon en lui

faisant sentir qu'il est de son intérêt de traiter et de se comporter honnêtement et consciencieusement avec Mr. D'Augny; ce dernier est généreux et noble dans ses procédés, mais il aime la droiture. Si Mr. Abel vouloit l'année prochaine, l'été où il est peu occupé à Londres, venir en France passer un mois dans la maison de Mr. D'Augny, il lui payeroit les frais de son voyage, et il lui feroit certainement un bon présent en argent. Faites-lui cette proposition, et marquez-moi sa réponse.

Grimaldy m'a dit que Mylord Pembroke étoit nommé ambassadeur en France et que vous le connoissez très bien: tant mieux, il vous sera utile pour les envois que je voudrai vous faire.

Je suis votre serviteur, et votre ami.

MONNET.

DU CHEVALIER DE CHÂTELLUX À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 15 Juin, 1771.

MON cher ami, je me hâte de profiter d'une occasion qui se présente pour me rappeler dans votre souvenir dont je crains bien d'être effacé, car il y a long-tems que je ne vous ai écrit, et plus long-tems encore que je n'ai reçu de vos nouvelles. Cependant vous vivez bien mieux que dans ma mémoire; vous vivez dans mon cœur qui vous aime tendrement, et qui s'entretient avec la plus douce reconnoissance de toutes les marques d'amitié que j'ai reçues de Madame Garrick et de vous, tant à Paris que pendant mon séjour à Londres. Je souhaite que cette lettre vous trouve à Hampton, et qu'elle vous soit une occasion de parler de moi encore une fois avec Madame Garrick au bord de la Tamise et à l'ombre de ce charmant saule pleureur dont l'image est toujours présente à mes yeux.

L'été a un peu dispersé vos amis, mais je les vois successivement. Ils vous sont tous bien attachés, entre autres Helvétius, le Baron d'Holbach, Suard, et l'Abbé Morellet. Il n'y a, Dieu merci, aucun changement dans nos sociétés. Nous restons tous unis malgré le malheur des tems et les troubles civils qui ont bien attristé cette nation si gaie, et fait raisonner à perte de vue ce peuple si frivole. Félictions-nous du moins de la paix qui unit nos deux nations. Puisse-t-elle vous amener encore une fois parmi nous! Je voudrois bien vous faire juge de quelques essais dramatiques que j'ai faits, et qui ont eu beaucoup de succès joués en société et par de très bons acteurs. Le jeune Maty pourra vous en parler, mais il n'a pas vu "Romeo et Julliette" que j'ai osé arranger pour un théâtre François, et qui me paroit avoir fait la plus grande impression. J'ai changé en grande partie l'intrigue, et j'ai retranché tout le comique. Je suis glorieux d'avoir eu le suffrage de quelques Anglois, mais il me faudroit le vôtre: il me le faut dans tous les cas et dans tous les tems, car mon estime pour mon cher Garrick est égale à tous égards à l'attrait qu'il m'a inspiré et au tendre sentiment que je lui voue pour toute ma vie, ainsi qu'à sa charmante moitié.

Je vous envoye, mon cher ami, un ouvrage qui est assez estimé pour vous plaire.

Le sujet en est intéressant, surtout pour un *Gallo-Breton* comme vous. S'il paroissoit quelque drame qui valut quelque chose, vous me feriez plaisir de me l'envoyer de bonne heure.

Le jeune homme qui vous remettra cette lettre est le fils de Mr. Sayde opticien qui fait un gros commerce à Paris, particulièrement en marchandises Angloises : je prends la liberté de vous le recommander.

DE CHÂTELLUX.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 20 Juin, 1771.

MON ami, j'ai remis à Mr. Noverre tout ce que vous m'avez demandé, à l'exception de la grammaire Italienne dont il n'y a plus d'exemplaires; on travaille à la seconde édition, sitôt qu'elle paroîtra vous serez satisfait. Mr. Noverre s'est aussi chargé d'un paquet qui renferme deux écrans de la manufacture des Gobelins, pour Mrs. Thornhill, et une veste d'étoffe d'or pour Mr. Abel, dont Mr. D'Augny lui fait présent. Je ne sçais pas si Mr. Noverre pourra faire passer l'un et l'autre, mais en tout cas je vous prie d'employer tout votre crédit pour les faire entrer à Londres, et pour les faire remettre à leur destination. Mrs. Thornhill remboursera tout ce qu'il en aura coûté pour cela.

Mr. Hilman et sa famille sont logés chez moi, et je crois qu'ils doivent être contents. Je leur ai abandonné mon appartement en entier, une chambre de domestique, la cave, la cnisine, et mon domestique qui leur sert de cuisinier et de maitre d'hôtel. J'ai été obligé de me loger ailleurs avec ma femme, de louer deux lits, un pour Mr. Hilman le fils, et l'autre pour Mademoiselle, d'acheter plusieurs choses pour les contenter et pour leur commodité : certainement il ne seroit pas partout ailleurs aussi bien que chez moi pour vingt-cinq louis par mois, outre l'épargne que je leur fais faire sur leur nourriture, sur trois maîtres de dessin, de langue et de danse, et les soins que je puis me donner pour eux ainsi que ma femme ; par toutes ces considérations je crois, mon ami, qu'il ne seroit pas injuste de ma part de recevoir de Mr. Hilman quinze louis par mois de mon appartement, qui feront soixante louis pour les quatre mois qu'il compte rester à Paris. Je m'en rapporte sur cela à votre équité ; et dans le cas que vous trouviez cela juste, vous me ferez plaisir par la première occasion d'écrire un mot à Mr. Hilman à ce sujet, pour l'engager à s'en rapporter à ma conscience là-dessus. Si j'étois plus riche que je ne suis j'agirois différemment.

Autre chose, puisque vous voulez bien venir à mon secours pour m'aider à réparer mes malheurs : vous m'obligerez de me faire tenir le plustôt que vous le pourrez, ce que vous m'avez promis pour l'ouvrage que j'ai entrepris ; il me faudroit en-bref, l'histoire en général de vos théâtres, de vos pièces, et de vos comédiens actuels, y comprendre l'opéra, les comédies, le théâtre de Foote, Sadler's Wells, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Cornely's, Almack's ; une idée de tous les spectacles, divertissemens, danses,

musique, &c. qui se donnent à Londres pendant le cours de l'année, et tout cela comme je vous l'ai déjà dit en peu de mots. Les occupations que vous avez ne vous permettent pas de donner tout le tems qu'il faudroit pour faire ce que je vous demande, mais je pense que vous pouvez vous faire aider par quelqu'un, vous avez tant de gens à vos ordres; il y a à Londres un certain Mr. Cleland, qui m'a paru avoir du mérite, vous pouvez le faire écrire en Anglois, je le ferai traduire ici: sur tout ce que vous ferez pour moi à cet égard je garderai le plus grand secret.

Mr. Bazan, que j'ai vu ce matin avec Mr. Noverre, m'a chargé de vous dire que vous n'ayez point d'inquiétude sur la dernière souscription que vous avez faite avec lui, il vous contentera dès qu'il le pourra.

Mr. Noverre vous donnera une quittance de quelques petites avances que j'ai faites pour vous, et qu'il m'a remboursées. Quand vous voudrez, je m'acquitterai envers vous de ce que je vous dois, si vous voulez faire mon petit compte. Adieu, conservez votre santé.

MONNET.

Sans doute, Madame Garrick a reçu la blonde et le ruban blanc que je lui ai envoyés par Grimaldy.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 4 Juillet, 1771.

MON ami, pour profiter d'une occasion qui se présente, je vous écris deux mots à la hâte pour répondre aux articles qui me concernent dans la lettre que vous avez adressée en dernier lieu à Mr. Hillman. J'ai remis bien certainement à Mr. votre Neveu l'Histoire de France en vingt-un volumes, sçavoir ce qu'il en a fait, je ne puis vous le dire, il les aura laissés à Genève ou dans quelque auberge de la route; ou bien, un certain maître d'armes à peu près du caractère du Major Mant, avec lequel il est venu de Londres à Paris, en aura fait son profit; cet homme, qui étoit le conseil et le guide de votre Neveu, aura bien pu lui jouer ce petit tour là. J'écrirai à Mr. Cramer pour sçavoir si ces livres ne sont pas restés à Genève.

Nous allames hier avec Mr. Hillman voir la danseuse qu'on vient d'engager pour l'Opéra de Londres: il n'en fait pas autant de cas que moi, mais malgré sa décision je crois que c'est la plus surprenante danseuse pour la belle danse et le genre noble, qu'on ait vu jusqu'à présent. Elle est de plus jolie, jeune, grande, et bien faite,—vous en jugerez vous-même. Le directeur de votre Opéra lui a fait un engagement que j'ai vu, de onze cent Louis et un bénéfice, pour danser depuis le mois de Novembre prochain jusqu'au mois de Mai.

Je vous ai marqué par ma dernière lettre ce que je voulois de votre amitié et de votre complaisance pour mon Roman Comique: l'histoire en raccourci depuis vingt ans de vos auteurs, de vos acteurs et de vos théâtres, et quelques anecdotes comiques et intéressantes. Mr. Foote a donné lieu à beaucoup de plaisanteries, la création de son

théâtre ; les sujets qu'il a représentés donneroient une idée de votre liberté, et donneroit du piquant à mon ouvrage. Vous pouvez sur cela ne me rien déguiser, je vous promets sur tout ce que vous ferez pour moi le plus grand secret, et je vous promets encore que je ne mettrai rien à l'impression que vous n'ayez vu et approuvé de tout ce qui regardera la nation Angloise dans mon livre. Vous m'aviez promis de m'envoyer par le Docteur Gem votre jeune Scaron, je serois bien aise de l'avoir tel qu'il est.

Vous m'avez bien dit par la lettre de Mr. Hillman que vous aviez reçu un paquet de ma part pour Mr. Abel, mais vous ne m'avez pas expliqué si ce paquet contenoit une veste et deux écrans des Gobelins dont Mr. Noverre s'étoit chargé. Je serois fort aise de sçavoir si ces deux objets sont arrivés à bon port, et si vous avez eu la bonté de les faire remettre à leur destination.

Je vous embrasse bien fort, et je vous récommande votre santé, et celle de Madame Garrick : dites-lui bien des choses pour moi et pour ma femme.

MONNET.

P.S. Je vous réitère que je sçais que vous avez très peu de tems à employer pour écrire vous même ce que je vous demande, mais je pense que vous pouvez faire faire la plus grosse partie de cette besogne par quelque ami qui s'en fera un plaisir, et pour plus de facilité l'écrire en Anglois, je le ferai traduire ici ; je vous avois parlé de Mr. Cleland.

Vous avez sans doute les trois vol. de Palissot, qu'en pensez-vous ?

DE M. MONNET A M. GARRICK.

Ce 28 Juillet, 1771.

MON ami, tirez-moi d'inquiétude sur les deux écrans de Mr. Thornhill et sur la veste d'étoffe d'or de Mr. Abel : a-t-on reçu l'un et l'autre, et les a-t-on envoyés à leur destination ? a-t-on remis à Madame Garrick la gaze d'or qu'elle avoit fait demander à ma femme ? Le jeune Vandergucht, qui est ici depuis quelques jours, m'a demandé aussi de sa part des manchettes en dentelle, sans autre explication ; cela ne suffit pas, il faut qu'elle me dise son goût et le prix qu'elle y veut mettre. Mr. Hillman est dans son lit avec la goutte ; il faut espérer que cela n'aura pas de suite ; entre nous soit dit, je le crois bon homme et fort instruit, mais je le crois aussi fort soumis aux volontés de sa femme et un peu à celles de ses enfans. La femme est fière, défiante, difficile, et pas assez généreuse ; le fils me paroit indolent ; la fille, qui a beaucoup de dispositions pour acquérir des talens, ne les cultive pas assez. Je lui avois donné trois bon maîtres, un pour le dessin, un pour la langue Françoise, et un pour la danse : les deux premiers sont déjà renvoyés. Mr. et Madame Hillman prétendent que Mademoiselle Hillman sçait parfaitement les principes du dessin, et qu'il n'y a pas un meilleur maître à Paris que celui que leur fille a eu à Bath ; intérieurement

je ne le crois pas, je me contente de les laisser dans leur opinion. Je menai ces jours derniers le père pour voir la plus grande et une des plus belles collections de tableaux que nous ayons à Paris ; il prit des originaux pour des copies, et des copies pour des originaux. L'orchestre de notre Opéra, qui est sans contredit ce qu'il y a de meilleur et de mieux composé à ce spectacle, il le trouve mauvais ; tout cela ne m'empêche pas de voir qu'il est très-bon et très-honnête homme ; j'ai fait jusqu'à présent à votre considération tout ce que j'ai pu faire pour eux, et je crois qu'ils doivent être contens ; s'ils s'ennuyent, c'est leur faute et non pas la mienne. Mr. Hillman, selon toutes les apparences, compte bientôt quitter Paris avec sa famille pour passer dans la Bourgogne, à Genève, à Lyon, et dans la Provence. Je vais encore vous persécuter pour ce que je vous ai demandé pour mon Roman Comique : je sçais que vous avez des affaires par dessus la tête, mais comme je vous l'ai déjà dit, vous pourriez vous faire aider ; je me suis rappelé à cet égard Mr. Cleland, que vous connoissez et que j'ai aussi connu à Londres. J'ai remis une lettre pour lui au jeune Vandergucht : vous la lirez, et si vous croyez nécessaire qu'on la lui remette, le jeune homme s'en chargera : si vous la croyez inutile, jetez-la dans le feu, j'en serai tout consolé. Le Docteur Burney ne peut-il pas vous donner quelques secours sur mon affaire ? Faites-lui bien mes compliments, et pensez, mon ami, qu'il faut que mon petit ouvrage paroisse au commencement du Carême prochain. Je suis fort avancé pour ce qui me regarde : j'en lus hier quelque chose au vieux Piron et a Collé, ça les fit rire beaucoup, et je crois que cela sera plaisant. Pourquoi ne voulez-vous pas m'envoyer le jeune Scaron ? dites-moi donc votre sentiment, sur l'ouvrage de Palissot, et si Becket veut de cet ouvrage, et combien il veut d'exemplaires. J'ai vu le Docteur Gem il y a quelques jours, nous avons beaucoup parlé de vous : si Mr. Hillman n'avoit pas été chez-moi, il avoit une bonne pratique à me donner pour mon logement. Adieu, mon ami ; je vous aime, et je suis l'homme qui vous est le plus attaché.

MONNET.

Je reçois à l'instant une lettre de Mr. Palissot qui m'écrit de sa campagne ; il me prie instamment par sa lettre de sçavoir ce que vous pensez de ses trois volumes, et s'il y a de cet ouvrage à Londres, c'est à dire si on le vend. Faites-moi, je vous prie, un mot de réponse à ce sujet que je puisse lui montrer.

Mr. Hillman m'a communiqué les articles qui me concernent dans la dernière lettre que vous lui avez écrite. Madame Garrick aura par le jeune Vandergucht les douze aulnes d'entoillage qu'elle a demandées. Je n'ai pas encore reçu le livre que vous m'avez envoyé par une de vos actrices. Je voudrois toujours avoir le jeune Scaron tout mauvais qu'il est. Si on ne le trouve plus chez les libraires, il sera dans la bibliothèque de quelque particulier à Londres ; si on veut bien me le prêter, je vous le renverrai avec toute l'exactitude possible sitôt que j'aurai pris ce qui me sera nécessaire.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 8 Août, 1771.

Mon ami, vous m'avez demandé il y a quelques mois une collection complète des feuilles de Mr. de Querlon depuis leur origine. L'auteur et le hazard viennent de m'en procurer une en dix-huit volumes brochés dont j'ai crû devoir profiter, moyennant la somme de cent-cinquante livres que j'ai payée, et sous la condition que si vous trouvez cette collection trop chère, on me rendra mon argent. Marquez-moi, à lettre vue, si ce marché vous convient, et observez bien surtout que cette collection ne se réimprimera jamais, et que plus vous garderez celle-là, plus elle augmentera de prix. Si vous la prenez, Mr. Bazan la fera passer dans une caisse d'estampes, où bien je profiterai de la première occasion qui se présentera pour vous la faire parvenir.

Je n'ai pas encore reçu le livre que vous dites avoir fait remettre à une de vos actrices pour moi: je crains bien que l'un et l'autre ne soient tombés dans la mer. Tirez-moi d'inquiétude à ce sujet, et envoyez, je vous prie, chez Mr. Noverre, pour sçavoir si les écrans et la veste dont il s'étoit chargé sont arrivés à Londres, et sachez aussi si Becket veut des exemplaires de la nouvelle édition de Mr. Palissot, et faites-moi dans la première lettre que vous m'écrirez un article satisfaisant pour cet auteur, qui est très-empressé de sçavoir ce que vous pensez de son ouvrage; votre suffrage et celui des Anglois le flatteront plus que tous les éloges qu'on pourroit faire ici de ses talens. Mr. Hillman a eu une attaque de goute assez vive, mais il est guéri; je ne sçais pas quand il quittera Paris, mais de la façon dont il se gouverne, aussi bien que sa famille, il ne tireront pas un grand avantage du séjour qu'ils y auront fait. Au nom de Dieu, Mr. David, répondez-moi vite et en François, et n'oubliez pas qu'il faut que mon livre soit fait, imprimé, et vendu pour le Carême prochain.

Jean Monnet.

Je pars demain avec Mr. le Comte du Luc pour passer huit jours à sa campagne avec ma femme: dites bien des choses pour elle et pour moi à Madame Garrick. Est-elle contente de la dernière gaze d'or?

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 8 Septembre 1771.

Mon ami, j'ai reçu vôtre dernière lettre hier, j'y répond aujourd'hui par Mademoiselle Abington, qui compte partir demain: je suis arrivé ici heureusément de la campagne pour pouvoir lui faire quelques politesses, dont j'ai été bien récompensé par le plaisir que j'ai eu de remarquer en elle de l'esprit, des connoissances, et beaucoup d'honnêteté. Elle a produit le même effet sur tous ceux qu'elle a connu ici pendant le peu de tems qu'elle y a resté: elle m'a remis les livres dont vous l'aviez chargée, ils

me seront de très-peu d'usage: je vous en suis toujours bien obligé, et je vous les renverrai par la première occasion.

Si les directeurs du Ranelagh sont toujours dans l'intention de faire usage des talens de Mr. Torré, pour le printems et l'été prochain, il croit qu'il seroit nécessaire qu'il fit un petit voyage à Londres dans le courant de ce mois, pour traiter avec les personnes qui veulent l'employer, pour s'assurer des sujets et des feux qu'il fera, en un mot, pour faire des arrangements solides et utiles. Répondez-moi sur cela promptement.

Mr. Hillman et sa famille ont quitté Paris il y a huit jours pour aller à Lausanne. Ils n'ont resté chez-moi que deux mois et demi; pour ce j'ai reçu cinquante louis, et je leur ai fait une quittance, par laquelle je me suis engagé de les reprendre dans mon appartement, s'ils reviennent à Paris, pour completer les quatre mois dont nous étions convenus pour les cinquante louis: ils doivent être contents de moi, je le suis d'eux. Cependant si vous aviez encore quelqu'un à me procurer pour deux ou trois mois, je ne voudrois pas quatre personnes, cela est trop incommode. Néanmoins je vous remercie beaucoup du service que vous m'avez rendu.

Il paroit ici une brochure intitulée "le Gazetier Cuirassé à cent lieues de la Bastille," qui a été imprimée à Londres. Si cela ne coute pas plus de trois ou quatre chelings, faites-moi le plaisir de me l'envoyer par quelqu'un de sûr, car cet ouvrage est bien défendu ici. A propos de Gazetier; Mr. le Duc d'Aiguillon, Ministre de la Guerre, vient d'ôter le privilège de la Gazette à Messieurs Arnaud et Suard pour une imprudence mal-entendue, à propos d'un de vos Princes: vos papiers vous instruiront sans doute du sujet.

Je vous prie d'envoyer cette lettre à Mr. Noverre. La veste et les écrans m'inquiètent toujours. Madame Garrick est-elle contente de ce que ma femme lui a envoyé? disposez d'elle et de moi.

MONNET.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

Ce 18 Sept.

MON ami, j'ai reçu votre dernière lettre; il étoit inutile de me renouveller votre affection pour moi; les preuves que vous m'en avez données jusqu'ici sont trop évidentes, pour que je puisse en douter un seul instant; mais vous êtes bien récompensé par l'assurance que je puis vous donner que dans le nombre de gens que vous avez obligés dans le courant de votre vie, il n'y en a pas de plus reconnoissant que je le suis de vos bienfaits. Nous nous sommes mal entendus sur ce que je vous ai d'abord demandé pour mon Roman Comique; je voulois simplement un précis de la vie privée de vos comédiens Anglois, et quelques anecdotes courtes et plaisantes, c'est à dire plaisantes sur le papier, car il y en a qui font beaucoup d'effet quand on les raconte, et qui en feroient très-peu à les écrire; mais ne vous inquiétez pas d'avantage à ce sujet, je tirerai parti de ce que j'ai.

Il est vrai, Mr. Palissot a maltraité beaucoup de gens dans son ouvrage, plusieurs de votre connoissance, nommément Madame Riccoboni, pour laquelle vous paroissez vous affecter le plus, et je vous en loue; mais la plupart de ceux qui sont nommés dans ses mémoires l'avoient accusé bien avant d'avoir volé une caisse, violé sa sœur, et vendu sa femme: vous avez vu sa justification là-dessus; elle est vraie en tout point. Si vous le connoissiez, vous l'aimeriez beaucoup; il a de la bile, mais il est bon homme, il a beaucoup d'esprit, et, à beaucoup d'égards, son livre est fort estimé ici, et a été bien vendu.

Vous direz, je vous prie, à Mademoiselle Abington que j'ai fait auprès de Mr. et Madame Préville, et Madame Belcour, les compliments et les excuses dont elle m'a chargés en partant de Paris: dites aussi que je ferai faire son habit de théâtre lorsque j'aurai une occasion sûre pour le lui envoyer. La danseuse qu'on a engagé ici pour l'Opéra de Londres en a fait faire six, elle ne sçait pas comment pouvoir les faire passer rien n'est si difficile à présent. Bien des compliments de ma part.

Je devois vous faire tenir la présente par Mr. Conti, qui est actuellement à Londres, je vous le recommande pour des pierres en bagues rares et belles, qu'il veut vendre. C'est Mr. Loisel qui s'est chargé de ma commission: ménagez votre santé, dites bien des choses pour moi à Madame Garrick, et répondez-moi sur Torré.

MONNET.

Je voudrois sçavoir à peu près (années courantes) où peuvent aller les recettes de vos théâtres de Londres hyver et été, pour calculer la différence qu'il y a du produit entre les vôtres et les nôtres: vous pourriez me marquer en même tems les recettes de Sadler's-Wells, Foote's, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Paris, 24 Septembre, 1771.

Vous croyez peut-être que je vous ai parfaitement oublié? en vérité, mon très-aimable ami, vous seriez injuste de le penser. Sans fatiguer ceux que j'aime par de fréquentes assurances de mes sentimens, je conserve leur souvenir, et les personnes dont je prise l'estime sont toujours présentes à ma mémoire, et chères à mon cœur.

J'ai attendu de mois en mois à vous écrire, ayant dessein de joindre à ma première lettre un exemplaire de mon ouvrage; mais une continuelle indécision fondée sur les évènemens et les conseils de mes amis, ont remis de jour en jour l'impression des deux volumes. Le public s'occupoit beaucoup des affaires de l'état. D'abord on parloit de la guerre, ensuite la disgrace de Mr. de Choiseul a produit des nouveautés: après l'exil du Parlement on n'a songé qu'à lui; et puis, des déclarations, des arrêts du conseil, des édits, ont fixé l'attention. Je suis assez vaine pour croire mon style aussi agréable que celui du Controleur-Général, mais ses écrits, bien plus intéressans sans doute, auroient fait grand tort aux miens. A présent que cet important auteur a

jeté son premier feu, je suis déterminée à paroître quand la Cour reviendra de Fontainebleau. Ainsi, vers le milieu du mois prochain, je pourrai vous envoyer l'exemplaire que vous m'avez demandé pour Mr. Becket, un pour vous, un pour Mr. Murphy, en reconnoissance du plaisir qu'il m'a fait en me donnant ses œuvres, et deux pour Mr. Hume, que je vous prierai de vouloir bien lui faire tenir à Edinburgh quand vous en trouverez l'occasion.

Voilà mon projet. Comment l'exécuter? je l'ignore, et je vous en demande le moyen. Un ballot si petit peut se perdre en route, je l'ai expérimenté. Je n'ai pas la moindre connoissance chez votre Ambassadeur, je ne vois pas un seul Anglois. Le Baron d'Holbach est un sauvage, toujours aux champs, d'ailleurs il a peu de relations en Angleterre. Voyez donc, mon bon et cher ami,—arrangez cela, donnez-moi vos ordres; ils seront exactement suivis.

Comme on m'a empêchée de vendre mon manuscrit, par des considérations qui seroient trop longues à détailler, le livre m'appartient; on l'imprime à mes frais, on le vendra à mon profit. Par cette raison, je vous prierai de recommander à Mr. Becket et au traducteur de ne laisser lire l'ouvrage à personne. Vous aurez la bonté de cacher votre exemplaire, de garder celui de Mr. Murphy et ceux de Mr. Hume, jusques au jour que je vous indiquerai. La furie des contrefactions Françoises et étrangères m'engagent à prendre toutes sortes de précautions.

Je suis inquiette de vôtre santé. Vous allez souvent à Bath, dit-on: est-ce pour vous amuser, ou par le besoin de prendre les eaux? donnez-moi de vos nouvelles et de celles de votre chère compagne. Je m'intéresse bien sincèrement à ce qui vous touche l'un et l'autre.

L'esprit est devenu si commun parmi nous, qu'on n'en fait plus de cas. Tous les ouvrages présentés aux théâtres sont siflés, tous les livres tombent. Vous sçavez la disgrace de Suard et de son collégue l'Abbé Arnaud. On leur a ôté la Gazette: ils sont imprudens, ou leur vue n'est pas bonne. Une rature qu'ils n'ont pas apperçue, disent-ils, les prive d'une assez jolie petite fortune. L'Abbé peut s'en passer, son abbaye lui suffira s'il est modéré, mais Suard a une femme, des enfans. On blâme ces Messieurs, mais on les plaint. On m'avoit assuré que Mr. Becket viendroit à Paris. Je l'attendois avec impatience, pour le voir premièrement, et puis pour lui jeter à la tête son maudit "John Buncle." Mr. Changuion étoit dans la bonne foi, il croyoit m'apporter la plus belle chose du monde, il lui a été impossible d'en lire quatre pages.

Adieu, mon très-aimable ami. Mes plus tendres complimens à Madame Garrick, recevez ceux de mon ami, qui vous aime toujours de tout son cœur. Répondez-moi, et surtout rendez-moi compte de votre santé. Je vous embrasse, et suis avec la plus constante amitié, Votre très-humble et très-obéissante servante,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. MONNET À M. GARRICK.

MON AMI, Ce 21 Octobre, 1771.

J'AI reçu votre dernière lettre, et je vous suis obligé des soins que vous vous êtes donné pour la veste d'Abel et les deux écrans. Mr. Noverre a payé trois louis pour le passage des trois effets. Mr. Thornhill, à qui j'écris par le même ordinaire, vous en fera remettre deux, j'ai laissé le troisième à Mr. Panchaud, sur la somme de cent dix-neuf livres dix-huit sols que j'ai pris chez lui pour la gaze d'or que Madame Monnet a envoyée à Madame Garrick; nous sommes quitte sur cet objet; quand je serai un peu plus à mon aise, je finirai un ancien compte que j'ai avec vous, dans lequel je crois vous être redevable.

Mr. Torré compte partir dans quelques jours pour Londres; vous serez content de lui: je l'ai prévenu sur votre compte, et il sçait par expérience que les Anglois ne sont ni des bêtes ni des dupes.

Mr. de Loutherbourg, un de nos plus grands peintres, et garçon fort aimable, doit dans peu faire un petit voyage à Londres pour son plaisir. Il m'a demandé une lettre pour vous, comme vous aimez les arts et les artistes, je la lui donnerai: je n'ai nulle inquiétude sur la façon dont vous l'accueillerez, en vous prévenant toujours que je ne le mets pas dans la classe de mes amis particuliers, mais vous en serez content, si s'il n'est point trop cher, je vous conseille fort de lui faire faire trois petits tableaux, l'un de marine, l'autre en paysage dans le goût du Berghem, le troisième une petite bataille,—il est charmant dans ces trois genres.

J'ai reçu une lettre ces jours derniers de Mr. Hillman pleine de remercîments et d'amitié pour les bonnes façons qu'il prétend que ma femme et moi avons eu pour sa famille; il est à Lausanne: il m'a beaucoup demandé de vos nouvelles.

Dans un très-petit séjour que Mr. Foote a fait ici, je l'ai vu plusieurs fois: il m'a fait offres de service pour la vente de mon livre, il m'a même conseillé, pour en vendre d'avantage, de le faire traduire et imprimer en Anglois. Je ne suis pas de son avis; la difficulté de trouver un bon traducteur et un honnête libraire me feroit préférer d'en faire passer un certain nombre d'exemplaires en François à Londres, à moins qu'un de vos libraires ne voulût se charger pour son compte de la traduction et de l'impression, moyennant une somme d'argent qu'il me donneroit, auquel cas je lui enverrois le manuscrit avant que de le faire imprimer ici. Si l'un et l'autre vous pouvez engager un honnête libraire à faire cette acquisition, vous pouvez l'assurer qu'il trouvera de ma part des procédés francs et fidèles, et que cet ouvrage, dans la forme du petit in octavo, n'excédera pas 400 pages, qui ne pourront pas faire ici, comme à Londres, une dépense de plus de vingt-cinq louis pour les frais d'une édition tirée à deux mille exemplaires: j'ai déjà fait ce calcul. J'ai encore un petit service à vous demander subito, que vous pouvez me rendre sans peine: le jeune Vandergucht m'avoit promis de m'envoyer une petite description simple du Panthéon que l'on fait bâtir à Londres, du tems que l'on en fera l'ouverture, du prix à peu près que cet édifice coûtera,

et si c'est par souscription et quelles sont les sortes de gens qui ont fait cette entreprise. Le petit Vandergucht m'a dit qu'il étoit entré dans ce Panthéon.

* * * * *

Nous n'avons rien de nouveau ici de bien intéressant, sinon que Madame la Duchesse de Chartres est accouchée d'une fille morte, et Madame la Comtesse de Provence a eu depuis deux jours la petite vérole. Je vous embrasse, mon ami.

MONNET.

À Monsieur,
Monsieur David Garrick,
London.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Jeudi 2 de Janvier, 1772.

J'ÉTOIS fort inquiète de vous, mon aimable et cher ami; j'allois écrire à Mr. Becket pour lui demander de vos nouvelles, quand votre lettre est arrivée. À la rapidité de l'écriture, à l'agrément du style, à la chaleur des expressions, j'ai jugé votre santé parfaite et je m'en réjouis de tout mon cœur. Car la santé est un bien réel, lui seul fait apprécier les autres.

La commission de Mr. Becket est remplie. Son ballot part demain pour Calais. J'ai profité de l'occasion. Il trouvera trois exemplaires de trop, dont je vous prie de vouloir bien présenter un de ma part à Mr. Young, comme une marque de mon souvenir et une légère preuve de ma reconnoissance pour la bonté qu'il a de s'ennuier à corriger mes feuilles.

Mais ce n'est donc pas Mr. Becket, c'est donc vous qui présidez à cette traduction? elle se fait par vos ordres et sous votre direction? voilà un procédé bien Anglois! Eh comment prenez-vous tant de peines pour une étrangère, dont l'unique mérite à votre égard est de vous rendre une justice que personne ne vous refuse et de chérir en vous des qualités que tout le monde prise? il me seroit difficile de vous exprimer combien je suis touchée de cette amitié noble et ardente dont vous m'honorez. Car, ne vous y trompez point, l'espèce de fierté que j'ai adoptée, n'est pas cet orgueil mal entendu, cette insolente opinion de soi-même qui porte à rejeter tous les services, à confondre les soins de l'amitié avec les bienfaits humilians de l'ostentation. Je crois à la bonté, au plaisir véritable qu'une ame généreuse sent à obliger: La reconnoissance ne me paroit un poids que pour le cœur d'un ingrat; celui qui craint de recevoir, n'a jamais senti la douceur de donner, car il jugeroit le sentiment de son ami par le sien; j'ai toujours remarqué qu'une personne vaine, étoit une personne insensible.

Vous me demandez *mon histoire:* est-ce que vous m'en croyez une? je composerois un joli roman de celle de ma mère. J'ai mis dans un de mes ouvrages l'événement qui a changé les premières dispositions du sort à mon égard, et sans le sçavoir, le public s'est vivement intéressé à des malheurs qu'il a regardés comme une fiction. Aucun

livre n'a parlé de moi avec connoissance, on ne scait qui je suis, et j'ai toujours gardé le silence sur ce qui me concerne. Je devois être riche, je devois tenir une place honnête dans le monde; dès l'age de six ans, la perte d'un procès m'enleva mon père et ma fortune. On m'éleva comme une fille dont le cloître étoit l'unique ressource. On ne m'enseigna rien, on fit de moi une bonne petite dévote, propre seulement à prier Dieu, puisque Satan la forçoit de renoncer à ses pompes. J'aimois la lecture: une grande pensionnaire du couvent où je vivois, me prêtoit des livres. Ils m'inspirèrent du dégoût pour la vie monastique. Ma mère me fit sortir du couvent: j'avois quatorze ans. Elle se trouvoit précisément à l'age que peu de femmes supportent avec patience. Belle encore, accoûtumée à des soins, à des préférences, elle me vit trop grande pour me considérer à ses côtés sans inquiétude. Victime de son humeur, chagrinée, querellée, maltraitée, j'écoutai le premier homme qui me fit espérer une société plus douce. Je me mariai pour quitter ma mère: dès les premiers jours de mon mariage la perte des deux tiers de sa fortune m'obligea de la prendre chez moi: elle y a vécu jusques à sa mort, maîtresse souveraine de la maison, disposant de tout et me regardant comme une imbécile, trop heureuse d'être gouvernée par elle.

À l'égard de notre *Fraternité* théâtrale elle ne peut fournir aucun trait dont je puisse tirer avantage. Actrice intelligente et froide, je n'ai pas brillé dans l'art où vous excellez. Mon talent étoit le tragique, les comédiens François me vouloient avoir, mon mari s'obstina contre eux, contre la cour, contre ses amis, il me voulut à la comédie Italienne. De mauvaises pièces, de mauvais roles, ne m'engagèrent point à travailler, et je ne sçais comment j'étois applaudie quelquefois, car je ne prenois pas la moindre peine pour plaire. Le désir de quitter la comédie, de vivre sans assujettissement m'a conduit à écrire; et mes ouvrages m'auroient procuré de l'aisance sans la piraterie exercée dans la librairie. J'ai acquis de la considération, c'est beaucoup. En cessant d'être jeune une femme n'est plus rien, j'existe encore, et quand je ne devrois à ma petite réputation que votre connoissance et votre amitié, je me sçaurois très bon gré de m'être fait auteur.

Le Chevalier de Lagramoso nous parle souvent de vous. Il aime les Anglois, et vous par-dessus tous. Ce pauvre Changuion! est-il mort? Ce Chevalier m'a dit qu'il étoit bien mal. Je le regretterois fort. Il étoit très bon, il m'aimoit et je l'estimois comme un homme honnête et obligeant. Helvétius est mort en sept jours de maladie. Sa femme est dans une douleur dont tout Paris s'occupe. Le Baron d'Holbach ne la quitte pas et pleure son ami. La philosophie ne lui fait pas regarder la sensibilité comme une foiblesse. Il a le cœur très bon.

Monsieur Becket voudra bien garder les deux exemplaires: je crois qu'on ira les prendre chez lui. Je le prie de les mettre à part en attendant.

Vous souhaiterai-je la bonne année? eh! mais oui: nous sommes à Paris dans la fureur des complimens et des visites: non pas moi, qui prends le deuil aujourd'hui pour le porter six mois. Ma belle mère, agée de 86 ans, est morte. Nous allons nous battre mon mari et moi à qui restera, car nous n'avons plus de proches parens, et le premier grand deuil sera pris pour l'un ou pour l'autre.

Mille et mille tendres complimens à Madame Garrick. Ma compagne vous embrasse tous deux avec cette tendresse et cette vérité qui forme son caractère. Je ne veux point vous remercier, vraiment vous avez bien le tems de m'écouter, je vous impatienterois n'est-ce pas? Adieu, donc, mon très aimable, mon très cher ami. Je vous embrasse, et suis avec tous les sentimens de l'estime et de l'amitié votre très humble servante,

RICCOBONI.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI A M. GARRICK.

Lundi 27 Juillet, 1772.

PAR votre lettre je vois, mon très aimable et très cher ami, que le Chevalier Lagramoso ne vous a point remis celle dont je l'avois chargé pour vous. Elle étoit sous l'enveloppe de Mr. Becket à qui j'écrivois aussi. Le paquet en contenoit deux autres. Tout est perdu. Ce maudit moine militaire, *destructeur des infidèles*, est un *chien* lui-même, et surement il a jetté mes dépêches dans la Tamise. Si vous le voyez, dites-lui, je vous prie, que ne pouvant le prendre pour une bête, il faut bien que je le regarde comme *négligent, étourdi*, ou *mal-adroit*; qu'il choisisse.

Depuis son départ j'ai changé d'état. Il me laissa dans la plus fâcheuse situation. Mais il étoit bien éloigné d'en connoître toutes les horreurs. J'ai soigneusement caché combien mon sort avoit de rigueur, et ceux qui me voyoient le plus souvent ne sçavoient pas la cause de mes chagrins, et de la continuelle inquiétude qui souvent paroissoit malgré moi. Un événement a terminé mes peines en m'ôtant le sujet de mes plus tristes méditations; je suis veuve depuis le 14 de Mai. Mon mari tombé en paralisie le 1^er^ du mois s'est tué en forçant ses médecins d'arrêter, malgré eux, l'effet des vessicatoires appliquées à ses jambes. On lui a dit qu'il en mourroit, il s'est emporté et son obstination lui a donné la mort. Je l'ai plaint, je l'ai obligé jusques-au dernier instant, j'ai fait plus que je ne pouvois, j'aurois voulu le sauver, mais je ne puis dire que je le regrette. Jamais homme n'a donné plus de douleurs à ceux qui tenoient forcément à lui et pâtissoient naturellement de ses fautes. Il sembloit avoir étudié l'art de se nuire à lui-même et de désespérer les autres: non qu'il fût méchant, mais il étoit fou, et se conduisoit à soixante ans comme on blâmeroit un jeune enfant de seize de parler et d'agir. Il m'avoit rendue malheureuse, et pourtant il m'estimoit beaucoup; et même m'aimoit à sa manière. Cet article est bien long, mais je suis encore étonnée de cette mort imprévue, et le repos dont je jouis me paroit quelquefois un songe. Passons à un détail que votre amitié pour moi vous fera trouver très agréable. Le deux de Juin le Roi m'a gratifiée d'une pension, sans que je l'aye demandée. Je n'ai fait aucune démarche, prié personne de parler en ma faveur; mais Madame la Comtesse du Barri, de son propre mouvement, a trouvé mauvais qu'on n'eût point pensé à moi dans la distribution des grâces de la cour; elle a dit au Roi

que je *méritois d'être heureuse.* Sa Majesté a daigné répondre *qu'elle avoit raison.* Monsieur le Duc d'Aumont fut chargé de sçavoir combien je désirois pour me trouver contente. Surprise de sa demande, je l'assurai qu'il se trompoit; nous pensames nous quereller, tout en disputant il m'inscrivit sur l'état pour une gratification annuelle de deux mille livres, somme où j'ai cru devoir borner le bienfait de sa Majesté. Avec moins de modération j'aurois eu davantage, car le Duc d'Aumont me répétoit mille flateries sur mon *mérite,* élevoit mes talens aux nues, et me disoit tout bonnement que j'étois *trop modeste.* Mais avec la meilleure volonté du monde il me cachoit un petit secret qu'il m'a révéle ensuite, c'est qu'on paye fort mal *aux menus,* où ma pension est assignée, et que si je veux jouir des bontés du roi, il faut tacher de la placer ailleurs, ce qui n'est pas impossible. Le mois de Juillet m'est aussi favorable que celui de Juin. On m'a remis de la part de mon meilleur ami un bijou que je ne troquerois pas contre un diamant du même poids. J'ai trouvé la médaille bien frappée, le revers très juste. On n'a pu saisir dans un portrait de cette espèce, la grâce et l'esprit de votre phisionomie, encore moins la finesse et l'expression qui l'anime; mais ce sont vos traits, j'aime à les voir; ce présent m'est bien cher, en vérité; je le garderai toute ma vie, et la personne à qui je le donnerai, quand je ne serai plus, pourra se flater d'avoir été bien distinguée dans mon estime.

Quand j'aurai vu M. Carera je répondrai à l'article de votre lettre qui concerne la traduction de Sophie. J'ai reçu le livre et n'ai pu le lire encore: premièrement parceque mes ouvrages m'ennuient à revoir quand ils sont imprimés, et puis parceque je ne me suis pas assez bien portée depuis un peu de tems pour être capable d'application. On a mis cette Sophie au dessus de tout ce que j'ai composé, et son succès a fort augmenté ma petite réputation. Vous me flatez extrêmement en me disant qu'elle réussit à Londres. Le suffrage d'une nation éclairée, raisonnable et difficile me paroit plus désirable que celui de la mienne où tout est mode; où l'on applaudit un jour ce que l'on siffle six mois après. Si je n'ai point éprouvé l'inconstance des jugemens de mes compatriotes, c'est qu'il est encore du bon air de me trouver *intéressante* et *naturelle.* Nous sommes actuellement dans une fureur de *sensibilité,* qui passe toute imagination; nos dames veulent pleurer, crier, étouffer aux spectacles. Les auteurs cherchent chez vous les pièces les plus tragiques, celles que vous rejettez; ils en font des opéras comiques. Je ne désespère pas de voir le roi Lear en ariette, ou Richard le Bossu en ballet pantomime. Le sentiment est la folie du jour, on se l'est mis si fort en tête qu'il en reste bien peu dans le cœur.

Vous voulez donc vous retirer? gouter enfin les charmes d'une vie libre et sans assujettissement? ce repos où vous aspirez est la perspective de tous ceux qui entreprennent de grands travaux. Tandis qu'ils s'agitent, se tourmentent, se fatiguent, leurs yeux sont fixés vers la tranquillité, source véritable du bonheur. Mais peu atteignent le but envisagé par tous. Une barrière difficile à franchir les en sépare, d'invisibles liens les retiennent; ceux qui les rompent avec effort trouvent souvent la langueur et l'ennui dans cette paix désirée, que le peu d'habitude d'en jouir leur fait paroître une triste inaction. Vous n'éprouverez point ce sort. Vos connoissances,

votre esprit, l'activité naturelle de votre âme ne vous laisseront jamais sans une amusante occupation. Vous sacrifierez les applaudissemens publics, mais vous recevrez toujours un tribut de louanges méritées. On vous regrettera, chaque acteur qui osera se charger de vos rôles rappellera à vos compatriotes une perte irréparable; jamais le souvenir de l'inimitable Garrick ne s'anéantira dans l'Europe. Vos heureuses qualités, votre bon cœur, votre générosité vous ont acquis pour amis tous ceux qui vous connoissent; vous avez une charmante compagne, une délicieuse habitation, comment l'ennui pourroit-il approcher de votre retraite? et cette plume délicate et brillante, que vous prenez toujours in *a hurry*, quand vous aurez le tems de la laisser courir, ne sera-t-elle pas la source de mille plaisirs pour vous et pour les autres? J'espère gagner à votre retraite, et mon propre intérêt m'engage à l'approuver. Les habitans de Londres m'étrangleroient s'ils m'entendoient appuyer votre dessein; je me flate qu'on n'ouvre pas les lettres; sans cette confiance je ne me croirois pas en sureté.

Recevez mes tendres remerciemens pour la charmante médaille, pour vos expressions affectueuses, auxquelles je suis toujours plus sensible, pour vos soins amicals et généreux. Je m'étendrai davantage sur ce sujet quand mes idées seront moins confuses.

Je vais envoyer ma lettre à celui qui m'a remis votre présent; je voudrois bien qu'il ne partit pas avant que le poëme de Monsieur Helvétius parût. J'en ai retenu le premier exemplaire débité, je voudrois l'avoir avant le départ du jeune Anglois afin qu'il vous le portât.

Madame Garrick est bien bonne de se souvenir encore de nous: nous ne l'oublierons jamais assurément. Si les livres Françoises pouvoient se changer en livres sterling nous irions lui faire une visite. Mais dans ma fortune bornée on ne forme que de vains souhaits. Adieu, mon aimable, mon bon, mon tendre ami. Ma lettre est bien longue, n'est-ce pas: elle le seroit bien plus si je disois tout ce que je pense de vous. Ma compagne vous embrasse, vous et votre chère moitié, et moi je suis avec tous les sentimens que vous me connoissez pour tous deux, votre très vive et très sincère amie,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. DE BELLOY À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Rouën, ce 2 Novembre, 1772.

JE comptais recevoir votre réponse à Paris, où je devais arriver le 12 du mois passé: mais une maladie très-grave m'a retenu ici depuis trois semaines, et m'y retiendra peut-être encore autant. Je suis cependant hors de tout danger; la saison et ma foiblesse rendront ma convalescence un peu longue. Ce ne sera guères que vers la fin du mois, que je pourrai aller à Versailles pour faire partir ma Tragédie par la

voie de Mr. le Comte de Guignes. Je ne le connais pas personnellement, pour ainsi dire, puisque je ne l'ai vu que deux fois ; mais je connais beaucoup ses parents et ses amis ; et je compte lui faire adresser le paquet par Mr. l'Abbé De la Ville, le premier commis des affaires étrangères, et mon confrère à l'Académie Française.

Quant à ce que vous me mandez au sujet *des conditions* à faire entre nous, je vois bien, Monsieur, que je n'ai pas eu le bonheur de vivre assez avec vous pour que mes sentiments aient pû se manifester à vos yeux. Je n'ai jamais imaginé qu'un Auteur Français mît à contribution le Théâtre de Londres. Je ne demande rien que la gloire de plaire à votre nation ; voilà le seul motif qui m'inspire: toute idée d'intérêt dégraderait la noble ambition dont je suis animé. Les trois représentations doivent appartenir de droit au Traducteur qui embellira mon ouvrage, et à qui je devrai l'avantage de l'avoir fait connaître à vos compatriotes : heureux si je ne lui coûte pas des peines inutiles, et si le succès couronne ses efforts et mes vœux ! Encore une fois, je ne veux absolument rien ; et vous sentez que ce n'est pas par fierté, mais par justice.

Vous me permettrez, en vous envoyant la Tragédie, d'y joindre sur un papier séparé quelques petites observations, pour mieux fixer le sens de mes idées et même un peu la manière d'exécuter les jeux du Théâtre ; bien entendu que je soumets le tout à vos lumières, et que je m'en raporte à vous entièrement pour me rectifier si je me trompe.

Je présume que votre attaque de goutte n'aura pas duré aussi longtemps que ma maladie ; et peut-être puis-je vous faire compliment de votre guérison. Faites agréer, je vous prie, mes respects à Madame Garrick. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec l'estime la plus distinguée, et un véritable attachement,

Monsieur, votre trés-humble et très-obéissant Serviteur,

DE BELLOY.

" À Monsieur,
Monsieur David Garrick,
Directeur de la Comédie, à Londres."

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

17 Janvier 1773.

J'ATTENDOIS pour répondre à votre amicale et charmante lettre, que j'eusse vu ce personnage singulier dont vous m'annonciez la prochaine arrivée. Sa parure, son air moitié breton, moitié gaulois, m'auroit fourni le fond d'un récit amusant. Mais Mr. Becket voyage souvent en idée, et la plupart de ses lettres se terminent par *je compte avoir l'honneur d'aller à Paris dans le cours de l'été prochain.* Un de ses confrères a du lui remettre un petit paquet de livres. Je lui ai écrit pour le prévenir et le prier de faire donner ces livres à Mr. Foote : la commission m'intéresse vivement, je ne sçais si Mr. Becket a rempli mes intentions, car il n'a pas daigné me répondre. Je devine ce

qui l'engage au silence : je lui ai demandé de l'argent, et suis assez fondée à croire qu'il hait fort à en donner. Il a pris l'habitude de me payer quand il lui plait, et je ne sçais pourquoi : tous les libraires étrangers soldent leurs comptes à la fin de l'année. Humblot est satisfait sur ses envois. Après quinze mois et plus, je demande à Mr. Becket 450 livres de France qu'il me doit, il est sourd et muet. Je m'en plains à vous. Son procédé n'est ni honnête, ni exact, et je vous prie de l'engager à s'acquitter de cette petite somme, dont il déduira les frais de ce ballot, que Mr. Elmsley a du lui remettre.

J'ai commencé par vous ennuier de mes affaires, cela n'est guère poli : traitons un sujet plus agréable, parlons de vous, mon aimable et cher ami, de vos occupations, de vos soins, de vos projets ; avez-vous toujours celui de préférer le repos à l'éclat ? le nombre treize est regardé par les catholiques romains comme un nombre funeste, deviendra-t-il fatal à la foi protestante ? L'Angleterre perdra-t-elle cette année, par votre retraite, un des objets de sa vanité ? n'aura-t-elle plus à dire aux étrangers, *avez-vous* vu David Garrick ? Une fière nation met depuis long-tems votre art supérieur au rang des avantages dont elle se glorifie : et les François disent, avec autant de regret, que de dépit : *sans la revocation de l'édit de Nantes ce trésor n'eût jamais enrichi la Grande Bretagne.* Ne pouvant nous vanter de vous avoir, nous nous vantons au moins de votre origine Françoise.

J'ai dû vous paroître singulière en ne m'exprimant jamais ouvertement sur l'extrême bonté de cœur qui vous a porté à faire traduire Sophie de Valliere, et à m'en destiner le profit. Mon silence étoit peu naturel sur cet objet, mais je craignois de vous chagriner en le rompant. Car avec tant de noblesse, un désir si passionné d'obliger, on sent de la peine, on en sent beaucoup d'être traversé, et la contradiction sur ce point est très révoltante. Avant que la traduction parut à Londres, un de mes amis, ignorant vos desseins, m'écrivit que les auteurs d'un journal se préparoient à assommer Mr. Mackinnon, à dire un mal horrible de la version, à relever l'ouvrage François aux dépens du traducteur. Mon ami ajoutoit, que le livre Anglois tomberoit tout à plat, ce journal ayant une grande influence sur l'esprit des bourgeois de Londres et faisant loi dans la province. Comme mon corréspondant partoit pour l'Ecosse, il ne pût m'instruire davantage, mais Mr. Becket en se plaignant de la vente me confirma dans l'idée que la pauvre traduction étoit damnée à tout jamais. Il faut se consoler d'un mal où l'on ne peut remédier. Ma reconnoissance à votre égard n'en est ni moins vive, ni moins juste. Nous regardons en France *la volonté comme le fait.* Ainsi, mon tendre, mon généreux ami, mettez vous l'esprit en repos sur ce *desapointment :* est-ce par l'événement qu'une personne sensible et raisonnable apprécie l'intention connue d'un ami ? le manque de succès ne peut en diminuer le prix qu'aux yeux des ingrats. Je vous remercie donc et de toute mon âme. J'ai fait part à ma société de cette preuve décidée de votre bon cœur, de votre amitié ; vous n'en avez pas perdu le mérite. J'aurois été bien fâchée de vous en ravir l'honneur. J'en conserverai le souvenir touchant le reste de ma vie, et sentirai toujours du plaisir à me la rappeler.

Encore un mot de Mr. Becket. Voudrez-vous bien vous charger de sçavoir s'il a reçu mon petit envoi? je le priois d'en payer les frais sur ce qu'il me doit, d'adresser le paquet à Mr. Robert, et de le faire porter chez Mr. Foote, Durham-Yard. Comme j'ai trouvé Mr. Liston fort prompt à remplir mes commissions, je serois mortifiée de paroître manquer d'exactitude à son égard. J'abuse de vos bontés, de votre loisir; je vous tourmente n'est-ce pas? je finis. Comment se porte votre aimable compagne? a-t-elle oublié la France? ne vous y reverra-t-on jamais? vous y avez tous deux bien des admirateurs, que faites-vous à Londres du Comte de Lauragais? On n'en parle plus ici. Est-il mort, ou devenu raisonnable? Adieu, mon très cher et très véritable ami. Je vous souhaite du plaisir et de la santé. Ma compagne vous embrasse, et prie Madame Garrick de se souvenir combien elle l'aime. Je suis avec tous les sentimens de l'estime, de l'amitié, et de la plus sincère reconnoissance, votre plus tendre amie,

RICCOBONI.

DE M. DE LA PLACE À M. GARRICK.

À Bruxelles, le 24 Janvier, 1773.

Votre lettre, mon cher et bon ami, m'a comblé de plaisir, car quelque abominablement paresseux que je sois, je vous jure et proteste que j'ai toujours conservé chèrement votre souvenir et celui de la digne et charmante Madame Garrick. Je vous l'aurois même prouvé à tous les deux, en allant passer l'hyver à Londres et auprès de vous, si la goutte ne m'eût rendu trop poltron, pour hazarder cette grande aventure, et si j'eusse pû remettre l'impression que je voulois faire ici de quelques-uns de mes ouvrages. Mais si je suis libre et sans goutte au printems prochain, soyez sur, mon cher et célèbre ami, que vous me verrez arriver au moment où vous y compterez le moins, pour vous embrasser avec tous les bras de l'amitié la plus sincère, et vous demander à dîner, avec la permission de certaine dame que personne n'estime, n'aime et n'honore plus que moi.

Recevez tous mes complimens sur vos succès nouveaux, et surtout sur celui de la très hazardeuse entreprise que vous avez tentée dans la refonte de la Tragédie d'Hamlet. J'aurois, d'honneur, frémi pour vous (car je connois la populace Angloise!) de vous voir assez téméraire pour la priver de la scène des *Fossoyeurs*, qui de tous tems a fait ses délices. Cela me prouve, mon ami, non seulement combien vos très rares talens vous ont acquis d'empire sur la nation comme acteur, mais encore la parfaite estime qu'elle a conçue pour vos lumières et votre goût en qualité d'auteur: deux titres qui, je crois, n'ont jamais été réunis que sur deux têtes, sur celle de notre Molière et sur la vôtre. Il s'en falloit pourtant de beaucoup, si l'on en croit la tradition (et j'aime à la croire) qu'il fût aussi généralement renommé que vous dans la première qualité. Jouissez donc brave et cher *Æsopus*, jouissez donc de votre

gloire. Vivez pour vous maintenant, pour votre aimable moitié, pour vos amis, pour goûter encore le plaisir de vous voir regretté, et d'être sûr par la révision et l'impression de vos ouvrages, d'être encore utile au Théâtre National et autres : car les bonnes choses sont estimées et accueillies partout. Songez même, mon ami, qu'il y a plus de six ans que vous aviez projeté l'édition de ces mêmes ouvrages, que je les attends avec impatience, et que je ne suis pas le seul dont vous ayez trompé l'espoir.

Quant-à-moi, qui après avoir envoyé *Le Mercure* au diable, avec 5000 livres de pension bien assurée, en attendant six ; qui même ai vendu mon cabinet de livres et mes tableaux, pour ne plus rien devoir, et vivre désormais pour moi ; qui d'ailleurs, dans notre dernière révolution ai perdu presque tous mes anciens amis, et que la goutte crucifioit sans relâche à Paris : j'ai pris le parti de chercher un air plus salubre, et le trouve à peu près ici. J'y vais même encore faire imprimer trois volumes de Mélanges, que je me suis occupé à revoir (c'est toujours un amusement !) et je compte avant 5 à 6 mois, vous les envoyer, ou peut-être vous les porter moi-même.

J'ai fait une *Notice* assez détaillée de votre double succès, relativement à *Hamlet*, pour l'auteur de *l'Observateur François à Londres*, qui est de mes amis, dont l'ouvrage Périodique est bien fait et réussit beaucoup depuis trois ans. Elle est partie hier, et sera sûrement recueillie et imprimée dans tous les autres journaux, comme chose vraiment intéressante et digne de faire Epoque.

Le porteur de cette lettre est un Libraire François établi à Londres, qui a de l'intelligence, de la probité, et de l'activité. Je vous le recommande, et j'espère que vous n'en serez pas fâché. Donnez-lui, je vous en conjure, votre nouvel *Hamlet* que je brûle de voir ; et si vous avez encore quelque chose *de vous* que je ne connoisse pas ; faites en, de grâce, un petit paquet qu'il me fera passer ici, où il est en correspondance avec le Libraire qui imprime pour moi. Je saurai bien qu'en faire, mon cher ami, soyez en sûr,

Vale, et tui amantissimum redama.

DE LA PLACE.

P.S.—En me relisant, je vois combien j'ai bavardé. Mais c'est mon cœur qui vous écrit.

Adressez plutôt ce que vous auriez à m'envoyer, au Consul de la nation Angloise à Ostende, avec un mot de lettre pour qu'il le fasse tenir à M. Garnier, Consul François qui est ici, pour me le remettre.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Mercredi 3 Février, 1773.

De ma vie je ne vous prierai de gronder personne, pas même de faire la mine à mon plus grand ennemi. Poor Mr. Becket, désolé de votre froide réception, du ton dont vous lui avez lu ma lettre et de vos reproches, m'écrit avec un chagrin si amer, un désespoir si effrayant, qu'en vérité je meurs de peur d'apprendre qu'après de si lamentables expressions il ne se soit précipité *in Rosamond pond*, ou jeté la tête la première dans une tonne d'encre. Il me conjure en termes fort pressans, de vous écrire *immediately*, et de lui rendre votre bienveillance en vous assurant que j'ai reçu de sa part vingt livres sterling. Cela est vrai. Je les ai reçues. La lettre de Mr. Becket, datée du 15 Janvier, est arrivée à Paris le 27, et Mr. Panchaud m'a très poliment payée dès le lendemain. Ainsi, mon très vif et très aimable ami, ne privez plus Mr. Becket de la faveur précieuse de vous voir lui sourire, il ne peut supporter un *frown* sur le front aimable de Mr. Garrick, surtout à l'instant où il se prépare à l'admirer dans le rôle de Ranger; si vous eussiez été habillé pour représenter Richard Trois, il en eût été moins frappé: il eut jeté la moitié de votre mauvaise humeur sur le terrible personnage. Tout au milieu de ses plaintes Mr. Becket me fait une proposition qui a pensé élever une querelle entre ma compagne et moi sur notre habileté; nous avons été une heure à décider qui de nous deux sçavoit lire. Elle prétendoit que c'étoit elle, moi je la renvoyois à son *a b c*. La proposition de Mr. Becket est de se charger de l'édition Angloise de Sophie, en me donnant vingt louis-d'or pour les droits que je puis avoir dessus. Vous allez me demander, d'où naissoit la dispute? c'est qu'en prenant un t pour une s, ma compagne faisoit seventy, de twenty. Si l'écrivain avoit pu l'entendre il auroit crié au meurtre, à l'assassin, se seroit cru ruiné. Cette folie nous a fort amusées. Assurément je prendrai tout ce qu'il plaira à Mr. Becket de m'envoyer, pourvu que vous trouviez l'affaire convenable et que vous y donniez votre approbation. En matière d'intérêt on traite aisément avec moi, et dans cette occasion j'aurois bien mauvaise grâce de disputer. Ma compagne, un peu arabe, insiste pour avoir par dessus le marché les comédies nouvelles de l'année passée et de cet hyver: elle laisse cela à votre bon ménagement.

Mr. Becket s'est un peu vengé de la querelle que je lui ai attirée; il me dit, *Mr. Garrick ne peut répondre sitôt à votre lettre, parceque le contenu l'a vexé.* Eh! bon Dieu, vous ai-je rien dit qui aît pu vous *chagriner?* je ne me le pardonnerois pas; je crois vous avoir exprimé ma reconnoissance et ma tendre amitié. Ce propos de Mr. Becket me paroit une petite malice de sa part. Vous devez être bien sûr de mes sentimens, et je vous connois trop juste pour penser que vous en doutiez jamais.

Vous a-t-on déjà parlé du prodige de la comédie Françoise. Une jeune actrice, arrivée de la province, où l'on faisoit peu de cas de son mérite, est venue enlever les suffrages de la capitale. Imitatrice de Clairon, dont elle avoit autrefois reçu des leçons, instruite à son retour par Brisart, elle a débuté avec un succès si fou, qu'à

peine elle ouvroit la bouche, tournoit la tête, ou remuoit un doigt que mille voix s'élevoient et poussoient des cris d'admiration. On applaudissoit des mains, des pieds, on frappoit par tout, sur soi, sur ses voisins: jamais l'entousiasme ne fût porté plus loin. À la fin de la tragédie le parterre a demandé un bénéfice pour la nouvelle actrice, et l'a demandé avec tant de bruit et d'ardeur qu'on a été obligé de lui répondre et de l'assurer que les supérieurs seroient informés de sa requête dès le lendemain, et satisferoient ses désirs s'ils le jugeoient à propos. Les loges sont retenues pour tous les jours du débût, jusques à la clôture et dès trois heures on ne trouve plus de place au théâtre. Les gens de sang-froid s'amusent fort de cette extravagance. Ils ne voyent rien en Mademoiselle de Raucour, c'est le nom de cette merveille, qui mérite ce concours et cette affluence, ils disent qu'elle se tient mal, que ses gestes sont horribles, qu'elle en fait de ridicules, et ressemble quelquefois à une marionnette; mais que sa voix est belle, qu'elle a de l'âme et promet une bonne actrice, si la tête ne lui tourne pas de se voir déifiée à propos de rien. La cour a pris la même passion que Paris. Mademoiselle Raucour a rapporté de Versailles le premier soir 200 louis, et autant le second; le troisième Madame du Barri lui en a donné cent autres et un habit de 4000 livres. Sa garderobe augmente tous les jours, bien heureuse la dame qui peut être nommée pour avoir contribué à la parer. On parle actuellement d'une souscription destinée à lui acheter, des diamants. Cette fille est arrivée ici presque nue, couverte seulement de sa vertu, aussi prônée que ses charmes et ses talens. Son père, très vertueux, très jaloux de l'honneur de sa chaste progéniture, montroit à tous venans trois pistolets de poche, armes prêtes à tirer contre les pauvres amans. Tous les riches financiers entourent Mademoiselle de Raucour, on l'entretient de terres, de maisons, de contrats, l'or et l'argent sont mis en masse sous ses pieds. On dit que le bon papa, attendri par de si brillantes offres, a déjà laissé sur sa table un de ses pistolets, qu'un autre est démonté, et qu'il porte le troisième par habitude, mais sans y mettre ni poudre ni plomb. L'auguste Clairon, qui conservoit toujours l'espoir d'être rappelée par ses sujets sur un trône où personne ne soutenoit dignement le sceptre, est confondue de cet événement. On a l'audace de dire, de répéter que jamais actrice n'approcha de la débutante, ne peut lui être comparée! quelle surprise! quelle douleur! et quelle rage! Comment habiter parmi des sauvages assez brutes, assez ignorants, assez sots, pour prononcer de tels blasphêmes? On assure qu'elle va partir, aller au fond de l'Allemagne, s'y ensevelir, y cacher sa honte, ses regrets, et déplorer l'imbécilité de sa patrie.

Si vous deviez recevoir une aussi longue lettre toutes les semaines je ne sçais où vous iriez pour éviter cette persécution. Adieu, mon très cher et très aimable ami; nous embrassons vous et votre charmante compagne. Qu'il nous seroit doux d'espérer que ce ne sera pas toujours en idée et de si loin.

DE M. L'ABBÉ MORELLET À M. GARRICK.

Lundi 5 Avril [1773.]

Mon cher ami, je vous écris à la hâte pour avoir une réponse positive et prompte au sujet de la négociation que j'ai commencée avec le Docteur Hawkesworth. Je vous serai infiniment obligé si vous voulez bien lui écrire sur le champ et savoir pourquoi il ne m'a pas encore répondu ? et pourquoi la publication prochaine de son livre étant annoncée dans tous les papiers publics, il ne m'a pas encore fait parvenir un de ses volumes en Anglois, supposé qu'il soit déterminé à me prendre pour son traducteur. Je ne conçois point du tout les causes de ce retardement après les offres qu'il m'a faites. Seroit-ce la crainte que son ouvrage ne parût en François avant de paroître en Anglois. Cela ne se peut pas, 1° parceque le temps de le traduire et de l'imprimer lui laissera toujours de l'espace pour publier le sien un an à l'avance: 2° parceque n'en aiant qu'un volume, on ne pourroit jamais le publier que toute son édition n'eût paru. Ce volume d'avance ne servirait entre nos mains qu'à nous assurer la propriété de la traduction. Je vous ai marqué dans ma dernière que je m'associerois avec Mr. Suard, notre ami commun, l'homme de notre pays qui entend le mieux l'Anglois et qui écrit le mieux notre langue. Cette association étoit un motif nouveau pour votre ami, et je vous repète que ce seroit pour lui une chose agréable d'être traduit avec ce soin et en *bon François* dans un temps où notre langue est *encore*, pour une grande partie de l'Europe, le moyen par lequel on y connoit les ouvrages Anglois. Si ces considérations, et j'ose ajouter quelque envie de m'obliger, ne le déterminent pas, je n'ai plus rien à dire. Ayez seulement la complaisance de me faire savoir promptement sa réponse, afin que l'attente de ce travail ne m'empêche plus ni Mr. Suard de nous livrer à d'autres occupations.

Votre lettre est en effet à Bruxelles, car je n'en ai pas entendu parler. Je la regrette quoique vous m'en disiez, et en adoptant la maxime de mon ami et mon modèle, le Dr. Swift, je ne la crois pas applicable à ce que vous m'écrivez. Notre ami Mr. Burke nous a quittés trop-tôt. Nous lui aurions peut-être fait adopter des maximes de tolérance un peu plus étendues que celles qu'il établit à la chambre des communes. Dites-lui de ma part que la *tolérance* doit être ou nulle ou universelle, qu'elle doit s'étendre même aux sceptiques et même aux athées, que ceux qui lui donnent toute cette extension ne sont pas pour cela athées eux-mêmes, que l'athéisme est une doctrine trop métaphisique, trop contraire, d'ailleurs, aux idées que donnent aux hommes nécessairement les phénomènes de la nature et les malheurs de la vie, pour s'établir dans la société. Qu'il n'y a donc rien à en craindre pourvû qu'on aît de bonnes loix, qu'il faut toujours avoir, et sans lesquelles toutes les religions du monde ne peuvent rien pour le bonheur de l'homme sur la terre ; que la voie la plus courte et la plus sure, et la seule qui puisse conduire à avoir de bonnes loix, c'est la liberté entière et illimitée de dire et d'écrire tout ce qu'on veut, même les folies, les sottises, les immoralités, les impiétés. Comme, en matière de gouvernement, un peuple qui

ne jouira pas de la liberté d'attaquer la liberté elle même, n'arrivera jamais à se faire des principes fixes et certains de bon gouvernement et de bonne administration. Je le prie ainsi que vous de penser à ce petit nombre de principes, et j'espère qu'il en sera convaincu ; si non, je ne l'en aimerai pas moins ainsi que vous ; car il faut bien que je mette mes propres leçons en pratique en vous tolérant. Sachez cependant que ce ne seroit pas une intolérance que de ne pas tolérer les intolérants. Je vois d'ici Mr. Fits-Morice riant et puis méditant sur les propos de son pape Morellet. Rapellez-moi bien à son souvenir et à son amitié.

Mademoiselle Raucour a vraiment reçu de la nature les plus grandes dispositions qu'elle aît jamais données à un grand acteur. Mais elle n'est point *a finished actress* et ce ne sera pas vous qui croirez de pareils miracles. Elle pourra être excellente dans quelques années, mais n'attendez pas qu'elle en soit là pour venir nous voir. Ah ! si elle vous voyoit, et si elle causoit avec vous, vous l'avanceriez de quelques années en quelques heures. Mille compliments, je vous prie, à Mademoiselle Heinel. J'embrasse très respectueusement Madame Garrick. Je suis bien fâché de ce que vous me dites, que vous avez eu encore quelque tracasserie de votre goutte ou de votre gravelle, car on dit que ces deux dames sont sœurs. Je suis charmé de votre tentative sur le Roy Lear : sans doute vous y avez fait aussi quelques altérations. Je voudrois, s'il est possible, avoir Hamlet et celle-là dans l'état où vous les avez jouées, parceque je verrois ce qui cesse d'être en 1773 dans le goût Anglois. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

L'Abbé Morellet.

DE M. L'ABBÉ MORELLET À M. GARRICK.

MON TRÈS CHER AMI, Le 14 Janvier.

Je ne réponds encore que pour mon compte à l'aimable lettre que je viens de recevoir de vous, parceque je ne l'ai que d'hier au soir, et que je n'ai pas pu la communiquer à nos amis communs, ainsi que je me propose de le faire, et que d'un autre côté je n'ai pas voulu perdre une occasion qui s'offroit à moi de vous répondre sur le champ. Je ferai tous vos complimens et toutes vos amitiés aux gens dont vous avez conservé un souvenir qui leur est bien agréable, et qui de leur côté ne vous oublient pas. Je leur lirai votre lettre. Il y en a, n'en doutez pas, à qui je ferai bien plaisir en leur apprenant que vous avez osé supprimer les fossoyeurs de Shakespear, et surtout que vous les avez supprimés sans avoir *the benches thrown at your head.* Nous mettons icy tous, tant que nous sommes, autant d'intérêt à vos succès et à votre gloire que si nous avions le bonheur de vous voir sur le trône où vous régnez avec tant d'éclat et de partager le plaisir que vous procurez à vos concitoyens. Votre jugement des petits morceaux que je vous ai envoyés est excellent et parfaitement bien motivé. Mr. de la Harpe en sera surement infiniment flatté, et quand ce ne seroit que par reconnoissance pour le chantre, l'émule et le *ressusciteur* de Shakespear, il adoucira un

peu la sévérité de son jugement, et n'en sera que plus juste envers votre héros. Au reste, vous pouvez lui pardonner plus aisément, si vous considérez qu'il n'a pas traité notre Corneille avec plus d'indulgence. Nous croyons qu'on peut critiquer et rire même à quelques endroits de votre admirable dramatique (comme je faisois de si bon cœur à *Shine out fair Sun, &c.*) pourvu qu'on frémisse et qu'on soit saisi de terreur et de pitié à tant de beaux traits d'une si belle et si forte nature. Voilà notre apologie, mon cher ami, dans les critiques que nous faisons du divin Shakespear. Mais ce qu'il y auroit de plus juste, et j'en conviens avec vous, ce seroit de ne juger que les dramatiques de sa nation. Je vous suis bien sincèrement obligé de l'offre que vous me faites de votre Bacon : mais je vous en remercie s'il n'y a que deux volumes ; l'édition doit être, comme vous le dites, incomplète, car l'in-folio antérieur à la belle édition en 5 volumes in 4to doit en contenir trois, et c'est la seule que je voulusse avoir, parceque, quoique un peu moins complète que l'in 4to, elle renferme tout ce qu'il y a d'important. J'avois imaginé que vous pourriez avoir envie d'acquérir la plus belle, et qu'en ce cas vous voudriez bien me céder l'in-folio, bien entendu que je vous aurais rendu sa valeur, mais à moins qu'elle ne renferme 3 volumes, elle ne me seroit pas *utile*, et puisqu'elle est *rare*, il vaut beaucoup mieux qu'elle orne votre cabinet que le mien.

Je vous suis bien obligé d'avoir suivi la négociation dont je vous avois chargé auprès de l'excellent Dr. Hawkesworth. Je lui réponds. Faites lui passer ma lettre tout de suite. Causez avec lui encore sur la chose dont il s'agit entre nous, et terminez cette petite affaire de concert. Il me sera très agréable d'établir entre lui et moi une liaison de plus dont vous serez le nœud, et je crois véritablement qu'en recevant de lui un bon office, en cela je lui rendrai moi-même un petit service dont il me saura quelque gré. Pour vous, mon ami, vous ne voulez pas de traducteur, mais si jamais vous en aviez besoin, et que je puisse rendre toutes les grâces de vos écrits, ce qui est bien plus difficile que de traduire un voyage, vous savez bien que vous pouvez compter sur vos amis ici.

Je remercie bien toute l'aimable société de son souvenir. Mr. Fitzmorice est chargé de mes commissions pour Madame Garrick, et ce soin ne vous regarde pas. Je vous sais bien bon gré des politesses que vous montrez à l'aimable Mademoiselle Heinel. Parlez-lui de moi la première fois que vous la verrez, et faites-lui dire que si elle a besoin de quelque chose, et en particulier de souliers, je pourrai lui en envoyer par une occasion que j'aurai dans 10 ou 12 jours, pourvu qu'elle aît une permission de les faire arriver sans qu'ils soient saisis à la douane. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, et vous savez bien que je suis, comme vous autres Messrs. les Anglois, très peu pressé de dire aux gens que je les aime, à moins que je ne les aime véritablement.

V. T. H. S.

L'Abbé Morellet.

Vous pouvez adresser vos lettres avec deux enveloppes, l'extérieure *à Monsieur Trudaine, Intendant des Finances à Paris :* l'intérieure *pour le Dict. de Commerce*, et point mon nom.

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

18 May 1774.

Awake, my Garrick! réveillez-vous au nom de Shakespear, et souvenez-vous enfin des amis que vous avez en France : oui, c'est au saint nom de Shakespear que je viens réclamer l'amitié que vous m'avez témoignée autrefois, et dont le souvenir m'est toujours bien précieux. Au fait : une belle dame de ce païs cy, amie de plusieurs de vos amis, pleine de grâces et de talens, et très instruite dans votre langue, s'est livrée totalement depuis deux ans à l'étude de Shakespear, et connoissant toute la difficulté qu'éprouve non seulement un François, mais même un Anglois lorsqu'il veut entendre parfaitement cet auteur, elle est résolue à défricher elle-même le terrein où elle vouloit recueillir de riches moissons. Elle a donc fait une étude particulière de votre sublime auteur, travaillant d'elle-même et consultant les Anglois les plus lettrés qu'elle a pû trouver. A mesure qu'elle trouvoit quelqu'explication satisfaisante, elle l'écrivoit en marge, et elle a déjà deux volumes ainsi commentés et remplis de notes qu'elle a faites. Mais dans ces deux volumes, il s'est trouvé des passages que personne n'a pû lui expliquer, pas même Mylord Stormont et Mr. Maty, tous deux grands admirateurs de Shakespear ; or le cahier cy-joint renferme ces passages inexpliqués, mais non pas inexplicables, et comme vous êtes l'homme des trois royaumes qui ait le plus *illustré* Shakespear, dans toutes les acceptions du mot, elle m'a prié de vous demander la solution des problèmes littéraires que je prends la liberté de vous offrir. Si vous voyez Mylord Palmerston, il vous dira qu'il a vû cette *néophite de Shakespear* joüer sur un théâtre de société une comédie Angloise qu'elle avoit traduite elle-même : il pourroit même vous montrer de très jolis vers Anglois qu'il a faits pour elle à cette occasion. La pièce qu'elle a traduite est le *Great Indian*, [*West Indian*,] et pour tout vous dire, son nom est Madame la Marquise de Gléon. S'il en falloit davantage pour vous décider à nous accorder notre demande, je vous dirois qu'elle a joué avec grand succès le rôle de *Julliette*, dans une imitation de Romeo et Julliette que j'ai fait représenter plusieurs fois sur le même théâtre, car je suis votre confrère comme auteur, si je ne le suis pas comme acteur. J'ai osé compiler quelques comédies qui ont été reçues favorablement, mais je n'y ai pas joué de rôle, parceque je suis *very awkwart upon the stage*. Enfin pour conclusion, vous êtes sommé au nom de Shakespear, des grâces, de la beauté, et de la galanterie qu'on vous a toujours connue, de nous renvoyer sans délai le cahier cy-joint avec des explications de chaque passage écrits d'une belle écriture comme, par exemple, la mienne, entendéz vous bien ?

Maintenant parlons d'un objet bien intéressant, et qui est toujours présent à ma pensée, c'est de Madame Garrick dont tous nos François reviennent enthousiasmés, ce qui me donne tantôt de la satisfaction, tantôt de la jalousie, mais ce dernier sentiment est tempéré par les marques de souvenir qu'elle veut bien me donner : on m'assure qu'elle daigne quelquefois penser à moi au bord de la Tamise, et sous ce *saule*

pleureur qui ne pleure pas cependant autant que je le fais lorsque je me rappelle des momens délicieux que j'ai passés à Hampton, dans Southampton-street, et surtout à Drury-lane: je les reverrai ces lieux que mon ami Garrick rend si célèbres et si chèrs. Je les reverrai surement, mais quand? je l'ignore encore: cette année-cy je me repose et ne sortirai pas de mon pays. Savez-vous que j'ai fait une longue excursion l'année passée, et que j'ai eu le plaisir de retrouver vos vestiges en Italie? C'est un bien beau voyage, mais en vérité je n'ai trouvé dans ce pays-là que deux personnes qui m'ayent inspiré un véritable attachement, et c'ést le Chevalier Hamilton et sa femme. Qu'elle différence des Anglois aux Italiens!--Vous avez bien voulu, mon cher ami, vous intéresser au succès de mon ouvrage sur la Félicité Publique. Je suis depuis long-tems en corréspondance avec le traducteur: il s'appelle Mr. Kent, et habitoit précédemment à Brompton, maintenant près de Canterbury. Il me mande que la traduction est prête à paroitre. Je vous demande votre protection pour elle à son entrée dans le monde. Adieu, mon ami, voicy une lettre assès longue: je ne veux pas abuser de votre patience de toutes les façons, mais je ne vous fais pas grâce des explications de Shakespear. Si vous ne nous les envoyéz pas, j'irai la lance au poing, sonner du cor à la porte de votre château de Hampton, et vous défier au combat.—Le Baron d'Holbach, l'Abbé Morellet vous embrassent.

SUARD.

DE M. DUCIS À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Paris le 6 Juillet 1774.

JE profite de l'occasion du départ de Mr. Suit pour vous marquer combien je suis véritablement sensible aux invitations que vous m'avez faites d'aller à Londres, et combien je suis fâché de n'avoir pas encore fait ce voyage, dont le plaisir de vous admirer sera le principal motif. Je porte envie à Mr. Suit. C'est un homme de lettres distingué, qui a vécu long-tems à la cour de Parme, qui a parcouru l'Italie, et que le désir de connaître votre nation conduit actuellement en Angleterre. Il est infiniment sensible au plaisir de voir un homme de votre réputation, et à l'honneur d'en obtenir l'estime. Je vous prie donc, Monsieur, de vouloir bien le distinguer de la foule des François qui sont à Londres, et lui permettre de cultiver votre connoissance autant qu'il le désire.

Je viens de terminer une nouvelle tragédie. C'est Admete et Alceste, sujet tiré de notre Euripide. Je suis à la veille de la faire lire à la comédie Françoise. Aussitôt qu'elle aura paru, j'aurai l'honneur de vous en envoyer un exemplaire.

Je suis maintenant occupé de Macbeth. Pourquoi ne puis-je causer avec vous une demie heure, et vous voir dans les morceaux terribles de cette admirable tragédie? J'ai affaire à une nation qui demande bien des ménagemens quand on veut la conduire par les routes sanglantes de la terreur. Mon âme s'efforce en composant

de prendre vos vigoureuses attitudes, et d'entrer dans la profondeur énergique de votre génie. Continuez-moi, je vous prie, les sentimens dont vous m'honorez, et soyez persuadé de la haute estime et de la reconnoissance avec lesquelles j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DUCIS.

DE M. BEAUMARCHAIS À M. GARRICK.

À Londres, ce 23 Juillet 1774.

QUELQUE désir que j'eusse de vous voir avant mon départ, mon très aimable Monsieur Garike, et de présenter mes remercîmens et mon respectueux hommage à Madame Garike, mes affaires m'appellent en Hollande, et je pars demain matin. Je remets donc cette satisfaction à mon prochain voyage. Les avis d'un homme aussi profondément versé dans l'art du théâtre n'ont pu manquer à faire une vive impression sur moi; et les sourires fins et pleins d'expression de Madame Garike m'ont assez indiqué sur quoi je devais compter pour la réussite de mon *Barbier de Séville*, et les endroits où je devais retoucher. Votre idée de l'opium à l'éveillé, et celle de le montrer endormi sur la scène a été adoptée sur le champ. Comme j'y travaillais, une lettre de France m'a appris qu'il y avait une copie de ma pièce entre les mains d'une Dame, et qu'on en faisait des lectures dans les sociétés. J'avais la tête échauffée: j'ai pris sur le champ la résolution de mettre la pièce en cinq actes; et afin-que la fraude que l'on m'a faite en France sur ce manuscrit ne profite pas à ceux qui prétendent faire imprimer la pièce en mon absence, j'ai écrit sur le champ à Paris que l'on répandit, que j'avais mis la pièce en 5 actes, et que c'était ainsi qu'on la jouerait à la comédie Françoise: de sorte-que si on pousse la mal-honnêteté jusqu'à la faire imprimer, il ne s'en vendra pas, parceque les nouvelles publiques diront que ce n'est qu'un fragment de l'ouvrage volé à l'auteur.

Je vous enverrai bien certainement le premier exemplaire qui sortira de la presse: en attendant recevez une édition complette de mes Mémoires comme un léger témoignage de l'amitié, de l'estime, et de la haute considération avec lesquelles j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

BEAUMARCHAIS.

À Monsieur,
Monsieur David Garike.

FROM MR. R. E. RASPE.

Wednesday, 4th October.

ACCORDING to our yesterday's conversation, I send you the copy of my letter to M. de Catt, and desire you the favour occasionally to introduce me to the great man's acquaintance, whose admired parts and virtues are the best and natural judges of any thing relating to good taste and public utility.

R. E. RASPE.

Gotha, Janv. 23, 1775.

" Encouragé par les ordres que Sa Majesté eut la grâce de me donner à mon départ de Potsdam, je vous entretiens aujourd'hui d'une nouveauté littéraire qui me semble faire honneur au Génie de l'Allemagne. C'est un nouveau genre de Drame ou de Musique dramatique. J'en ai vû ici les premières représentations, et j'ai crû sentir non-seulement tout ce que le Poëte et le compositeur voulaient me faire sentir, mais qui plus est, que l'art est à la veille de faire un nouveau pas vers la perfection. Le goût de la Princesse Louise, destinée pour être mariée sous peu à un Prince de Mecklenbourg-Schwerin, lui a donné naissance, et il se peut qu'elle en aît pris l'idée du Pigmalion de Jean Jacques Rousseau, qui en fait de Musique est moins hétérodoxe qu'en toute autre chose. C'est sur ses ordres que Mr. Brandes, acteur Allemand, a donné une forme dramatique aux malheurs d'Ariadne, abandonnée à Naxos ; c'est sur ses lumières que Mr. Benda a employé heureusement les talens héréditaires à sa famille.

" Le Drame est d'une grande simplicité. Annoncé par une très belle Symphonie, le rideau se tire et vous appercevez Ariadne dormante dans une grotte des rochers de Naxos, qui sont baignés par la mer. La Symphonie finit decrescendo pianissimo pour ne pas éveiller la belle dormeuse, et pour vous préparer aux sentimens du généreux et fidelle Thésée, qui est supposé forcé par les Grecs, ou par un Oracle suborné, de l'abandonner. Il la voit pour la dernière fois. Il est donc naturellement agité par sa tendresse, par sa reconnaissance, par l'honneur, et par sa mauvaise conscience. Il ne voudrait jamais l'abandonner, mais un signal de la flotte, que vous entendez dans le lointain, l'appelle aux plus cruels des devoirs de l'honneur. Il la quitte, et vous souffrez avec lui. Ariadne, dès ce moment l'objet de votre compassion, parait agitée par des songes affreux, elle s'éveille enfin. Étonnée de ne pas trouver Thésée, elle s'amuse pendant quelque tems par l'idée que la beauté du jour naissant aura peut-être invité son héros à la chasse, et qu'il reviendra sous peu avec les dépouilles de quelque Tigre ou de quelque Lion. Mais il ne revient pas, elle commence à craindre pour son amant. Elle l'appelle, et découvrant à la fin que la flotte a fait voile, elle vous perce le cœur par la certitude de son malheur. Dès ce moment elle est déchirée tour-à-tour par sa tendresse et par les horreurs, auxquels elle est abandonnée par l'ingratitude et l'infidélité de son cher Thésée. Souvenir de sa beauté

héroïque, de son héroïsme et de sa tendresse—de l'amour mal récompensé de ses parens qu'elle avait trahis—conscience de ses torts—reproches et défense des doux pêchers—imprécations et désespoir se succèdent jusqu'au moment que la voix d'une Oréade invisible, annoncée par quelques coups de tonnerre, lui prédit la grandeur future de Thésée, et lui ordonne de l'acheter par sa mort, pour appaiser Neptune enragé contre la flotte des Grecs. Vous voyez la tempête ; et Ariadne se soumettant aveuglément aux décrets du Sort, en se précipitant dans les flots agités. Voilà par où le Drame finit ; et par où je pourrais commencer de le critiquer. Si les poétes étaient moins maîtres de leur étoffe, et s'il n'y avait pas moyen de récompenser la vertu d'Ariadne par la machination des Dieux, qui pourront un jour quand ils trouveront à propos la remettre en terre ferme, soit dans un ballet lié à la pièce, ou dans un deuxième acte destiné aux amours de Bacchus.

" Il est écrit dans une prose Allemande irrégulièrement métrique, entre-coupée, et telle que la nature la fait parler aux âmes sensibles dans les grandes passions. Il n'y a ni rime ni aucune de ces nombreuses entraves gênantes, que les critiques modernes ont prétendû donner au génie. Vous sentez bien qu'il n'y peut pas être question non plus de ces malheureux airs à l'Italienne, qui ne tiennent au feu de l'action que pour y être accolés par complaisance pour les belles voix. Il y a au contraire la plus belle simplicité du stile et du sentiment, que la Muse de Gotha, amie de la vérité, s'est bien gardée d'offusquer par le chant obligé, ou d'affaiblir par la sécheresse des plins plans des récitatifs Italiens. Elle n'a voulu qu'une simple déclamation vraie et pathétique. Point de musique que dans les intervalles de repos, de méditation, et d'épuisement, que la force des passions produit naturellement. Mais c'est là qu'elle permit au génie de Benda de se déployer ; de peindre avec discrétion l'objet et le sentiment des paroles précédentes—de les rappeler avec esprit à l'âme qui en est occupée —de les graver puissamment dans le fond du cœur bien préparé et de les faire sentir par tous les prestiges d'Orphée jusques dans l'intérieur de notre être mystérieux et harmonique. Aussi n'ai-je entendu de ma vie aucun opéra, et j'oserais presque dire aucune musique, qui m'eût affecté également ; ce qui tient ouvertement à la nature du drame et au grand mérite du compositeur. Quant au compositeur de Gotha, il a connû la nature. Sa manière n'est pas aux dépens de la vérité. Il n'a jamais laissé l'acteur et l'auditoire dans l'embarras de la Pantomime. Il ne lui a pas fallû courir en tatonnant par les détours des variations après la plus juste et la plus belle expression. *Ad finem properat.* Sagement il a sçu subordonner et coordoner son art à celui du poéte et de l'acteur, et il en est plus triomphant.

" Quant au genre, il me semble tenir de bien près à la déclamation des anciens ; et certainement il est, bien que supérieur aux opéras Italiens, susceptible d'une très grande perfection et même d'une très grande variété. L'objet de la musique étant constamment bien déterminé par l'action et la déclamation de l'acteur, et la musique ne se faisant entendre qu'où elle le peut avec avantage, l'effet qui en résulte n'est jamais équivoque. Voilà un très grand avantage. Le deuxième est que ces sortes de compositions étant entièrement indépendantes des paroles et des syllabes et n'ex-

primant que les choses, les idées et les sentimens, elles se peuvent indistinctement adapter aux traductions dans les langues étrangères avec le même effet qu'à l'original du drame.

" Encore n'exigent-elles pas des héros ou des Dieux *meliore sui parte truncatos*, qui coutent si cher et qui font si peu d'illusion. Mais pourquoi vous détailler les grands avantages de cette nouvelle espèce d'accompagnement? Vous les sentez aussi bien que moi. Vous avez été malheureux dans les opéras Français; vous avez baillé dans les opéras Italiens et vous avez lû Algarotti. Vous sçaurez donc bien les faire valoir occasionnellement auprès du Roi, qui en sçait plus que nous. Encore une remarque, qui tient au sujet. Ariadne parut parfaitement habillée à la Grecque, sans corps, sans panier, et dans la grande et noble simplicité de la parure et de la frisure des plus élégantes statues de l'antiquité. Il n'y avait pas les cent mille belles bagatelles hors de propos, que l'usage des théâtres a sacré et que nos seigneurs les tailleurs de Paris et nos souveraines les dames Parisiennes, de concert avec quelque abbé antiquaire, pourront bien un jour s'aviser de nommer Grecques. Madame Brandes, qui eut ce rôle, n'en parut pas moins bien faite. Elle s'acquitta de sa partie avec une grande vérité, faisant beaucoup d'honneur à l'école de Mr. Erkhof, qui est notre Garrick: nous lui en voulons du bien, étant comme toujours et comme de droit ami du talent, et

" Votre, &c.

" R. E. RASPE."

À M. de Catt, Secrétaire des Commandemens du Roi de Prusse, à Potsdam.

DE M. DE LA PLACE À M. GARRICK.

À Bruxelles, le 15 Septembre, 1775.

JE n'ai pu refuser, mon cher et digne ami, à Monsieur Texier, l'ami de tous nos amis, et digne d'en trouver partout, le plaisir d'imaginer qu'à ma recommandation il jouiroit plus aisément de celui de voir le célèbre David Garrick, d'un peu plus près que les autres. Et cette idée m'a d'autant plus flatté, qu'en voyant en vous tous les êtres vivans en *action*, vous aimerez probablement en lui le talent qu'il a de les rendre aussi vrais qu'intéressans, par le naturel et les prestiges d'une récitation dont Paris et la cour ont été aussi surpris qu'enchantés: homme aimable, d'ailleurs, bien né, avec tout ce qui s'en suit; chez qui le hazard seul a fait découvrir ce talent dont il ne s'étoit jamais douté. Ce qui a fait dire à notre charmant Chevalier de Boufflers,

" Qu'une vertu chez-lui produisit un talent."

Monsieur Texier vous dira, mon cher et digne ami, que ma vie vraîment philosophique à Bruxelles, a rétabli ma santé et mes affaires, au point que je compte aller cet hyver passer trois mois à Paris, avec tous mes vieux amis et ceux de mon aimable

et digne Roscius, que je salue, honore et embrasse avec tous les bras de l'estime et de l'amitié, que lui a vouées pour la vie,

Son très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DE LA PLACE.

P.S. Mille grâces des livres dont vous m'avez gratifié! Et autant de respectueuses obéissances à la chère et charmante *moitié* de mon bon ami.

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

Paris, le 28 Fevrier, 1776.

JE vous remercie, mon cher Roscius, de m'avoir procuré la connoissance de Mr. King; c'est un homme fort aimable qui a beaucoup d'esprit et de savoir, avec des mœurs douces et très sociales: les prêtres de cette tournure-là sont fort rares partout. Il n'a pas eu besoin de moi pour être reçu et bien reçu dans nos sociétés; il y a été présenté comme votre ami; il y est revenu comme digne de l'être. Je ne lui ai pas été aussi utile que j'aurois voulu l'être; ma femme et moi nous avons été malades pendant son séjour; Madame Geoffrin est tombée malade aussi le jour où je devois le mener chez elle. Et d'ailleurs, le Chevalier de Chastellux s'est emparé de lui avec son activité et son amabilité ordinaire, et l'a mieux servi que je n'aurois pu faire.

J'ai appris avec bien du plaisir de Mr. King que votre santé étoit depuis quelque tems beaucoup meilleure qu'elle n'avoit été les années précédentes. J'apprens par la renommée que vous quittez enfin tout-à-fait le théâtre pour jouir en paix du loisir et de l'amitié. Je m'en réjouis pour votre bonheur; mais je ne peux pas penser sans amertume que je mourrai sans avoir vu mon cher Roscius dans toute sa gloire, remuant à son gré les âmes d'un peuple entier, et remplissant la mienne avec les autres de terreur, de tendresse, d'admiration et de larmes: je mourrai sans avoir connu tout l'empire de la tragédie et le sublime de l'imitation tragique! cette idée m'afflige plus que vous ne pensez. Pour me consoler, venez quand vous serez libre, faire une visite à vos amis de Paris. Demandez à Mr. King si votre mémoire est chérie parmi nous.

Je vous remercie, mon cher ami, des soins que vous avez bien voulu prendre pour les affaires de Panckoucke. Il a du vous écrire lui-même et vous marquer combien il étoit sensible à vos bontés.

Vous m'aviez promis solemnellement de faire quelques notes au manuscrit de Diderot que je vous ai laissé en 1773. Ces notes seroient pour moi seules si vous l'exigiez, et j'en aurois besoin pour un ouvrage auquel je travaille. Je vous somme de votre parole; vous voilà libre; vous n'avez plus de prétexte, et je serai pour vous un créancier impitoyable.

Mais auparavant je veux être votre débiteur. Ayez la bonté de m'écrire en quatre mots:—1°. Quelles sont les représentations dont on donne chez vous le bénéfice à l'auteur d'une pièce nouvelle, soit en 5, 3, 2 ou 1 acte:—2°. Quand est-ce que le

droit des auteurs cesse?—3o. Quand est-ce que le second théâtre peut jouer une pièce nouvelle qui a été donnée à l'autre:—4°. Quels inconvéniens trouvez-vous à vos arrangemens pour le salaire des pièces nouvelles:—5°. Quels droits les auteurs de pièces de théâtre ont-ils d'ailleurs pour les entrées au théâtre, ou autres, &c. Je vous demande en grâce de me répondre sur chacun de ces articles le plutôt que vous pourrez. Votre réponse peut influer sur un arrangement qu'on médite ici pour les mêmes objets; mais cela est secret.

J'ai une autre grâce à vous demander. Je suis très pressé d'avoir le volume de Mr. Burney sur *l'Histoire de la Musique*; peut-être en ferai-je faire une traduction avec des notes de mon ami l'Abbé Arnaud, un des hommes de l'Europe qui entend le mieux et l'art et l'histoire de la musique. J'ai écrit au bon Mr. Becket de m'envoyer l'ouvrage de Mr. Burney par l'occasion la plus prompte qu'il trouvera; je vous prie de l'aider à trouver un voyageur qui veuille se charger du paquet, et si vous n'en connoissez point ni l'un ni l'autre, je vous prie de dire à Becket de faire de ce livre un paquet à l'adresse de *M. Turgot, Ministre et Controlleur Général des Finances*, en écrivant simplement sur la couverture du livre, *Pour M. le Marquis de Condorcet*; d'envoyer tout de suite le paquet à Mr. Garnier, en le priant de le faire partir par le premier courrier parceque M. Turgot en est très pressé.

Mille pardons, mon cher Garrick, de toutes les peines que je vous donne; je suis accoûtumé à exercer votre complaisance, et vous m'avez accoûtumé à compter sur votre amitié. Comptez bien sur la mienne, sur ma reconnoissance, et dites bien à votre aimable et digne moitié que ses bontés comme ses agrémens sont toujours présens à mon cœur. Ma femme partage mes sentimens, et ne parle de vous qu'avec tendresse. Demandez-le à notre ami le Docteur King. Il vous donnera des nouvelles de vos anciens amis.

Bon jour, mon cher Garrick, je vous embrasse tendrement en cœur et en esprit; je voudrois bien que ce fut en corps et en âme. *Vale et me ama qui te diligo.*

P.S. Je vous prie de faire tenir le billét ci-joint à Becket.

DU COMTE DE LAURAGUAIS À M. GARRICK.*

Welbeck-street, le 9 Mars, 1776.

On dit dans le monde, Monsieur, que vous protégez M. Texier. J'ai quelqu'intérêt à me flatter du contraire, car vous seriez pour moi le plus dangereux protecteur qu'il pût avoir. Aussi je veux croire que vous avez trop joui du sentiment exquis d'exciter l'admiration, pour n'être pas jaloux jusqu'aux transports, des talens qui pouraient causer la vôtre. Ainsi quand votre indulgence pour les rapsodies mi-

* To write against the *talent* of Texier, which had astonished and delighted all the men of genius in Paris, with Voltaire at their head, shows only the violence of a man of fashion, who can see no merit whatever in a person with whom he is at variance.—Ed.

miques de M. Texier font penser que vous êtes au-dessus de la jalousie: j'imagine que vous avez la faiblesse de descendre à une comparaison flatteuse pour votre amour-propre, quoique sa réputation soit aussi comparable à la vôtre, que sa fortune à celle de M. Vanneck. Ce M. Texier n'a jamais écrit que des livres de recettes ou de dépenses. Le talent admirable de Molière, le vôtre surtout, celui d'exprimer sa propre pensée, n'est pas même pour M. Texier l'art de la peindre. Car sans nous vanter, nous avons dans la grande foire de la société de Paris, des singes qui valent beaucoup mieux que lui à tous égards. Qu'il vienne ici! qu'il cherche à y plaire! cela serait désirable, même pour ceux qui pourraient plaire ailleurs. Qu'il parvienne à charmer les Anglois, en leur lisant de mauvais drames Français! C'est assurément un grand bonheur pour lui, et par reconnaissance il devrait avertir quelques-uns de ses auditeurs, des momens où il est convenable de pleurer, et de ceux où il faut absolument rire, parcequ'on dit qu'il y a parfois d'étranges méprises sur les effets de sa déclamation. Mais ils n'en sont que plus surprenants, et n'en sont pas moins surs, tout le monde est dans le secret de sa prétention, et ce secret-là est bien gardé. Quant-à moi, bien loin de m'occuper à connaître, et surtout à divulguer les avantures de M. Texier, je vis en si mauvaise compagnie à Londres, que la plûpart des gens que j'y recherche ne surent pas seulement qu'il n'y a rien de plus célèbre ici que M. Texier. Enfin si j'avais eu l'esprit de deviner que M. Texier, qui va partout, n'a été présenté nulle part, ou que j'eusse crû qu'on n'eut pas trouvé impertinent à moi d'assurer my Lady Hertford, qu'elle ne pouvait pas voir meilleure compagnie que M. Texier, je n'eusse pas troublé un petit instant la fraîcheur de ses succès. Mais je vous le repette, je passe ma vie seul, ou avec des gens qu'on ne voit point. De-sorte-que je n'ai pas crû que la politesse Française eut fait encor plus de progrès à Londres que nos modes: et j'ai pensé bonnement qu'on y appelait, comme du tems grossier de Boileau, *un chat, un chat: et Rollet, un fripon.* Mais puisque M. Texier n'en est pas moins fêté, j'ai le plaisir d'avoir à-peine fané ses bouquets. Il a fallu seulement réduire ce qui s'est passé entre nous à certains faits, que M. Texier ferait mieux d'éclaircir, que de travailler à publier sa vie, ou même un manifeste adressé à ses admirateurs: car je parie qu'il ne contera point son histoire aussi gaîment qu'elle mérite de l'être. Je sais cependant par un de nos amis communs, que M. Texier a établi la réputation de son courage, en établissant dans les changemens de tems, l'effet malheureux de sa maladresse. Ce pauvre homme est hardi comme Didon; et tantôt c'est une blessure, tantôt une autre, qui lui arrachant inopinément des soupirs aigus, trahissent en même tems, le secret de ses avantures: ce qui prouve assurément que c'est un des plus braves caissiers que le roi de France aît dans sa grande armée des financiers. Quant-à son avanture de Lion, ce que j'en ai recueilli, me fait imaginer que voilà ce qu'il dit aux gens qu'on ne peut pas faire ses dupes. M. Texier se prend de querelle avec quelqu'un qui surement était brutal, il lui donne un coup d'épée, c'est le moins qu'il put faire; il est blessé, il fuit de Lion sans avoir par conséquent le tems d'arranger ses affaires, ses ennemis publient qu'il a fait banqueroute, mais ils sont bien attrapés, parceque son ami M. Boudin se trouve trop heu-

reux d'arranger cette bagatelle, et malgré la délicatesse de M. Texier la reconnoissance ne l'importune pas à son égard, parceque M. Texier ayant eu le crédit de lui faire donner cette même caisse, M. Boudin rattrapera son argent, et par conséquent c'est M. Texier qui le lui rend. Assurément, Monsieur, je conviens qu'un grand coup d'épée doit donner des forces pour courir, mais si M. Texier n'avait pas d'autres raisons pour courir, pourquoi a-t-il couru en Hollande plutôt que dans les jardins de Lion? Mais sans lui faire mille questions qui me seraient encore plus odieuses, qu'elles ne lui seraient redoutables, son esclandre me force simplement à dire, qu'il ne s'agit pas plus des vertus chrètiennes de M. Boudin, s'il lui a pardonné comme sa caution, et de ses qualités morales, s'il lui a prété ou donné de l'argent, comme son ami; qu'il ne s'agit des talens de M. Texier, mais d'un fait; cependant s'il veut se contenter à mes yeux de n'être que le rival du singe de Nicolet, je ne demande pas mieux qu'on le prenne pour un éléphant. Enfin comme je n'ai pas besoin des sottises qu'il peut faire, si vous voulez lui montrer cette lettre, et qu'il la mette dans son répertoire, je n'en rirai seulement pas avec vous, et ce sera moi qui me ferai présenter à M. Texier qui ferait fort bien de reprendre le petit collet. Voilà ce que j'eusse pu dire à l'ami de Mecénes s'il avait protégé des marionettes, et que je fusse né sous Auguste, au lieu de l'être sous Louis XV. J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, avec la plus grande considération, et l'estime la plus parfaite,

Votre très-humble et très-obeissant serviteur,

V. L. De Lauraguais.

FROM GARRICK TO COUNT LAURAGUAIS.

SIR, March 11th 1776, Adelphi.

At my return from the country I have this moment received the honour of your letter. As I shall be only solicitous to declare the truth, and would choose to be as clear, as plain in my answer, I hope you will excuse my writing in my own language.

I should have been greatly flattered with your favour, had I not so high an opinion of your wit that I cannot but imagine you are exercising it, when you talk of *my protection of M. le Texier*. The humblest have their attachments, and I must confess that I am yet prejudiced in his favour: by a recital of facts I depend upon your own warmth of temper, and love of justice, to acquit me of the least impertinence to you in my present regard for him. He was recommended to me, as a man of *probity*, *family*, and *talents*, by a worthy friend of mine in France, and from whom I had received many favours. If I may be allowed to judge of his talents, I most sincerely think that they are very extraordinary, and therefore I am bound to believe that my friend has not deceived me in other particulars till I have certain proofs to the contrary. I will venture to declare to an understanding like yours, which never loses the substance in pursuit of the shadow, that the Comte de Guignes

saying he never introduced M. le Texier to any body, and yet making frequent entertainments at his house, on his account, is a distinction without a difference. M. le Texier, in consequence of this countenance, and *this introduction*, (for what else can it be called?) became a favourite, and most welcome guest everywhere; nor has he yet forfeited this general partiality to him, as I can learn, by any indiscreet or impertinent behaviour.

To confirm in part this opinion of mine, I was told by a man of fashion, whom you well know, that the Comte de Guignes assured him at his taking leave, that M. le Texier had been indeed *malheureux*, but not *malhonnête*. After this stating of facts, I should appear very ungrateful to my friend, and show little of the spirit of my country, were I inhospitably to withdraw, what you so pleasantly call my *protection*, till some stronger proofs of his ill conduct are produced.

There is a certain unpolished obstinacy in English natures that will give way to nothing but demonstration, and I trust in the good sense and justice of the Count de Lauraguais not to think the worse of me for continuing my good wishes to M le Texier till that demonstration arrives.

I am Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most obliged, humble, and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I shall do myself the honour of paying my respects soon in Welbeck-street, my indisposition has prevented me from doing it sooner.

DE MADAME NECKER À M. GARRICK.*

SUR LE LEAR DE GARRICK. (14 May 1776.)

JE ne sçais, Monsieur, où je trouverai des termes pour rendre l'effrayante impression que vous nous avez faite hier; vous vous êtes rendu maître de notre âme toute entière, vous l'avez bouleversée, vous l'avez remplie de terreur et de pitié, je ne puis penser encore aux différentes expressions de votre physionomie sans que mes yeux se remplissent de larmes. Quelle superbe et touchante leçon vous nous avez donnée! quelle horreur pour l'ingratitude! quel amour! quel respect pour la vieillesse! même injuste, même égarée; oh! que n'ai-je encore les auteurs de ma vie, que ne puis-je porter à leurs pieds tous les sentiments que vous avez élevés dans mon cœur, et y répandre les larmes déchirantes que vous m'avez fait verser. Toute ma pensée se concentre sur les divers caractères de la vieillesse affligée; je fuis et je cherche cette image, et jamais rien ne s'est gravé plus profondément dans mon souvenir. Pardon, Monsieur, je ne devois pas vous écrire aujourd'hui. Point de réponse, je vous supplie; j'ai voulu seulement sçavoir de vos nouvelles, joindre mon hommage à celui d'un public enivré, et présenter à Madame Garrick ma vive reconnoissance.

* Nothing was ever more truly eloquent than one passage of this beautiful letter. The lecture as to filial ingratitude inspiring a *wish* for the revival of *her* parents, that she might effuse her full soul before them in grateful testimonies of her love!—ED.

DU BARON DE REDEN À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Londres, ce 21 May, 1776.

SACHANT que ce seroit la dernière saison que le public auroit le plaisir de vous voir, je suis venu exprès de Paris pour être l'un de vos admirateurs. Depuis trois semaines que je suis ici j'ai tenté inutilement toutes les fois, ou d'envoyer prendre des places ou de pénétrer moi-même au parterre. Je me vois donc obligé de recourir à la seule ressource qui me reste, et que le Prince Susapou m'a conseillé d'employer; c'est, Monsieur, de vous implorer de vouloir bien m'admettre pour aujourd'hui ou demain, à qu'elle place que ce soit, pourvû que je puisse vous voir et vous entendre. Je connois assez l'Anglois pour ne pas renoncer volontairement au dernier.

Je sens, Monsieur, que vous devez être importuné tous les jours par de pareilles demandes, et je n'aurois jamais eu le courage de la faire, si le Prince qui m'avoit dit avoir eu l'honneur de vous connoître, ne m'avoit assuré de votre extrême politesse et honnêteté, surtout envers des étrangers.

Je regarderai et j'estimerai un billet de votre part autant que la faveur d'un souverain, étant souvent prodiguées, au lieu que ceci est une chose que je ne voudrois pas perdre avant mon départ pour tout au monde.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Votre très-obéissant serviteur,

T. G. BARON DE REDEN.

Si cette faveur pouvait s'étendre sur mon compagnon de voyage le Baron de Velthusu, je vous serais doublement obligé.

At Mr. Bosemberg's, Bury-street, St. James's.

DE M. D'ARNAUD À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Paris, ce 3 Juin, 1776.

JE suis fait pour vous avoir des obligations sans nombre: je vous dois la connoissance d'une dame qui est de vos amies, et ce titre ajoute beaucoup à mes yeux aux excellentes qualités qu'elle parait posséder; elle m'a fait part des soins que vous vous êtes donnés au sujet du prospectus que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous envoyer. Je ne sçaurois trop vous témoigner ma reconnoissance au nom de l'auteur, ou plustôt de l'éditeur de cet ouvrage: vous rendez service à tous nos gens de lettres; en mon particulier je suis sensible au-delà de toute expression à ce que vous m'avez fait dire d'obligeant par Madame Pye. Elle m'a flatté que nous puissions vous voir en ce pays où vous avez autant d'admirateurs et d'amis qu'à Londres. Il est donc vrai que vous quittez le théâtre? Votre amie m'a procuré vos *adieux*. On voit bien que c'est le cœur même qui vous a inspiré, aussi n'ai-je point été surpris que vous ayez

versé des larmes, et que vous en ayez fait répandre ; j'ai été moi-même ému jusqu'à l'attendrissement à la lecture de ce petit morceau, ce qui m'a suggéré ces vers que je vous envoye comme le tribut du sentiment, dénué des ressources de l'art :

Garrick a donc quitté la scène!
Londres perd à la fois Thalie et Melpomène ;
Tout est frappé de ce départ affreux ;
Tout n'offre qu'un tableau des plus vives alarmes ;
Tes spectateurs, Garrick, touchés de tes Adieux,
Te donnent d'éternelles larmes,
Et je deviens Anglais pour pleurer avec eux.

Oui, Monsieur, je ressens comme vos concitoyens la perte irréparable qu'ils essuyent. Vous êtes un de ces présents de la nature et dont elle est extrêmement avare. Au reste, je vous fais mon compliment comme je l'eusse fait à Shakespeare lui-même quand il eut le courage de s'arracher à sa gloire pour aller goûter le repos : vous qui l'avez assez imité en tout, vous allez jouir de vous-même, vivre pour vous et pour vos amis ; puisse cette nouvelle carrière que vous avez à parcourir n'avoir point de terme, du moins qu'il se perde dans l'insouciment d'un avenir bien éloigné, bien éloigné. Je me fais une véritable fête de vous voir et de vous embrasser ici, cet automne ; si ce bonheur m'est refusé, je compte l'année prochaine aller vous surprendre dans votre retraite, voir, admirer le grand homme en deshabillé, et jouir de vos charmantes ouvertures qui ne m'intéresseront pas moins que votre jeu inimitable. Daignez, Monsieur, me continuer toujours votre bienveillance : elle m'est plus précieuse que celle de plusieurs souverains que j'ai connus, et que j'ai oubliés ; l'auteur du *Comte de Comminge* est fait pour sentir tout ce que vaut le célèbre Garrick, et je me flatte que, quoique vous soyez rassasié d'applaudissements et de tributs d'admiration, vous voudrez bien dans cette foule d'hommages appercevoir le mien : il vous est offert par le sentiment même, oui c'est lui-même qui vous assure du respect avec lequel je suis,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

D'ARNAUD.

D'Arnaud, Conseiller d'Ambassade de la Cour de Saxe, Rue des Postes, pres l'Estrapade.

DU BARON KOCH À MR. GARRICK.

J'AI donc été témoin hier du dernier soupir de la scène Angloise, et j'ai eu le plaisir, ou la douleur (car j'ai eu les deux,) de le rendre avec elle ! Après les témoignages, des regrets infinis, que vous avez reçus d'un publicé clairé, il seroit hors de propos de vous parler de ceux d'un étranger. Mais ce qui ne me semble pas hors de propos, c'est de vous prier de vouloir bien recevoir pour la recette d'hier, la part que je

me suis imposée. Après m'avoir fait le plaisir de me donner une place, pour laquelle je vous fais un million de remerciments, mais dont je n'ai pas pu payer l'entrée, vous m'avez appris par la *most humorous and most witty adresse*, que la recette étoit destinée au secours des pauvres acteurs tués, estropiés, invalides, &c. Je suis un invalide aussi, et ce *fellow-feeling* doit me rendre encore plus scrupuleux sur l'acquit de la dette, que j'ai contractée avec eux. Je vous prie de vous en charger, et de vous souvenir, que vous m'avez permis de venir prendre du thé à votre campagne pour me dédommager dans votre société du cruel *jamais* que vous avez prononcé hier.

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

LE BARON KOCK.

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

MON CHER ROSCIUS, À Paris, ce 12 Juin, 1776.

UN jeune homme plein de mérite, de connoissances et de zèle pour en acquérir de nouvelles, qui vient de publier ici un ouvrage très curieux et très savant, qui va passer quelques mois en Angleterre pour s'instruire et pour connoître ce que l'Angleterre a de grands hommes et de belles choses, doit désirer d'abord d'y voir un de ses meilleurs poëtes comiques, et le plus grand, le plus extraordinaire acteur que le monde aura jamais vu. Ce jeune homme s'appelle M. Démounier; comme je l'aime et l'estime beaucoup, je n'ai pu lui refuser une lettre de recommandation pour vous; mais comme il est très honnête et très discret, il ne veut que vous voir, vous connoître, vous entendre; il sait combien le tems est cher à des hommes aussi occupés que vous, et il n'abusera point de la permission que vous lui donnerez. Il est connu du Chevàlier de Chastellux, qui vous auroit écrit aussi si dans ce moment il n'étoit encore retenu dans son lit par des accès de fièvre tierce qui le tourmentent beaucoup.

Depuis notre retour ici nous ne faisons que parler de vous. Pour moi, je n'oublierai de ma vie les impressions que m'ont laissées surtout Lear et Richard. Vous m'avez donné des idées de votre art qui étoient au-dessus de mes conceptions; la nature s'est agrandie à mes yeux, et tous ses froids et mesquins et manierés imitateurs de nos théâtres ne me paroissent plus que des pigmées. A présent que vous avez quitté la scène, prenez la plume, mon ami, et laissez au monde quelques grandes leçons sur un art où vous avez montré un si grand modèle.

Mr. de Gawills est enchanté comme moi et de vos prodigieux talens, et de vos honnêtetés, et des bontés pleines de grâce de Madame Garrick, dont nous nous sommes entretenus cent fois toujours avec un nouveau plaisir. M. Démounier me donnera des nouvelles de votre santé et de celle de cette charmante moitié. Soyez l'un et l'autre heureux et contens autant que vous le méritez; conservez-moi un peu d'amitié, et venez nous voir le plutôt que vous pourrez.

Bon jour, grand et excellent homme ; soyez sûr que vous n'avez pas dans les trois Royaumes un ami qui vous soit plus sincèrement et plus tendrement attaché que je le suis. SUARD.

DE MADAME WITY NÉE GARRICK À M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, Paris, ce 12 Juin, 1776.

LA conformité et la ressemblance de mon nom avec le vôtre m'a fait penser que peut-être j'avois l'honneur d'être de votre famille ; j'ai en conséquence pris la liberté de vous écrire dès le 6 Mars 1776 une lettre à ce sujet, qui est restée sans réponse, sans doute parce-qu'elle a été interceptée.

Maintenant que j'ai trouvé une occasion plus favorable, j'ai pensé que vous ne trouveriez pas mauvais que j'en fisse usage : j'y compte avec d'autant plus de raison que M. Préville votre ami m'a assuré de votre honnêteté, et m'a flatté que ma démarche ne pourroit pas vous parroître désagréable.

Voici quel étoit l'objet de ma première lettre. Depuis quelque tems, des affaires de famille m'obligent à établir ma généalogie ; l'éloignement des tems et la dispersion de mes parents (chose assez commune dans les familles) ne m'offrent que beaucoup de difficultés à surmonter.

Mon père étoit fils de François Garrick, Notaire à Gallicu, où il est décédé le 2 Février 1712.

Ce dernier étoit originaire de Londres et avoit plusieurs frères.

Cette dernière circonstance m'a donné lieu de croire que si j'avois l'honneur de porter votre nom, peut-être étoit-ce à titre de parente, et que vous pourriez me donner quelques éclaircissemens à ce sujet.

Si cela pouvoit être, en même tems que vous me rendriez un service signalé, j'aurois encore la satisfaction de me sçavoir alliée à celui qui s'est mérité la plus haute réputation et la plus grande estime.

Je suis avec la plus parfaite considération,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et obéissante servante

GARRICK f^me^ WITY.

Mon adresse est Rue de la Monnoye,
maison de M. Le Brun, Notaire, à Paris.

David Garrick's indorsement :
Letter from a Widow Lady whose maiden name was *Garrick*, as she says—1776.

DE M. PREVILLE À M. GARRICK.

PERMETTEZ, cher, bon et très respectable ami, que je profite de cette occasion pour vous renouveler l'assurance de tous mes sentimens pour vous. Faites un mot de réponse sur ce qu'on vous demande: vous ne devez pas être surpris qu'on désire vous tenir de près: je voudrois que vous fussiez mon père, mon fils, mon oncle, ou du moins mon cousin. J'en ferois et ma gloire et mon bonheur.

J'assure de mon respect tout ce qui tient à vous, et suis avec l'admiration de votre personne et de vos talens,

Votre très-humble serviteur et ami,
PRÉVILLE.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Garrick,
à Londres.

DE M. SUARD À M. GARRICK.

À Paris, le 25 Juin, ...

JE viens, mon cher Garrick, me plaindre à vous, et très amèrement, de ce que vos nièces sont ici sans que je sache où elles logent; ce sont elles qui m'ont apporté sans doute six éventails, et je n'ai pas pu les en remercier. Vous m'avez permis de les voir; j'en ai le plus grand désir, d'abord parceque j'ai vu les beaux yeux noirs de l'ainée éclairer la plus belle peau du monde, et que cela est toujours bon à revoir; et puis elles vous appartiennent, et il n'y a point de beau visage que cela n'embellît encore à mes yeux. Ma femme partage mon empressement, parcequ'elle partage tous mes sentimens pour vous, et surtout ma reconnoissance pour toutes les marques d'amitié que j'ai reçues de vous et de Madame Garrick, l'aimable Madame Garrick dont je n'oublierai jamais ni les bontés ni les grâces qu'elle y a mises, comme à tout ce qu'elle fait et ce qu'elle dit.

Je vous somme donc, mon cher ami, de m'écrire tout-de-suite l'adresse de ces deux aimables nièces, qu'il m'a été impossible de découvrir quoique je l'aye demandée à tous les Anglois que j'ai rencontrés. Le joyeux Dr. Gem et le galant Abbé Morellet veulent absolument les voir aussi; il y a beaucoup de gens qui raffolent de tout ce qui porte le nom de Garrick. Permettez à ma femme de les aller prendre un jour pour les mener diner avec elle: nous tacherons de ne pas trop les ennuyer.

Mandez-moi aussi ce que coutent les six éventails que j'ai reçus: c'est une commission que je fais pour un autre.

Nous traduisons à force le Voyage de Banks; savez-vous que votre cher Dr. Hawkesworth l'avoit envoyé il y a long tems à Berlin pour le traduire en François? mais nous ne craignons pas cette concurrence.

Il ne paroit rien ici d'intéressant que la nouvelle édition des œuvres de M. Thomas, en 4 vol.: les deux premiers forment un ouvrage tout neuf, plein d'esprit, d'éloquence et de bonne littérature, avec encore un peu de roideur, de métaphysique et d'enflure; il a un grand succès. Les deux derniers volumes sont fort et fort bien corrigés. Je vous envoye cette édition, M. Matty veut bien se charger de vous la porter avec ma lettre.

Souvenez-vous, mon cher Roscius, que vous m'avez promis quelques observations sur le manuscrit que je vous ai donné, et que je ne vous l'ai donné qu'à ce prix. Envoyez-les moi, je vous prie, promptement; je suis pressé de savoir votre avis sur la question; j'y suis même intéressé; mais ne confiez le papier à personne.

Je vous ai parlé un jour d'un petit essai, inséré il y a deux ou trois ans dans quelques newspapers, et qui a fait beaucoup de sensation. On y parloit des talens et des genres d'éloquence des principaux *speakers* de la Chambre des Pairs; on y donnoit surtout un échantillon curieux de l'éloquence du Duc de Grafton. J'ai besoin de ce morceau: si vous pouviez me le procurer ou une copie manuscrite, vous me feriez un grand plaisir. M. Burke, à qui j'en ai entendu parler, pourra vous le désigner plus clairement.

Adieu, mon cher Garrick; donnez-moi de vos nouvelles; venez voir vos nièces; c'est la seule espérance que j'aye de vous voir d'ici à bien des années; car je n'ai plus rien à voir à Londres; ce qui m'y attiroit principalement, c'étoit le désir de voir jouer une des grandes pièces de Divus Shakespear; j'ai vu King Lear joué par Mr. Ross; je n'ai plus rien à désirer.

Adieu, méchant homme; je vous en voudrois, si vous n'étiez pas si aimable, et si vous n'aviez pas une femme plus aimable que vous: mettez-moi à ses pieds. Je voudrois bien pouvoir lui dire sous ce beau saule pleureur de Hampton, combien je suis touché et de son amabilité et de ses bontés. Je souhaite bien que sa santé devienne meilleure, et que la vôtre ne soit plus attaquée par ces coliques redoutables. Pourquoi le grand ouvrier n'a-t-il pas reservé les graviers et les vapeurs pour les méchans et les hypocrites et les sots, &c.: vous vous porteriez tous deux à merveille; mais ce monde-ci ne seroit qu'un vaste hôpital; il n'y auroit pas assez de monde pour soigner tous les malades. Mais Pope a dit que tout est bien; je crois en effet que malgré la goutte, la pierre, la fièvre, les honnêtes gens sont encore les plus heureux.

Vale et me ama qui te diligo.

SUARD.

Rue de Louis le Grand, vis-à-vis
la Rue Neuve St. Augustin.

Je vous prie de dire mille choses pour moi à Milord Shelburne et à M. Fitzmaurice s'ils sont encore à Londres. J'ai bien à me louer de leur bonté, et de leurs attentions. Mes complimens aussi à M. Loutherbourg, que j'aurois voulu voir davantage, et à l'honnête Mr. Becket, que j'aime et que j'aimerois encore davantage s'il vouloit régler un compte que nous avons ensemble depuis dix ans.

DE MADAME NECKER Â M. GARRICK.

Ce 5 Octobre 1776.

Mr. Hoare n'a resté à Paris que quelques jours : j'en ai été très fâchée car je me serois fait un plaisir infini de lui montrer mon dévouement pour Monsieur et Madame Garrick ; tout ce qui me viendra de leur part aura des droits sacrés sur mon cœur et sur mes soins.

Sçavez vous, Monsieur, que Voltaire et d'autres beaux ésprits François ont profité de l'instant où vous avez quitté le théâtre pour chercher à détrôner Shakespear. Quand à moi c'est en vain qu'on veut me montrer dans cet auteur quelques fautes de goût, et même de jugement; je réponds toujours, Vous n'avez apperçu que son cadavre, mais je l'ai vû moi, quand son âme animoit son corps. Ils repliquent, Vous vous trompez, ce n'étoit qu'un majestueux fantome que Monsieur Garrick, ce puissant enchanteur, avoit évoqué du sein des tombeaux, le charme cesse, il faut que Shakespear rentre dans la nuit. Depuis les merveilles que j'ai vues à Londres, j'ai perdu ce goût vif que j'avois pour nos spectacles, ce ne sont plus pour moi que des chambres obscures qui font paroître les objets avec des couleurs plus adoucies, et qui en même tems les ternissent et les rapellent ; nos acteurs me paroissent des automates, et quand ils s'agitent je cherche quel ressort les fait mouvoir. Madame de Montagu vous en dira infiniment davantage ; comme elle avoit sans cesse devant les yeux un modèle de perfection, elle s'est un peu exagéré nos défauts, et elle n'a pas été assez souvent au spectacle pour que l'habitude, en effaçant nos ridicules, lui permit de fixer son attention sur nos avantages ; elle avoit trop vécu avec un géant pour juger de notre véritable mesure.

Vous m'avez écrit une lettre délicieuse : vous faites passer à votre plume la flamme qui anime vos rôles, tout est pour vous les matériaux de la vie. Je l'ai lue seule cette lettre, d'abord avec attendrissement, ensuite je l'ai relue avec orgueil à toute ma société. Sans cesse je m'en vois entourée, on me dit, Contez-nous encore un peu de ce grand homme, Comment jouoit-il Hamlet? le Roi Lear, Sir John Brute? Je conte, et l'on pleure ou l'on rit, et je m'écrie avec cet orateur qui lisoit les harangues de Démosthène, " Que seroit-ce donc si vous l'aviez entendu lui-même?" Mais non, je veux enfin cesser d'en parler de ce grand acteur, il me rapelle trop un ami, une amie, qui m'ont comblée de bontés, que j'ai quittés avec désolation, qui vivent et qui vivront toujours loin de moi, et auxquels je ne penserai jamais sans plaisir et sans amertume ; qu'ils viennent bien vîte ; nos bras leur sont ouverts, tout le monde me fait la cour d'avance. J'attends cet instant comme un des plus beaux de ma vie. Nous présentons, Mr. Necker et moi, à Monsieur et à Madame Garrick nos plus tendres hommages, et j'ai l'honneur d'être de tous les deux avec mille sentiments,

La très-humble et trés-obéissante servante,

C. Necker.

Madame Montagu veut bien se charger de deux pots de pâte d'amande et d'un petit sac de grains que je prends la liberté de présenter à Madame Garrick.

MR. GARRICK'S ANSWER TO MADAME NECKER.

MADAM, Hampton, November 10, 1776.

By the gracious permission of the gout, which has prevented my doing my duty until now, I take up my pen, with fear and trembling, to thank you from my heart of hearts (as Shakespeare calls it) for the most flattering, charming, bewitching letter that ever came to my hand. I shall keep it as the most precious monument of your unbounded partiality to me, and of my own vanity; it shall be left by my will to be kept in the famous mulberry-box with Shakespeare's own hand-writing, to be read by my children's children for ever and ever, and

Exegi monumentum, &c.!

Will you pardon me a fault for the sincerity of confessing it? Mr. Gibbon, our learned friend and excellent writer, happened to be with me when I received the bewitching letter; in the pride and grateful overflowings of my heart, I could not resist the temptation of showing it to him—he read—stared at me—was silent, then gave it me, with these emphatical words emphatically spoken—*This is the very best letter that ever was written:* upon which, *à la mode d'Angleterre,* the writer was remembered with true devotion, and in full libations.

An old English ballad says,

"Let your heart and your wine overflow
To all that is matchless below!"

And so they shall as long as they can overflow with me. I am so bewitched to this subject, that I had almost forgot my wife; who is so full of her warm acknowledgements for the honour and pleasure she received with your most elegant present, that her great sensibility upon the occasion requires a more powerful pen than mine to describe it: she begs me in particular to present her respects to Mrs. Necker, and that were she able to tell her feelings, neither Shakespeare or his interpreter, her husband, should outdo her in the true sentiments of the heart.

It would be thought in general very strange, that I should not before felicitate you, Madam, and Mr. Necker, upon his late, as it is called, promotion. I have a very particular way of thinking upon these matters, and as I have the honour of knowing Mr. Necker, I sincerely think that no change of situation can be any promotion to such a mind and such abilities. I must beg leave to apply to you, and him, a stanza in a little ode which I wrote upon being asked if I had been to wish Lord Camden joy of his appointment to the Great Seal.

"Wish him joy! And for what? I beseech you, declare:
No changes new honours can bring;
To Necker the place will be labour, and care,
Wish joy to his Country and King."

These are my real sentiments in prose as well as rhyme. And to be a little selfish, what shall *I* get by the matter? Instead of seeing (should I go to Paris,) the

warm, benevolent, smiling, social, communicative, open-hearted Mr. Necker, I shall behold the thoughtful, absent, deep, wise, grave politician, scheming every kind of good for France; and perhaps in the moment that I am enjoying every hospitable pleasure under his roof, he may be planning mischief for poor Old England.—I cannot bear it.—No, I will stay for his return to social and private happiness, and then I will be the first to felicitate my best and much honoured friends. If I can finish a little thought that I have, I will send it: the only merit will be its sincerity. I have left no room for Voltaire and Shakespeare. There are rods preparing for the old gentleman by several English wits; his letter to the French Academy is no addition to his genius or his generosity, and his errors are without end. I pity his ill-placed anger. I am Your most faithfully affectionate and devoted servant,

D. GARRICK.

I have the gout in my hand.

DE MADAME NECKER À M. GARRICK.*

COMBIEN de remerciments ne dois-je point à Monsieur Garrick pour les bontés dont il m'honore, même aux dépens de la dame, assez pointue, qu'il a mise en scène devant mes yeux, et que je crois voir encore agitant sa tête et son éventail; je l'ai reçue cette fable si naivement, si heureusement contée, où le poëte semble avoir transporté l'art de l'acteur, et où il nous fait appercevoir les gestes par la pensée, comme il nous montroit autrefois la pensée par les gestes. Ah! pourquoi cet ingénieux oiseau, bien plus créateur qu'imitateur, n'est-il plus encore le maître de nos idées et de nos sentiments? Mais que dis-je? il l'est toujours; le souvenir seul de ce que j'ai vû, malgré la distance du tems et de l'espace, s'empare de mon âme toute entière: je pleure ou je ris à votre gré dès que je me retrace votre image; et combien de fois je me la retrace, tous les synonimes de votre nom me transportent en Angleterre: génie, invention, talent, esprit, poëte, rareté, phénomène, et mille autres mots de notre langue me semblent ces deux syllabes Garrick, renversées de mille manières, mais toujours faciles à retrouver.

Le voilà votre Tacite, Tite Live, nous ne vous l'avons pas gâté, malgré tous nos efforts. S'il avoit un peu pris l'air de ce pays, il vous diroit que nos plus belles et nos plus grandes dames ont d'abord voulu le connoître par curiosité, et qu'ensuite elles n'ont pû s'en séparer par véritable goût. Mr. Hume étoit à la mode chez nous, parceque ses manières et sa bonhomie contrastoient un peu avec sa réputation, qu'on ne perdoit jamais de vue; mais Mr. Gibbon, passé les premiers instants, a dérobé tous les hommages qu'on auroit voulu rendre à son livre; il n'aura rien acquis ici, car il y avoit tout apporté; mais il retourne cependant avec l'estime, l'amitié et les regrets

* In Garrick's hand: a charming letter from Mrs. Necker. This relates to the letter beginning "Mr. Hoare n'a resté," and though called one letter, they are two distinctly.

douloureux de tous les honnêtes gens. Qu'il vous parle un peu de moi, je vous supplie; qu'il vous dise avec quel mépris profond j'écoute les François quand ils me demandent s'il y a quelques rapports entre la manière de jouer, de Messieurs Préville et le Kain, et de Garrick phénix; quel silence je garde quand on me fait cette impertinente question; je reçois tous ces gens-là comme on reçut ce Savoyard qui s'écrioit, *Si le Roi de France s'étoit bien conduit, notre Duc lui auroit donné quelque emploi;* je me tais donc avec dédain; on recommence; et jetant alors un coup d'œil foudroyant sur le questionneur, Mr. lui dis-je, quand vous me parlerez d'acteurs, je ne puis vous répondre; ces Messieurs jouent et jouent très bien; mais Monsieur Garrick ne joue point; il est lui, c'est à dire seul; et par là même il n'est pas susceptible de comparaison; mais comme je ne puis trouver des rapports dans ce qui n'en a point, je vous indiquerai seulement une différence pour fixer vos idées: nos acteurs se métamorphosent assez bien, mais Monsieur Garrick fait autre chose; il nous métamorphose tous dans le caractère qu'il a revêtu, nous nous animons aux combats avec Richard, nous sommes remplis de terreur avec Hamlet, et nous sentons avec le Roi Lear les douleurs et les infirmités de la vieillesse. Oh! pourquoi faut-il que le tems affoiblisse de si vives impressions? pourquoi ne pourrai-je me les retracer vivement quand j'aurai l'âge de ce bon Roi? J'ai fait relier ensemble les onze pièces que je vous ai vu jouer: il me semble que je tiens dans ces deux petits volumes, l'histoire d'une grande portion de ma vie; car s'il est vrai que le tems se mesure par la multiplicité des idées et des sentiments, je pourrois bien avoir vécu à Londres des milliers d'années. Ayant ainsi tous les genres, il n'est pas surprenant que vous ayez sçu prendre tous les tons de poësie: vous êtes Anacréon quand vous parlez à l'Aurore; Horace et La Fontaine quand vous entretenez votre aimable Reine; ces deux morceaux exquis dans leur genre, m'ont fait un plaisir extrême, mais ils me deviennent plus chers encore par la touchante attention dont ils sont la preuve. Quand pourrai-je dire moi-même à Monsieur et à Madame Garrick combien je suis pénétrée des bontés qu'ils me marquent; et de tous les sentiments que je leur ai voués tendrement et pour toute la vie?

C. N.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Mardi, 11 Fevrier 177[illegible].

JAMAIS *young coxcomb* ne s'est présenté chez moi de la part de Mr. Garrick. Jamais des *expressions badines* de Mr. Garrick ne m'ont blessée. Jamais rien ne m'a donné d'humeur contre Mr. Garrick. Mais deux de mes lettres restées sans réponse m'ont fait penser que fatigué de ma correspondance il en désiroit l'interruption. Je n'ai voulu ni l'ennuier, ni le gêner en m'obstinant à lui écrire. Je ne prétends pas me plaindre de votre négligence, je veux seulement me défendre de celle dont vous m'accusez, et prouver à votre charmante compagne que je n'ai point tort avec vous, ni avec elle. Un si long silence n'a banni de mon cœur ni l'un ni l'autre de ces amis

chéris; j'ai toujours demandé des nouvelles de l'aimable couple, et pris le plus grand intérêt aux évènemens qui le concernoient. Mais ne songeons plus au passé, il est déjà loin de nous. Je reçois avec un extrême plaisir les marques de votre souvenir et de la continuation de vos premiers sentiments. Je ne doute point qu'après un long assujettissement vous ne jouissiez délicieusement des douceurs du repos. Il est vraiment fâcheux que des maux aigus vous fassent sentir quelquefois le cruel mélange des biens de la vie: et puis, les regrets de vos compatriotes ne troublent-ils point aussi cette tranquillité, goûtée aux dépens d'un plaisir que personne ne peut, ni ne pourra jamais leur rendre? Ni l'Angleterre, ni le reste de l'Europe n'offriront plus sur la scène le brillant phénomène dont Londres tiroit vanité. On verra toujours dans la Grande Bretagne des sçavans, des poëtes, des orateurs, mais où chercher, où trouver un David Garrick?—Je ne sçaurois concevoir sur quoi vous avez querellé *poor Mr. Becket.* Ce n'est pas lui, c'est moi, qui avois manqué d'exactitude. Loin de me plaindre de ses procédés à mon égard, je lui écris avec amitié, et vous le grondez! je n'y comprends rien. S'il risque du papier et de l'argent pour la traduction de ce petit ouvrage, ce ne sera pas ma faute: je l'avertissois de n'en rien faire. Assurément, mon très aimable ami, je recevrai votre *lecture* avec docilité, et vous m'en devrez une bien longue si vous cherchez dans cette brochure une histoire intéressante; mais si vous pouvez vous amuser d'une critique douce sur le changement actuel de nos mœurs, sur la fausse philosophie d'une troupe d'imbéciles qui nous inondent de plats écrits dictés par l'enthousiasme et la folie, peut-être trouverez-vous dans ce petit livre autant de raison qu'il est permis à une femme d'en montrer sans affecter le pédantisme ou l'austérité.—Quoi, vous lisez des journaux François? beaucoup sont destinés pour les provinces, et bien peu font fortune à Paris. Celui dont La Harpe compose la partie littéraire est le meilleur à cet égard. La haine publique contre ce nouvel académicien diminue chaque jour le nombre des souscripteurs. Il juge bien. Il écrit à merveille. Mais il offense les auteurs et leurs partisans. Pour Mr. Dorat, il vaut à peine le tems perdu à parler de ses productions. Une cabale de femmes veut en vain les soutenir, il a pour tout talent une détestable facilité de rimer. Ces deux Messieurs n'employeront point d'autres armes que leurs plumes. Les duels sont défendus sur le Parnasse, on s'y menace à tout instant, on ne s'y bât jamais. —Vous avez raison de croire que La Harpe attaquera votre poëte favori. Il est enragé contre les traducteurs dont la sotte préface a révolté tout le monde. Shakespear n'avoit pas besoin de leurs éloges maladroits. Il ne faut jamais dire à des lecteurs, *admirez!* mais leur laisser apprécier les beautés qu'on met sous leurs yeux. Cette préface mal écrite, plus mal raisonnée, a fait un tort considérable à la traduction, et porte à relever les fautes et l'infidélité qu'on reproche à ses auteurs.

Ce que vous demandez pour un journaliste Anglois a besoin d'être expliqué. Si c'est une simple notice des nouveautés et des pièces remises au théâtre, la correspondance ne seroit pas difficile, et toute personne pourroit l'entreprendre. Si l'on souhaite avec cette notice un jugement impartial et raisonné des ouvrages, l'écrivain doit être un homme éclairé. Exposez-moi les intentions de votre ami, et je m'efforcerai de remplir ses désirs.—Au risque de tout ce qui peut en arriver, j'avoue que j'estime et

que j'aime Mr. Jhones. Je l'ai vu quitter la France avec beaucoup de regret, en laisser à tous ceux dont il étoit connu. Plusieurs traits de son caractère m'ont été confiés par un ami commun, et je puis vous assurer qu'il est vraiment sensible et généreux. Ne lui coupez pas *la gorge*, mais veillez un peu sur lui. Je vous avertis qu'il trouvoit Madame Garrick *la plus charmante des femmes*. Pour prix des politesses dont il m'accable, je lui fais un caquet. C'est être aussi méchante que La Harpe, n'est-ce pas ?—

Vous parlez de guerre : eh ! bon Dieu, j'espère que nous n'y songeons pas. Rien en France n'annonce ce fléau : ni Mr. Francklin, ni son bonnet n'élèvent ces idées ici. Il vit avec des géometres et des sçavans, nation paisible, ennemie du fracas des armes, contente de mesurer la terre et peu propre à l'envahir.—Je ne puis trop vous remercier de vos tendres invitations et des facilités que vous avez la bonté de m'offrir pour mon passage en Angleterre. Le seul desir de vous voir m'y attireroit, si plus jeune et moins farouche, je pouvois m'éloigner de mes pénates : ma compagne et moi, plus retirée, que jamais, bornons tous nos plaisirs à la lecture. Grâce au ciel elle existe, vous boude un peu, vous aime beaucoup, et vous prie d'assurer *your pretty nurse* de son plus sincère attachement.

Des nouveautés ici ! à Paris ? on n'y invente plus que de méchants romans, ou de pitoyables drames que l'on ne lit point. Les François traduisent et retraduisent. On vient traduire Tristram Shandy et son oncle Toby : on traduit les poésies Erse. On retraduit Homère, Virgile. Personne n'imagine, tout le monde écrit, et le goût se perd absolument. On donne aux François une tragédie de Mr. le Fèvre : elle attire, sans plaire généralement. Je ne connois ni l'auteur ni la pièce. Si on l'imprime, je vous en enverrai un petit extrait pour votre journaliste, en attendant qu'il aît un corréspondant ici. Le procès de la Duchesse de Kingston m'a fort amusée. J'en ai même traduit la partie historique pour une amie qui ne sçait pas l'Anglois. Rien ne m'a paru plus noble que l'assemblée des pairs et l'extrême politesse du Grand Steward pour la dame accusée et convaincue. Mais vos avocats sont bien aussi diffus que les nôtres, et je les vois bien habiles dans l'art d'éluder la loi.

Adieu, mon très aimable et très cher ami. Puisse le repos contribuer à détruire le germe des deux maladies dont vous souffrez trop souvent ! L'air de France vous feroit peut-être un grand bien, et vous y retrouveriez des amis empressés à vous le rendre salutaire par leurs soins. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, et suis et serai toujours votre tendre et constante amie, RICCOBONI.

Je prie Mr. Garrick de m'écrire par la poste. Je ne regrette jamais le port de ses lettres.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Jeudi, 17 Avril 1777.

JE ne sçaurois vous exprimer, mon très aimable et très cher ami, combien je suis touchée de sçavoir votre bonheur troublé par de cruelles maladies. Quel mauvais génie mêle l'amertume à tous les biens dont l'humanité pourroit jouir ? Dans l'immensité des créatures qui habitent ce *meilleur* des mondes possibles, peut-être n'en

existe-t-il pas une seule parfaitement heureuse. Le plaisir et la peine sont momentannés, il est vrai ; mais l'instant où la joie anime notre être fuit rapidement, au contraire celui de la douleur semble rallentir la marche du tems ; il laisse une profonde trace de son passage, et livre l'âme à la crainte de la voir renaître. Est-ce Eve, est-ce Pandore qui mit sur la terre cette abominable goutte ! sortit-elle de la boîte fatale, ou de la pomme partagée entre nos premiers parens ? hélas ! qu'importe, il voudroit mieux chercher à la détruire que découvrir son origine. On ne lui connoît encore de remède que le plus impatientant de tous, *la patience*.—Ma compagne vous remercie de vos obligeantes excuses. Elle est toujours la même : le ciel l'a douée d'un excellent naturel, la tempérance entretient en elle d'assez bonnes dispositions physiques, et beaucoup de douceur et d'égalité rendent sa façon de vivre commode pour elle, agréable pour les autres. Ces deux qualités ne sont pas au nombre des miennes ; notre commerce n'en est pas moins paisible. Elle me passe mes bourasques, et moi je lui pardonne d'être la plus raisonnable : indulgence qui n'est pas aussi commune qu'on pourroit l'imaginer.

Vous me parlez de nos journalistes comme si je les connoissois. Excepté La Harpe, dont le collègue donne au commencement un extrait des nouvelles éparses dans le ramas de feuilles qui nous inonde, je n'en lis pas un. Je haïs la malignité et méprise le malin. Palissot est un infame, rempli d'insolence et de bassesse. Clément, un lourd animal ; Dorat un fat ignorant ; l'ancien Fréron disoit pour deux écus du bien ou du mal d'un ouvrage, je n'ai rien vu de son fils. Le besoin fait toujours de méchants auteurs. Tous ces plats envieux qu'une rage famélique acharne contre le mérite et les talens, sont-ils des juges à consulter ? sont-ils admis dans les sociétés où le goût se perfectionne ? Il faut de la politesse et de l'équité pour former un bon critique, et tous ces polissons incapables d'éclairer ne font que jeter du ridicule sur la littérature. La France doit rougir de s'être amusée à entendre déprimer par ce vil Fréron, le génie le plus aimable qui soit né dans son sein. Je n'ai point de liaison avec Voltaire, je l'examine sans enthousiasme et suis toujours plus charmée de son esprit et de la grâce attachée à tout ce qui sort de sa plume. Il se répète à présent, il hasarde trop, son badinage est quelquefois indécent ; je conviens de ses défauts, mais en lisant ses vers familiers j'oublie sa princesse de Babilone et me souviens d'Alzire. Pope éprouva chez vous tous les traits de la satire, il s'en vengea. Mr. Young prétend qu'il fit bien, tant il aime la Dunciade. Moi je désirerois que jamais Voltaire n'eût nommé Fréron. S'il eût dédaigné ses impertinences, l'année littéraire fût tombée vingt ans plutôt dans la capitale, et les provinces qui la soutiennent encore auroient cessé de la lire. Mr. Becket est donc bien obstiné ? quoi ! malgré mon avis il fait traduire mes lettres ? il désire apparemment une augmentation de papier imprimé pour parer son magazin. Ôtez à my Lord Rivers son style, il ne restera rien. Que Mr. Becket se souvienne au moins de mes bons conseils, et ne m'impute pas la perte de son argent.

Si votre ami vient à Paris avant le quinze de Mai, je le verrai avec plaisir. Mais comme on doit faire des réparations à notre appartement, nous allons dimanche à

Meudon dans le dessein d'en prendre un pour tout l'été et de l'habiter au milieu de Mai. Vous m'annoncez des marques de l'amitié de Madame Garrick et de la vôtre ; tout ce qui m'assurera de ce sentiment de votre part et de la sienne me sera cher assurément ; mais quelles preuves d'estime peuvent être plus flatteuses que la continuation d'une corréspondance dont j'ai douloureusement supporté la privation? Comme je n'aime jamais sans raison, la perte d'un ami m'est extrêmement sensible, et je ne pouvois me consoler de cet événement bisarre : je m'en accusois et craignois beaucoup de vous avoir désobligé sans y penser.

Puisque vous vous divertissez aux dépens de nos beaux esprits, je vais vous conter une petite anecdote que probablement vous ne sçavez pas. L'Abbé Arnaud ayant donné son portrait à l'académie après sa réception, Marmontel le voyant fort admiré employa le même artiste pour faire le sien. Le peintre travaille, Marmontel regarde, se plaint de l'ouvrage, demande où est l'esprit et le feu qui rend la tête de l'Abbé si vivante, si expressive ! le peintre embarrassé se servant avec politesse des termes de son art, sans lui parler de la froideur de sa physionomie, lui dit, Votre visage est en repos ; celui de l'Abbé joue sans cesse, on voit toujours ses muscles en mouvement, les vôtres indiquent un naturel paisible. Marmontel se fâche, Cela est froid, glacé, dit-il, animez cela, *mettez-moi au moins les yeux du génie.* Le pauvre peintre s'évertue, veut le contenter, et lui fait les yeux de Junon. Le portrait placé, les académiciens s'écrient Fi ! fi ! rien n'est plus horrible, rien n'est moins ressemblant, pourquoi ces yeux de bœuf? L'Abbé Arnaud s'approche, prend le parti du peintre : Est-il répréhensible ? demande-t-il, Marmontel veut *les yeux du génie,* il a bien fallu les mettre *hors de sa tête !* Cet Abbé est devenu la terreur de Marmontel, qu'il caractérise par l'auteur *long-lent-lourd.* Pour lui donner raison, il a fait imprimer l'hyver dernier ses Incas, les estampes sont jolies, et l'ouvrage comme son visage, c'est-à-dire, à la glace. D'une histoire toute déchirante, il a composé la fable la moins touchante. Il prétend que c'est un poëme en prose, mais cette prose, négligée, souvent ignoble, ni soutenue, ni cadencée, est très vulgaire, chargée d'épithètes déplacées et de répétitions choquantes ; elle fatigue et ne plait pas. Depuis le renvoi de Mr. Turgot, nos philosophes sont consternés. Son règne étoit le leur, ils prétendoient tous à gouverner l'état, ils sont rentrés dans l'ordre ordinaire, et l'Amérique occupe seule aujourd'hui. Comme je ne puis souffrir le Duc de Richemont, que je charge de la mort du pauvre Changuion, je ne sçaurois être du parti de l'opposition. Mais je fais des vœux sincères pour la paix. Mon jeune ami Mr. Jhones est un zélé royaliste, il annonce toujours une réconciliation. Aucun Anglois ne la désire plus que moi. Mr. Yong a passé l'hyver ici, il y est encore : vous ririez de sa colère contre ce qu'il appelle les *insurgens François.* Il crie comme un démon, De quoi se mêlent-ils ? que leur importent ces affaires ? quand on l'a mis de bien mauvaise humeur, il vient respirer avec nous pour parler raison et maudire l'Amérique. C'est une bonne et obligeante petite créature ; le printems le conduira je ne sçais où, en Espagne je crois ; comme il est solide et prudent, j'espère qu'il se sauvera des griffes de l'inquisition renouvellée dans toute sa splendeur. Je serai bien charmée de lire votre fable, et je la traduirai pour la montrer, si pourtant je me

trouve assez habile : car je ne voudrois pas altérer le tour délicat de vos expressions et la charmante vivacité de votre style. Je suis bien sensible à la petite dispute qui s'élève, dites-vous, entre votre aimable compagne et vous à mon sujet. Vous m êtes bien chers tous deux, et j'espère qu'une victoire en Amérique appaisera vos troubles, fixera la paix entre nos nations, et vous ramènera parmi nous. Le changement de climat vous seroit peut-être salutaire. Ma bonne amie vous embrasse deux fois, et Madame Garrick trois. Moi, je vous réitère les assurances de la plus tendre et de la plus constante amitié.

Mon adresse est, *à moi* Rue Poissonnière, passé le Boulevard.

DE MADAME RICCOBONI À M. GARRICK.

Dimanche, 9 Octobre 1777.

Non en vérité, je ne *connois* point Linguet, pas même une seule personne qui aît eu la moindre liaison avec lui. En le voyant *douter* de vos talens, je devinai qu'il n'avoit pu s'introduire chez mon très cher et très aimable ami. Plus il parle de vous, plus on le trouve absurde. Cet article de son journal fait lever les épaules. On lui demanderoit volontiers, s'il croit aussi facile d'effacer du temple de mémoire le nom de David Garrick, que de rayer du *tableau* celui d'un insolent avocat. . . La liberté de la presse, dont votre nation s'honore et s'applaudit, n'est assurément pas un avantage que les autres peuples doivent lui envier. Elle trouble la société, donne un champ très vaste à la calomnie et l'occasion d'attaquer avec impunité les réputations les mieux établies. Débiter d'odieux mensonges, casser des vitres, briser les théâtres, insulter les passans, répandre les traits d'une satyre envenimée dans une foule d'ennuieuses gazettes, est-ce une *liberté* convenable à des hommes rassemblés pour s'aider et se servir ? C'est plutôt une licence effrénée, propre à rompre les liens les plus respectables, à former de mauvais sujets et de plus mauvais citoyens. Mais on objectera que cette liberté contient le ministère, réprime le gouvernement, sert d'appui contre l'autorité ? rien n'est plus faux. Votre histoire le prouve. Dans tous les tems l'or et les titres ferment les bouches ouvertes par l'intérêt ou par la vanité. Mr. Pulteney mourut lord : Mr. Pitt est lord. Le désir de la célébrité, l'espoir d'être chèrement acheté font plus de patriotes que l'amour du bien ou le zèle national . . . . . ; à cet endroit de ma lettre vous levez les yeux sur la belle amie qui se chauffe à vos côtés : vous lui dites d'un ton chagrin et compâtissant, Hélas, ma chère ! notre ancienne connoissance radote : what a collection of nonsense ! upon honour, the woman is mad, mad past redemption ! Point du tout, j'ai toute ma raison. C'est l'équité, c'est l'amitié, c'est ma tendresse pour vous, mon estime pour Mistress Pye qui me portent à blamer un pernicieux usage que le bon sens rejette par tout. Vous reprochez à votre compatriote d'être sensible à l'exécrable libelle dont elle est l'objet ? moi, je ne l'aimerois plus si elle n'en étoit pas blessée jusques au fond du cœur. Moins elle mérite ces injures obscènes et atroces, plus il est naturel qu'elle s'afflige d'une si cruelle insulte. Solitaire,

paisible dans cette bruyante capitale, dont elle ne reçoit pas dix habitans ; où elle passe ses jours à lire, à s'inquiéter de son mari, à s'informer des nouvelles de l'Amérique, où son plus grand amusement est de venir chez moi, faut-il qu'un infame la déchire avec tant d'acharnement, de bassesse et de noirceur ? Fi ! fi ! d'une liberté si scandaleuse, si barbare, si détestable. O bénite soit à jamais mon heureuse patrie ! où mes vitres sont en sureté, ma personne protégée, et ma réputation sacrée. Poor, poor Mistress Pye ! une femme si douce, si honnête, si vraie, si exacte dans sa conduite, être en bute à la rage d'un vilain, d'un homme digne de la corde ! Je le répète fi ! fi ! de votre chienne de liberté, elle n'est qu'un monstrueux libertinage ! L'imbécile gredin dont vous avez envoyé la lettre à votre amie, lui est actuellement connu. Elle écrit au journaliste du matin, et vous lui rendrez un service essentiel en prenant ses intérêts dans cette occasion. Cet ignorant maraut est aussi bête que méchant. La police ne se mêle point de l'intérieur des maisons, elle n'empêche point les sacrifices faits à *Vénus*, ni au *dieu du vin*. Si on ne tire point des épées chez une prostituée de Paris, si par un bruit incommode elle n'excite pas les plaintes de son voisinage, non-seulement la police n'a rien à lui dire, mais personne n'oseroit même ni de voix, ni par écrit l'appeler du nom qui désigne son état, et si on le faisoit elle obtiendroit des dommages et intérêts très considérables. Chacun vit sous son toît à sa fantaisie : tout François est parfaitement maître de ses actions pourvu qu'il ne nuise point à la tranquillité publique et au repos des sujets du roi, ou des étrangers qui partagent le droit d'être en sureté sur les terres de sa domination. Ainsi Madame Pye tiendroit table du matin au soir, auroit trente amans par jour, sans que la police ou le ministère s'en embarrassât. Cet abominable homme seroit très bien à Bicêtre. C'est une bonne bêtise de parler de cette maison à propos d'une femme. Elle est uniquement remplie de filoux, de tapageurs, d'enfans du peuple, dont les parens sollicitent la correction. On y reçoit les fous, et la pauvre canaille libertine trouve dans son hôpital le remède d'un vilain mal qu'on y guérit par *charité*.

Vous ne me devez point de remercîment sur les communications de Mr. Johnes. Peut-être auriez-vous ri de la scène qui se passa chez moi. Mr. de Meunier, votre très grand et très sincère admirateur, entra précisément comme je venois de jeter la plate *excursion* au milieu de la chambre ; ce jeune homme me croyoit la meilleure et la plus indulgente des créatures. A la vivacité de mes expressions, à la rapidité de mes exécrations contre l'auteur, il leva les mains de surprise, pensa que j'étois ensorcelée. Madame Pye arriva, surcroit d'étonnement pour Mr. de Meunier, nous lui parumes deux furies, deux diables incarnés, mais en parcourant l'ouvrage de la Mégère Angloise, s'il ne cria pas autant que nous, au moins partagea-t-il l'horreur que nous inspiroit cette vile calomniatrice.

Mr. Johnes répondra à l'article du *signe* d'amitié dont vous me parlez. Comme je ne veux jamais vous fâcher, si je puis éviter de le faire, je lui ai donné charge de veiller sur ce point à votre conduite. Je l'aime tous les jours davantage, Mr. Johnes ; et son exactitude à m'écrire me lie véritablement à lui. Ce que je dis n'est pas une finesse pour vous appeler paresseux. Je vous aime quand vous parlez et quand vous

vous taisez. Je vous aimerai toujours parceque vous méritez l'estime et l'attachement de tous ceux dont le cœur est sensible et capable de distinguer en vous les qualités au-dessus même des talens qui vous ont rendu l'homme le plus célèbre de votre siècle.

Mr. Young pret à partir pour la Provence, s'est frotté les yeux, puis les mains, puis il a baillé, et moitié éveillé, moitié endormi, il s'est écrié, *On est si bien ici!* et le voilà pour tout l'hyver à Paris. Il m'a chargée hier de vous assurer de son souvenir, de son amitié et du chagrin qu'il ressent de votre négligence. Madame Pye et moi nous pensions que l'air de Marseille lui auroit fait un grand bien. Il ne veut pas nous croire, patience. Connoissez-vous le joli secrétaire d'ambassade de sa Majesté Britannique, Mr. Fullarton? c'est un jeune ministre plein d'agrément. Nous venons de perdre Madame Dillon, c'est-à-dire, Mademoiselle Harland: elle est morte bien vîte après son mariage, et n'a pas joui long-tems du plaisir de briller à la cour de France. On s'arrache les yeux ici pour ou contre Gluck. Suard écrit sous le nom d'un *Anonime de Vaugirard*, il met La Harpe en pièces. La Harpe le lui rend. Les parens, les amis se disputent et se brouillent au sujet de la musique. Marmontel prêche, l'Abbé Arnaud lance des épigrammes: on ne songe plus à l'Amérique; la mélodie, l'harmonie, voilà le sujet de tous les écrits. Que je me trouve heureuse au coin de mon feu, sans préjugés, sans esprit de parti! la paix règne dans mon simple hermitage. Nous sommes deux, mais nous n'avons qu'un avis, nous disons comme Pantalon dans la comédie où ses filles vont parler à leurs amants qui feignent de se vouloir battre: " Batelevi Signori, batelevi, quanto vi piace. Siete patroni;" et ses filles rentrées, il ferme sa porte. Ma compagne embrasse votre aimable amie. Je la baise trois fois, si elle me le permet, et vous deux, toujours si elle le permet. Adieu. La plus tendre et la plus constante de vos amies, RICCOBONI.

SUPERSCRIBED BY GARRICK, " MRS. NECKER'S MOST FLATTERING BILLET."

MADAME NECKER vient se mettre aux pieds de Monsieur Garrick pour lui témoigner sa vive reconnoissance. Il lui a fait éprouver tous les sentiments dont le cœur humain peut être susceptible: ce n'étoit pas une imitation, c'étoit la belle Nature dans toute sa vérité: seul il a sçu réunir deux choses qui paroissent incompatibles, les nuances les plus délicates jointes aux plus grands mouvements. Madame Necker doit à Monsieur Garrick de lui avoir donné et laissé pour jamais l'idée de la perfection; mais elle a senti en même tems que tout ce qu'elle avoit vû et tout ce qu'elle verroit à l'avenir se compareroit au modèle qu'elle aura continuellement devant les yeux et lui laisseroit toujours un sentiment de regret et de peine. A présent, son unique affaire à Londres sera d'entendre ou d'espérer d'entendre Monsieur Garrick.

Madame Necker qui prend l'intérêt le plus tendre à une santé si précieuse, envoye s'en informer avec empressement: elle a l'honneur de présenter ses hommages à Madame Garrick; et elle laisse à Mr. Necker le soin d'exprimer son admiration.

DE M. DUCIS A M. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, À Versailles, le 15 Septembre.

APRES avoir mis Hamlet sur notre théâtre, je viens d'y mettre Roméo et Juliette. C'est aujourd'hui ma dix-huitième représentation. Je désire que vous ne soyez pas mécontent de cette nouvelle tragédie, dont je vous prie de vouloir bien accepter l'exemplaire ci-joint. Pourquoi, Monsieur, ne vous ai-je point vû, ne vous ai-je point entendu? Il manquera toujours à mon âme une énergie dont elle a le soupçon, tant que je n'aurai pas vû Shakespeare vivant et animé sur votre théâtre. Vous avez bien voulu m'y accorder mes entrées, je suis bien tenté d'aller les mettre à profit, pour voir une nation respectable dont j'estime le caractère fort et prononcé, et pour causer avec vous, en les prenant sur le fait, des plus hauts mystères de la tragédie.

Je vous prie, Monsieur, de me continuer les sentimens dont vous m'honorez, et de me croire pour jamais avec la reconnoissance et l'attachement que je vous dois,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DUCIS.

Mon adresse est—Mr. Ducis, Rue d'Enfer, après le Bureau des Roulliers, quartier Place St. Michel : à Paris.

DE M. GRIMM À M. GARRICK.*

À Stamford, ce 11 Octobre.

ILLUSTRE Garrick, après avoir couru près d'un mois, après avoir vu des merveilles de l'heureuse Angleterre en grand nombre, après avoir couché à Lichfield qui a vu élever votre enfance, après avoir rencontré votre portrait de distance en distance, sans en avoir besoin, puisque vous êtes toujours présent à notre esprit et à notre cœur et que votre nom revient périodiquement dans nos conversations, après avoir parlé de vous avec Miladi Edgcumbe pendant toute une journée, nous nous rapprochons enfin de Londres avec l'idée que la plus grande merveille de l'Angleterre nous ne l'avons pas encore vue et que nous vous la devrons. Tout ce que vous ferez pour le Prince, j'aurai la présomption de croire que l'amitié que vous avez pour moi y entre pour une millième partie, et j'aurai la vanité de me croire toute ma vie votre obligé, comme j'ai été depuis long-temps votre admirateur et votre ami. Nous arriverons bien préparés sur *Every Man in his Humour*, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, et le *Suspicious Husband*; mais s'il fallait absolument encore se préparer à une tragédie, nous passerions, je crois, des nuits pour l'étudier. Ah, quelle indiscrétion vient de m'échapper! N'y prenez pas garde, je vous en supplie, et pardonnez à des gens

* This and the three following Letters were written on one sheet of paper.

qui n'ont qu'un moment à rester en Angleterre. Qui n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre, n'a plus rien à dissimuler.

Je présente mon hommage à Madame Garrick. Nous arriverons à Londres Mercredi 16 de ce mois, prêts à marquer dans nos fastes les jours que vous voudrez y rendre immortels. GRIMM.

DU BARON RATHSAMHAUSEN.

MONSIEUR! l'on exige que je joigne ma requête à celle que vous venez de lire: je le fais, sans avoir d'autre titre que le Plaisir que vous trouvez à obliger.

RATHSAMHAUSEN.

SIR,

I HAVE read *Every Man in his Humour*, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, and the *Suspicious Husband*, these Plays are so handsome and spiritfull, that uppon the Theater the Plays cannt are agreable from itself, when but the ilustrious Garrik Plays itself and we poor Strangers when we hear him alors, nous serons dans la plus grande satisfaction d'avoir vu la plus belle chose de l'Angleterre, osons-nous l'espérer Monsieur? Si Madame Garrick avoit la bonté d'intercéder pour nous, peut-être que nous aurions ce bonheur. Permettez-moi, Monsieur, d'y mettre maiun finxs faslüngun an Madam Garrick ünd nois niumase zü roünifisun qu'elle voulût bien s'intéresser à notre sort auprès de Monsieur son mari

LOUIS PR. DE HESSE DARMSTADT.

WITH all proper apologies for the impertinence of offering to give security without being worth a sixpence myself, I Henry Matty *Clerk* do certify that Lewis Hereditary Prince of Hesse D'Armstadt, notwithstanding his bad English, is worthy to receive that noble pleasure which Mr. Garrick has been used to afford the great and good of all nations, let Mr. Garrick carry that pleasure to as sublime a height as he dares: and I do farther, as a patriot, call upon Mr. Garrick to carry that pleasure as high as he can, that so the partiality his Serene Highness has conceived for Old England may be fully justified, and rendered as durable as his life.

Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cœptis,
Ignarosque *tui* mecum miseratus *amicos*:
Ingredere, et *Learus non dedignare* vocari.*

* I have marked by italics the words substituted for those of Virgil in the 1st Georgic.—[ED.]

THE END.

00093640

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset street, Fleet street.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018